

Life Story of ARCHIBALD G. BROWN. ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER'S New Story.
February, 1908. 6d.

THE QUIVER



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

CASSELL & CO. LTD.
LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK,
TORONTO & MELBOURNE.

"How They Came Together." By AGNES GIBERNE.

508

"The Father of Forty Children."

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FOR 80 YEARS
**CONGREVE'S
ELIXIR**

THE MOST EFFICACIOUS REMEDY IN
CONSUMPTION
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA,
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ETC.

See NEW BOOK on CONSUMPTION, etc., by
G. T. CONGREVE. Sixpence post free from
Goombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E.

EXTRA PIN MONEY.

Why keep that useless Jewellery

of yours locked up in your box, drawer, or safe, when you might turn it into ready money? Send it to us and we will send you our cash offer by return of post. If offer not accepted, goods immediately returned. We also buy old False Teeth, Silver, Diamonds, Pearls, Emeralds, Platinum, etc., etc.

ALLEN & DAWES, Goldsmiths,
18, London Street, NORWICH.

ESTABLISHED MORE THAN 50 YEARS.

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PLASMON

**Cocoa
for Breakfast**

Best of all breakfast drinks is PLASMON COCOA. It is easy to prepare, and most delicious. Above all, it's food and nourishment for you.

If you like porridge, have PLASMON OATS as well. Just the richest, plumpest, whitest oats mixed as milled with Plasmon Powder. The enjoyable oatmeal flavour is there unchanged; but your bowl of Plasmon porridge has half a dozen times the food value.



ASK YOUR GROCER
FOR

**PLASMON COCOA
or CHOCOLATE.**

PLASMON OATS.

PLASMON BISCUITS.

Etc., etc., etc.



By means of
**Mellin's
Food**

the difficulty which infants generally find in digesting cow's milk alone is entirely overcome.

FREE.

We have told you already how Mellin's Food is starch-free, how it nourishes a baby from birth, how, when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for mother's milk. Now we will send you a free sample bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will cut out the top half of the print of bottle in this advertisement and forward same to us, mentioning this publication.

Mellin's Food

Either of the following:—

"THE CARE OF INFANTS," a work of 96 pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of infants from birth,

"HINTS ON WEANING," a work of 64 pages, treating of the care of infants during and after weaning, with recipes for simple diets,

will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young infants on application to **MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.**



Ludcord Squares The Health Carpet

It has taken years of costly experiment to perfect the "Ludcord"—strongest and most durable Carpet on the market. The "Ludcord" is **seamless**. It is **reversible**—note that. It is **low in price**, because woven on a special loom. There are numerous imitations—**Why?** See that **you** get the **real thing**—Treloar's "Ludcord." Many exquisite colours and designs. 3 yds. by 2 yds., 10/6; 3½ yds. by 3 yds., 12/6; 4 yds. by 3 yds., 21/-; 4 yds. by 3½ yds., 24/6. Can be supplied in Stair Carpets and Rugs. Particulars sent on application.

SEND FOR PATTERNS AND PRICE LISTS.

TRELOAR & SONS, Dept. 39, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.



REVERSIBLE!

THE SEEKER AFTER HEALTH

is always glad to hear of a medicine that has been frequently tried in complaints similar to those from which he may be suffering, and that has proved uniformly successful. Such a remedy is BEECHAM'S PILLS. For half a century they have been doing incalculable good, and all who suffer from troubles traceable to disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, or Kidneys

SHOULD TAKE

these pills. They are a skilful combination of valuable vegetable extracts in precise proportions—and act naturally and gently on the organs at fault. Even a few doses showing most marked results. Those who desire a sound digestion and active liver, steady nerves, pure blood, buoyant and good spirits, should not delay a single day, but at once provide themselves with, and begin a course of,

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes.

Price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills).

DEAFNESS! BLINDNESS!



New Treatment without operation for all Diseases of the Eye and Ear: Deafness in all its forms; Noises in the Head and Ears; Discharges from the Ears; Deafness from Influenza and Catarrh. Special remedies forwarded. Hundreds of letters in testimony. No "Ear-Drums," "Ear-Cornets," or painful instruments. Write for up-to-date Testimonials and Printed Form of Questions to answer, SENT FREE.

Mr. T. ISON (Ison's Eye and Ear Dispensary, Ltd.),
71, Gt. George Street, Leeds. (Estab. 1871.)

NOTICE.—Mr. Ison visits the principal towns of Yorkshire, Lancashire, the Midlands, the Counties of Durham, Westmorland, Cumberland, etc. Write for dates of visits or see notices in local papers.

Which?

YOU CAN'T
HAVE BOTH.

Will you have a
NASTY HEADACHE

or a
**DR. MACKENZIE'S
SMELLING**



BOTTLE?

Which cures **HEADACHE, COLD IN THE HEAD, CATARRH, DIZZINESS, and FAINTNESS.**

OF ALL CHEMISTS, price **ONE SHILLING**, or direct, 14 stamps in the United Kingdom.
TUNBRIDGE & WRIGHT, READING.



In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

Q.—Feb., 1908.]

[Face Cover &





COLEMAN'S NERVILETTES

The Great ... Nerve Remedy.

**TO GET WELL.
TO KEEP WELL.**

Perhaps you don't fully appreciate the blessing of perfect health. You may occasionally feel a slight headache, a little palpitation, perhaps suffer from a sensation of dyspepsia, constipation or liver and kidney disarrangement, but you take little or no notice of it. Put some day something goes wrong of a more serious nature, and you are glad to pay two or three guineas for a consultation. The specialist considerably withholds his opinion of the case, but privately informs the family that the degeneration has been going on so long that now it is very serious. A continuation of good health, energy and buoyancy depends entirely upon a continuance of nerve force. Once allow the nervous system to get "run down" or "out of gear," then the whole organic machinery is ripe for mischief of any description. The easy way to avoid any risk of nervous breakdown is to apply at once for a free trial bottle of "Nervilettles," take them as directed, and, if approved, continue the treatment, and recommend all your friends to do likewise. "Nervilettles" will not only get you well, but keep you well.

F. FISH, Esq., of 5, Alan Road, King's Road, Norwich, writes, Sept. 14th, 1927: "I tried nearly every cure obtainable for a severe attack of nerves, but all to no purpose until I tried your 'Nervilettles.' I am greatly pleased at the speedy cure."

"NERVILETTES" FREE TO-DAY.

Coleman's "NERVILETTES" free to any applicant who simply fills in this form and sends same to J. CHAPMAN & Co., Ltd., Norwich. Trial costs nothing.

**SIGN
HERE.**

Name.....
Address.....

Quiver, Feb., 1928.

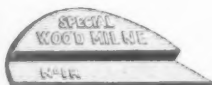
After FREE TRIAL, you can buy "NERVILETTES" at any Chemist's or Stores at 1/3d, 2/6, or 4/6 per bottle, but if at all difficult to obtain, kindly send stamps for size required direct to J. CHAPMAN & Co., Ltd., Norwich, who will forward at once post-paid.



REVOLVING.



STATIONARY



TIP.

WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS

Produce more health to the square inch than anything else.

They protect the Nerves, prevent City headache, weariness, and fatigue.

The buoyancy they impart reminds one of holidays and walking upon the Downs.

Look for the name WOOD-MILNE on the Heel. They are the only ones that will last the boot out.

THE REVOLVING HEEL COMPANY, PRESTON.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

Carry an Onoto with You.

To the business man, the office worker, the student, the wife at home handling house accounts and social correspondence—no better advice can be given than “carry an Onoto with you.”

If you do—you are always ready to write.

The Onoto is the safety fountain pen that fills itself in a flash. Think of that, no filler necessary—no inevitable “mess”—the pen when empty fills itself with enough ink to write 20,000 words.

And the Onoto does not leak—no matter in what position it is carried.

It is beautifully balanced and will not tire the writer's wrist. It will not splutter or scratch, the nib being made of gold, iridium pointed, and therefore being practically indestructible through wear.

The Onoto Pen is of British manufacture and of sterling worth.

**Price 10/6
and upwards, of
all stationers, etc.**

A booklet, “Pen Points,” about the Onoto Pen sent free on application to
T. De La Rue & Co.,
Ltd.,
235, Bunhill Row,
London, E.C.




ONOTO

SELF-FILLING SAFETY FOUNTAIN PEN

Fills itself in 5 seconds

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

Use only
NELSON'S

POLISHES
(Black and Brown)
For BOOTS & SHOES.
Saves BOOTS, MONEY, TIME, & LABOUR.
 Tins, 3d., 6d., & 1s.
 Your bootmaker can supply you. If he does not stock them send his name and address to **G. H. NELSON, Clarke Road, Northampton**, and a **FREE SAMPLE** will be sent to you.
Take no other, there is nothing "just as good" as "N" Polish.

Sigh No More, Ladies!

IF YOUR HAIR IS THIN.

HAIR COMBINCS MADE UP, 2/- per ounce.

IMMOVABLE SCALPETTES, from 21/-.

Write to **T. S. BROWN, 3, Leaze Street, LIVERPOOL.**

HARBUTT'S

Complete Home Modelling Outfits
 in 5 Colours. Post Free, 13 and
 2/10. **WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A.,**
 27, Bathampton, Bath.

PLASTICINE

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Advertisements in Provincial Newspapers.

Full particulars as to this class of publicity, by means of a large number of the above, circulating in England, Scotland, and Ireland, may be had on application to the Manager, Advertisement Department, **CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.**

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

 Is the best carpet cleaner in the world. It removes ink, grease and all dirt from carpets and woollen fabrics. A damp cloth—a little Chivers' Soap—a carpet like new without taking it up. Sample ball sent post free 3d. stamps.
F. CHIVERS & Co. SOAP WORKS BATH

CHURCH OF ENGLAND WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY.

Patron: **H.M. THE KING.**
 Patron of the Children's Union: **H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.**

**Out in the Streets the Children wait,
 Homeless and Friendless,**

PLEASE HELP US TO HELP THEM.

Over 13,300 HAVE BEEN RESCUED.

3,800 NOW UNDER THE SOCIETY'S CARE.

Even the smallest contributions will be gratefully received by the Secretary, **Rev. E. DE M. RUDOLF, Savoy Street, London, W.C.**

PLUMTREE'S HOME-POTTED MEATS

**FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON
 TEA, OR SUPPER.**
**Delicate in Flavour.
 Superior in Quality.**
 At all Grocers and Confectioners,
 at 6d. or 1s., in Earthenware
 Jars, bearing Registered Label
 and Signature.
 SAMPLE TINS, 7d. or 1s. 3d., Post Free,
 from **PLUMTREE, Southport.**

Vapo-Cresolene

(Established 1879.)

"Cures While You Sleep."

**Whooping-Cough, Croup,
 Bronchitis, Coughs,
 Influenza, Catarrh.**

Confidence can be placed in a remedy which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. **Restful nights** are assured at once.



**Cresolene is a Boon
 to Asthmatics.**

ALL CHEMISTS.

Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your chemist or from us, 9d. in stamps.

**ALLEN & HAMBURY, Ltd.,
 LOMBARD STREET,
 LONDON.**

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

Norwich Union Mutual Life Office.

Centenary 1808—1908.



In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

Valuable alike for Invalids and the Robust.

The Allenburys' **DIET**

A unique and light diet for Invalids and others.

It is very sustaining and nourishing, is readily taken by those who cannot digest cow's milk, and is especially useful for the aged. It can be made in a minute, the addition of boiling water only being necessary.

In Tins at 1/6 and 3/- of Chemists, &c. A large sample sent for 3 penny stamps.

ALLEN & HANBURY LTD., 37, Lombard Street, LONDON.

The "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS and is quite distinct from the well-known "Allenburys" Food for Infants.

"THE QUEEN" RECOMMENDS

JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE"

WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER
KIND IS PREFERRED.

FREE

with enlarged is size, a LINEN STRETCHER.

SOLD BY STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES, or post free, 6 or 12 stamps from 28, SOUTHGATE ROAD, LONDON, E.

As supplied to the Royal Household, and
Awarded 4 Gold Medals for superiority.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING



Required if you use the world-renowned
BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.

It has saved many a limb from the knife.
Cured others after being given up by Hospitals.
The BEST REMEDY OF WOUNDS and all SKIN
DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE FOR ULCERS,
TUMOURS, Abscesses, Eczema, &c.
Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts.

Sold by all Chemists, 7/6, 1/3, &c. per box, or post free for P.O. from
Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 24, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advise gratis.

ASK FOR
BRITANNIA
UNDERWEAR
IT IS
BRITAIN'S BEST
ALL WOOL NEVER SHRINKS. RECOMMENDED



**THE
"DUCHESS"
BOOT
POLISH.**

A shine of magnificent
brilliance - Does not injure
the Leather, cake on the
boots, or soil the clothes.

Sole Proprietors:
STEPHENSON BROS., LTD. BRADFORD.

**Goddard's
Plate
Powder**

For Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c.
Sold everywhere 1/-, 2/6 & 4/6.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.



The comforting corrective

Constipation is a malady that requires immediate, but not drastic correction, for violent purgatives may prove more dangerous than days of neglect.

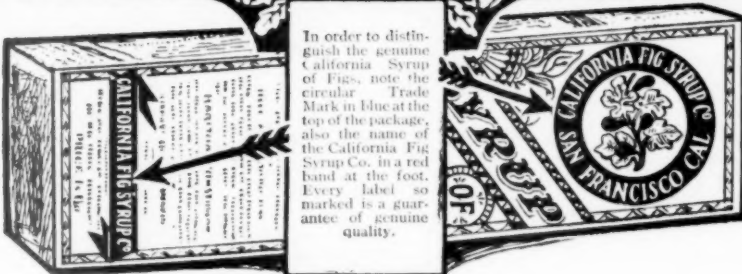
In delicate women and children this is especially true, and for them the gentle laxative action of California Syrup of Figs, with its pleasant taste, and calm and soothing after effect, is unquestionably the most beneficial.

An important fact to remember is that California Syrup of Figs builds up the strength of the organs, so that the habit of constipation is not merely relieved, but permanently overcome.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

NATURE'S PLEASANT LAXATIVE

is recommended by Doctors and used in over a million homes. It may be obtained of all Chemists, 1/12 and 1/9. When purchasing, say that you want, and insist on having **California** Syrup of Figs. It is a good plan to keep a bottle always at hand, take a dose whenever needed and so avoid illness and expense.



In order to distinguish the genuine California Syrup of Figs, note the circular Trade Mark in blue at the top of the package, also the name of the California Fig Syrup Co. in a red band at the foot. Every label so marked is a guarantee of genuine quality.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

Greenhouses, from 35.



CLEARANCE SALE.

Good sound Material and Workmanship Guaranteed. 15% to 50% below usual prices.

Lights, Forcing Houses, Propagators, Hand Lights, Foster Mothers, Reamers, Incubators, Egg Testers, Grit Crushers, Nest Boxes, Studios, Cycle Houses, Motor Car Houses, Hats, Shelters, Chapel, School, and Billiard Rooms.

Portable Iron Cottages, £40.



Rustic Houses, from 27/6.



Cucumber Frames, from 11/6.



Chicken Coops, 3/3.



Corn Bins, Hurdles, Workshops, Dwellings, Stores, Offices, Golf, Cricket, and Tennis Facilities, Poultry Houses, from 10/6.



Cottages, Bungalows, Loose Boxes, Boat Houses, etc. Wood Buildings, from 32/6.



SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, POST FREE. HUNDREDS OF BARGAINS.

W. COOPER,
751, Old Kent Road,
LONDON, S.E.

**PROCTOR'S
PINELYPTUS
PASTILLES**
(Broncho-Laryngeal).

For CHEST, THROAT, and VOICE.
A Boon for Asthma, Cough, Catarrh.
Invaluable to Speakers, Singers, and Teachers.


CARDINAL VAUGHAN writes: "I have always found Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles efficacious."

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT "Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Throat, Chest, and Voice, and recommends her friends to use them."

SIR HENRY IRVING writes: "Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles are excellent."

MISS ELLEN TERRY "Considers Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles better than any other Lozenge or Pastille for the Voice."

Sold only in boxes. 1/- and 2/6, by Chemists and Stores, or posted from
PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS DEPOT, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



- - CASSELL'S - -
SIXPENNY EDITIONS

Two Fine Novels
Ready Jan. 24 . .

The Whirlwind
By Eden Phillpotts

A Lost Summer
By Theo Douglas

6d.—At all Booksellers' and Newsagents'

**The New
Book of Etiquette**
By a Society Lady

The Queen says, in a long and appreciative notice:—
"It is evident that it is written by one thoroughly au fait not only with this code, but with all the important side branches which hinge upon it and which make all the difference between being old-fashioned and up-to-date."

2s. 6d.

CASSELL AND CO., LTD., 1A, BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON.

**£5
Per Week
for
LIFE.**

**GREAT
LIMERICK PRIZE**
Payment Guaranteed.
Absolute Fairness Assured.

Would you win Five Pounds per week Pension?
Buy the Guinea Engraving we mention,
For Half-a-crown 'tis allowed,
Marcus Stone's "Passing Cloud."

A FREE "LIMERICK" COUPON, entitling the holder to compete, and giving the Conditions upon which the above prize will be awarded, will be presented entirely Free of Charge to every purchaser of the Engraving, "A Passing Cloud" by MARCUS STONE, R.A. produced on Fine Plate Paper, 27 by 21 inches, published at One Guinea, but which we will forward, carriage paid, for 2s. 9d.

THE ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., LTD.,
63, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.
Established 1880. Telephone: 3727 Mayfair

Medical Opinion recognises this as the Best Cod-liver Oil produced.

**The "Allenburys"
COD-LIVER OIL**

"It is a great boon to get such an oil."—Practitioner.

"No nauseous eructations follow after it is swallowed."—Medical Press.

Of Chemists in 1/2, 1, and 1 Pint Bottles in Cartons bearing the Trade Marks "Allenburys" and a Plough.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard St., LONDON.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

The beneficial action of Cod-liver Oil depends largely on the ease with which it can be assimilated.

The "Allenburys" Cod-liver Oil is made in our own factories by special and distinct processes. It can be borne and digested when ordinary Cod-liver Oil is refused.

The "SWAN"

First & Best

The Pen which has gained its reputation by honest merit. Simple, sure, and always ready. One will outlast many grosses of the best steel pens

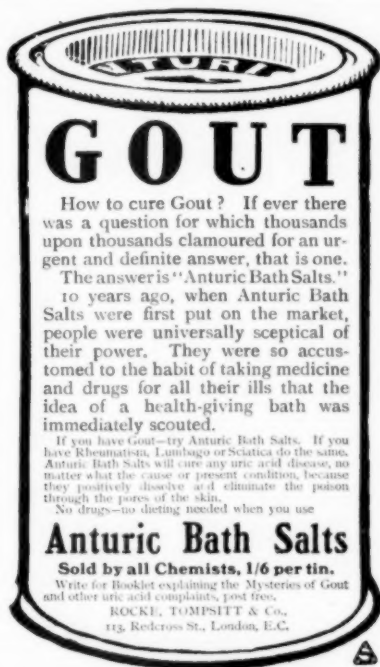
Every Pen a Pleasure. Every hand suited.

Sold by all Stationers and Jewellers. Insist on "SWAN."

Prices 10/6 upwards.

Write for Catalogue.

MABIE, TODD & CO.,
79 and 80 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
93 CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 4
95a Regent Street, W., LONDON; 3 Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.



GOUT

How to cure Gout? If ever there was a question for which thousands upon thousands clamoured for an urgent and definite answer, that is one. The answer is "Anturic Bath Salts." 10 years ago, when Anturic Bath Salts were first put on the market, people were universally sceptical of their power. They were so accustomed to the habit of taking medicine and drugs for all their ills that the idea of a health-giving bath was immediately scouted. If you have Gout—try Anturic Bath Salts. If you have Rheumatism, Lumbago or Sciatica do the same. Anturic Bath Salts will cure any uric acid disease, no matter what the cause or present condition, because they positively dissolve and eliminate the poison through the pores of the skin. No drugs—no dieting needed when you use

Anturic Bath Salts

Sold by all Chemists, 1/6 per tin.
Write for Booklet explaining the Mysteries of Gout and other uric acid complaints, post free.
ROCKE, TOMPITT & Co.,
113, Redcross St., London, E.C.

COLEMAN'S WINCARNIS


Restorative & Nerve-Tonic.

FOR NERVOUS WEAKNESS.

Excessive nervousness and debility is a common result of overwork. It means that the overtaxed nervous system is exhausted. Nervous irritability is often a useful danger signal to the brain. It forces the worker to halt and, if wise, to seek recuperation. "WINCARNIS" supplies all the requirements of re-invigoration. "WINCARNIS" enriches and increases the volume of life-giving blood. "WINCARNIS" is greatly appreciated by doctors for sickness and convalescence. "WINCARNIS" is the quickest and safest remedy for anæmia. "WINCARNIS" is especially suitable for women of all ages. "WINCARNIS" brings back the rusty bloom and glow of vigorous health. Coleman's "Wincarnis" is very suitable for distribution amongst the sick poor, being much more nutritious and strengthening than port or other wines.

SAMPLE BOTTLE GRATIS

SIGN THIS COUPON
To obtain "WINCARNIS" free of charge,
Name.....
Address.....
"The Quiver."
Fill in the Coupon and send with three penny stamps to pay cost of carriage. No charge for the bottle of "Wincarnis."
COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.



CASH'S WOVEN NAMES FOR MARKING LINEN.

STYLE No. 150.

Frederick Moore

STYLE No. 9.

S.P. MYERS



Far Superior to
Marking Ink.

PRICES.

Full Names—

4/6	for 12 dozen.
2/9	" 6 "
1/9	" 3 "

New Illustrated Pattern Book (containing Woven Samples of Material) will be sent free by Post to any Lady on application to—

J. & J. CASH, Ltd., COVENTRY.

PLEASE MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

A Healthy-toned Paper for Boys.

"Chums" is pre-eminently the Paper for Boys. There are always healthy-toned Serial and Complete Stories dealing with Adventure and School Life of a kind which never fails to arouse the interest of all Boys. There are Articles on Sport which are written by experts, and which give valuable hints to beginners. Competitions, too, are frequently arranged, and valuable Prizes, such as Bicycles, Silver Watches, etc., are offered. A Special Feature is "Our Correspondence Exchange," by which Chums, whether boys or girls, in all parts of the world, may be put into correspondence with each other.

"Chums"

Every Wednesday, 1d.; also Monthly, 6d.

CASSELL AND COMPANY, LTD., LA BELLE SAUVAGE,
LONDON, E.C.

A New Monthly Magazine

Our Land

3d. net.

Edited by George Radford, M.A.

This new Monthly Illustrated Journal will deal fully, interestingly, and instructively with the many and varied questions relating to agriculture and land in England. Every phase of the subject, every aspect of country life, both as regards the prosperity and the well-being of all classes concerned, will have due attention. The central feature will be co-operation; but Land Tenure, Housing, Taxation, Railway Freights, and Local Traction, Sanitation and its kindred subject Purity of Food, Education and other Social Questions will be discussed.

To all thinking men, Agriculturists, Land Owners, and those interested in the Land Question, this new magazine specially appeals.

No. 1. Now on Sale. 3d. net.

CASSELL AND CO., LTD., LONDON, AND ALL NEWSAGENTS.

400,000

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND copies of the *People's Library* sold in the short time that has elapsed since the first volumes were published! Greater testimony to the value of these books could not be given than this record sale, which is still rapidly growing.

The Press and leading men of the country have given unqualified praise to this latest and handsome library edition of reprints, which represents all that is best in Fiction, Poetry, Essays, Biographies, etc.

If you haven't seen the *People's Library*, you should ask your bookseller to show you a copy. You will be astonished at the value.

The Volumes are bound in red and green cloth, with gilt back, at 8d. net each, and in leather, gilt back and top, at 1s. 6d. net each. The following are now ready, and 75 others are in active preparation. Kindly write for prospectus, which will be sent post free.

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| 2. <i>Adam Bede</i> GEORGE ELIOT | 14. <i>King Solomon's Mines</i> HAGGARD |
| 3. <i>East Lynne</i> MRS. HENRY WOOD | 15. <i>Poems (1833-1865). Selection</i> BROWNING |
| 4. <i>Essays of Elia</i> LAMB | 16. <i>John Halifax, Gentleman</i> CRAIK |
| 5. <i>Ivanhoe</i> SCOTT | 17. <i>Essays and other Works</i> BACON |
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The People's Library

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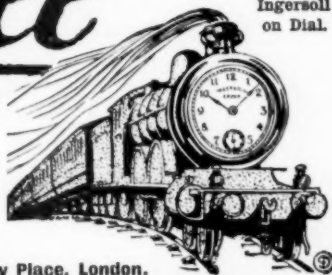
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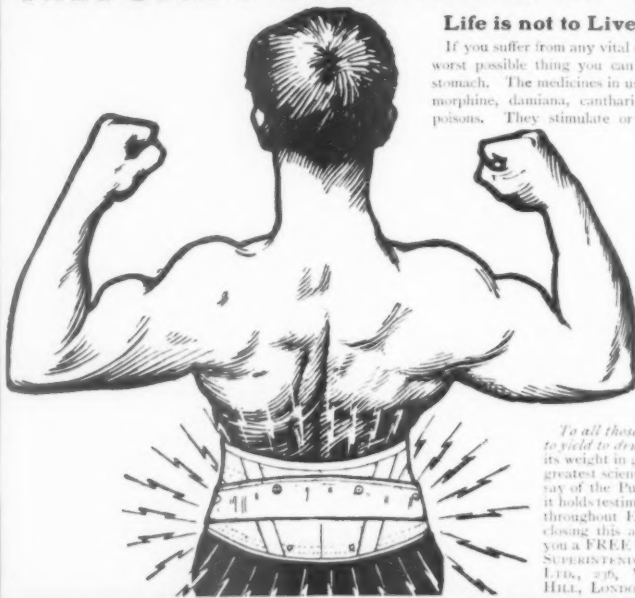
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Face Contents.]

The Quiver, February, 1908.

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Thousands of pilgrims and tourists from all parts of the world (he says) visit the sacred places. There are murderers among the pilgrims, who come to get remission for their sins. Thousands of Jews come annually from remote countries to dwell in their fathers' city and weep because their sacred shrines are in the hands of the heathen.

Moslems, too, come from India, Persia and Africa, on pilgrimages to the Holy Rock, because Jerusalem, next to Mecca, is their heart's desire. Their pilgrimage is not completed till they have visited and bowed in prayer beneath the dome of the rock, from which they believe their prophet Mohammed ascended to heaven, and therefore those who

visit the rock receive great reward and have their sins pardoned.

"On a hot summer day," says Malchi Hannoosh, "as I was returning home from Bethlehem, I met a Christian pilgrim with a burden on his back, walking barefooted and bareheaded. He said he had walked about one thousand miles from his native land to Jerusalem, with the object of visiting the holy sepulchre and the Saviour's birthplace.

"A Syriac Jacobite monk of Mesopotamia has visited Jerusalem six times. He has walked barefooted all the way each time, 3,000 miles in all. He has vowed to come once more, and then hopes to find peace. He eats no bread or meat, and drinks no milk. His only food is herbs. I called on him and read to him many passages of Scripture about salvation by God's plan—a free gift of grace. He said that this was a new doctrine to him. The last time I met him he seemed to have been changed, as if satisfied to give up all his old thoughts, and he began to read the Bible, and to believe that salvation is by grace and not by works."

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The great majority of human ailments have their origin in the stomach and other digestive organs.

It is a well-known fact that the great majority of human ailments have their origin in the stomach and other digestive organs.

There is an old proverb which says—"The table robs more than the thief." Thomas Alva Edison, the famous inventor, characteristically says that people who eat elaborate dinners are clogging up their boilers by doing so, and they will live to regret it.

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sensibly expended, will do him as much good as the rich man's five-pound note, more often than not, does the latter harm. At the present day people give nothing for nothing, and precious little for sixpence. The very best value to be obtained for that small coin of the realm is to be found in a packet of Vi-Cocoa, a Food Beverage of unequalled excellence.

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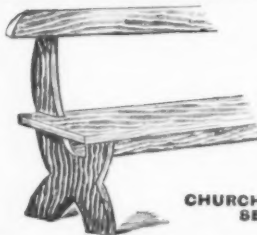
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Back Fack of Plate.]





RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

(Drawn by Percy Tarrant.)

"The Father of Forty Children."

THE STORY OF DR. J. H. KELLOGG AND HIS UNIQUE PHILANTHROPY.

By GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

IN the city of Battle Creek, Michigan, lives one of the most remarkable men of the times. He is famous the world over as a surgeon, educator, and health expert, yet in addition to his varied duties he has found time to take forty poverty-stricken children into his home and rear them as his own sons and daughters.

This unique man is Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, a member of many medical societies in America and Europe, head of the largest sanatorium in the world, lecturer, author, and president of a medical missionary college. Dr. Kellogg is noted for his remarkable achievements, such as sitting up day and night for a week to write a book, and for sleeping summer and winter in the open air, in an eerie wire-screened room perched high among the branches of the trees in his yard. But, to me, far and away the most fascinating and notable fact about this many-sided man is his being the "father of forty children," and not one of them his own.

The story of the transformation of these children, whom Dr. Kellogg has found in the United States, Mexico, and England, makes a remarkably interesting chapter of twentieth-century philanthropy and religion.

During a chat one morning in his handsome office in Battle Creek, following a spirited theological discussion, Dr. Kellogg told me that all he had accomplished in the world, including his adoption of unfortunate children, might be traced, under God, to a

vision he had while himself a poor boy on a farm.

"One day," said the Doctor, "I was sitting on the back steps of our house when I raised my head and saw a picture. It was not imaginary, but was as real as could be. I was out in a forest which was partly cleared. A road ran through it, on one side of which stood a saw-mill, and on the other

a little log cabin and a log school-house. Passing along the road was a procession of ragged and dirty boys and girls. I saw myself standing in the doorway of the school-house begging them to come in. The children continued to stream past, and I continued to stand and beckon, until the vision disappeared. From that hour my every thought has been to help helpless and neglected people."

How well Dr. Kellogg has succeeded in this task may be imagined from the foregoing statements. He has restored the bloom of health to the cheeks of tens of

thousands of young and old in all parts of the earth; he has helped hundreds of poor young men and women to secure an education, and to crown it all he has taken two-score "ragged and needy boys and girls" into his own home to train up into lives of usefulness and blessing.

In telling me further of his early career following the vision, Dr. Kellogg said: "I began to prepare myself as a teacher, and at sixteen years of age was teaching school. I boarded around among the people, so that I could study the children and the



DR. J. H. KELLOGG.

parents. At twenty I began to study medicine, and at twenty-four found myself at the head of this institution. It was then a two-storey building, and two or three cottages, with twenty patients. We now frequently have one thousand patients here at a time."

While Dr. Kellogg's work as a surgeon and physician interested me, his action in taking so many poor children into his own home fascinated me, and I pleaded with

He could not find any such child in orphan homes or hospitals. Then he realised that his theory of the children to adopt was all wrong—that he should take the most ill-favoured and neglected children, those whom no one else wanted. He determined to take the first that came along. In a short time he accepted a three-year-old little girl from a father who was giving his children away because his wife had died. That child grew into noble womanhood in Dr. Kellogg's



MRS. KELLOGG AND HER DAUGHTERS.

him to be allowed to tell the story for the inspiration it would give to others to follow his example. He at first declined, but finally gave a reluctant consent, solely on the ground of the good that might accrue from it. On making diligent inquiry I gleaned the following romantic life-stories of several of the adopted children.

When about thirty-six years of age, Dr. Kellogg, having no children of his own, began looking round for some to take into his home. Whenever he made a journey to New York he sought for the right kind of child. He wanted an "ideal" child, with the best sort of heredity, and so forth.

home, married, spent three years in Africa as a missionary, and on the very morning of my visit could have been seen going downstairs proudly bearing her own little infant in her arms.

A short time after adopting the first child Dr. Kellogg read in a Chicago daily paper the tragic story of a mother's death in a garret, largely through starvation, and of her leaving in distress two children four and six years of age. Dr. Kellogg hurried to the city, where the authorities gladly gave him charge of the little girl and boy. That same starving little girl is to-day the head ward nurse in the sanatorium, and one of the best

SOME OF DR. KELLOGG'S BOYS.



A TENT IN THE GROUNDS USED FOR SLEEPING OUT-OF-DOORS.

that Dr. Kellogg has ever had. When I visited her department I found a handsome, sympathetic lady, aflush with health and vitality, and in the full bloom of young womanhood. Such was the transformation wrought in one life as the result of Dr. Kellogg's faithfulness to his vision, and taking "ragged and needy children" instead of "ideal" ones.

About three years later Dr. Kellogg was in England on his way back to America from Paris. On the streets of London he met a friend, who said to him: "There is a poor fisherman with eleven children, who only earns a pound a week, who has been praying that God would send you to him. He has heard of your taking poor children, and he wants you to take two of his." Dr. Kellogg was almost ready to board the steamer for America, but he thought that if the man (of whom he had never heard) had been praying for him to go to his home he had better go. He hurriedly consulted with his friend, and found that he barely had time to get to the fisherman's village, spend Sunday there, and get back to catch his steamer. He jumped into a cab, just caught the last train and the last boat, and reached the fisherman's home on Saturday night.

He spent Sunday with the family, but said nothing about adopting any of the children. His heart was deeply stirred by the beautiful sight of the father and mother and the eleven children gathered round the family altar, and all praying. Even the little four-year-old tot made a sweet and touching prayer. On Monday, as they were gathered together, Dr. Kellogg said he would be glad to take two of the children back to America with him. The father then said to the circle of children: "Which of you would like to go with Dr. Kellogg?" And at once one little tot slipped off her chair from one corner of the room and another from another corner, and ran and climbed up on his knees. The new father put his arms around the children, hugged and kissed them, and just had time to hurry off and join his steamer at Southampton.

After sailing, Dr. Kellogg felt the fisherman's financial straits so keenly that he sent him £100. With this gift the man bought a fishing-boat, prospered in his work, bought a second and a third boat, and to-day does a flourishing business with his little fleet.

What of the two little tots? One of them is now an expert kindergarten and sloyd teacher at Battle Creek, dearly loved by the children, and honoured and respected by

all who know her; the other is a junior in the medical missionary college of which Dr. Kellogg is the president. Four years ago the young women crossed the water and paid a visit to the old homestead by the sea.

About thirteen years ago Dr. Kellogg was in Mexico, attending a medical Convention. He was so saddened at seeing the little Mexican boys and girls lying about naked and uncared for that he could not sleep all one night. Finally, near dawn, it flashed across his mind to adopt one or two of the destitute children. He soon found a poor widow lady who offered him her children. She said she had spent the whole of the previous night in prayer that God would show her a way to educate her family, and here was the answer. They all wept, and Dr. Kellogg returned home with the sweet little ones.

But a great longing for her children came on the Mexican mother, and about a year later she worked her way northward, kidnapped them, and took them back to Mexico. Dr. Kellogg, of course, did nothing to regain the children, but he had come to love them so that their departure nearly broke his heart.

A year or two later, when he was again in Mexico, he prayed that God would give him some other Mexican children. His prayer did not seem to be answered, until, just as he was packing his trunk to leave for home, a woman brought him two starving children, a boy and girl, asking him to take them with him. They were most forlorn-looking little creatures. To-day the boy is fifteen years of age, and has already displayed extraordinary talent as an artist. Several of his drawings adorn the dining-room in Dr. Kellogg's house, while a fine study of a dog's head hangs on the wall of his office. Each morning the young man goes into Dr. Kellogg's room to look after his wants, and they have prayers together. The Mexican girl is now thirteen years of age, and, as one expressed it, she is "the sweetest little girl you ever saw."

There is a third Mexican in Dr. Kellogg's family circle, who was received as the result of a beautiful little incident. An agent of the American Bible Society was going about in Mexico distributing and selling Bibles to the people. He was frequently assisted in carrying his load of Bibles by a little eight-year-old Mexican boy. As day by day the lad saw the good wrought by the distribution of the Book, he said to the agent, "Ah, I wish I could go to America and get an educa-

tion, so that when I grow up I could be a Bible man like you."

The agent wrote Dr. Kellogg a letter telling him of the boy's wish. The man, whose house was already overflowing with children, at once sent word for the boy to come at once, promising that he would take him into his home and educate him. To-day that same boy, Alberto, is seventeen years of age, and he is declared to be "by far the brightest boy in the town." He will shortly enter the Medical College, and after completing the course, expects to return to Mexico as a medical missionary. Thus he will not only give them the Bible, but will carry the gospel of health and newness of life to the sick and afflicted in his native land. Alberto's sister, two years his junior, is also a happy member of the household.

About eleven years ago there was a ring one night at Dr. Kellogg's door bell. The Doctor went out and found a man standing there with a little boy a year old in his arms. The man said he had heard that the Doctor took boys, and he wondered whether he would take his, adding, "There is only one trouble with the child. He makes ugly faces." And even then, as they looked at the child, he screwed his face up into the most ludicrous and painful shape. It did not take Dr. Kellogg long to decide that here was another child who needed help, and he said he would take him.

To-day that boy is twelve years of age, and of not one of his children is Dr. Kellogg more proud than of his son Robert. The face-twitching has entirely disappeared. He is Dr. Kellogg's coachman, and he drives a carriage-and-pair with a dexterity and skill that is a continual astonishment to the townspeople. He also "breaks" in the Doctor's ponies. At four o'clock one morning he was found sweeping the steps of the house. When asked why he was up so early he said that he had a big day's work before him, so he thought he would make an early start at it. He is an expert swimmer, and during the summer almost lives out of doors.

I cannot forego telling the story of one more child, for his adoption marks the climax of Dr. Kellogg's principle of taking neglected instead of ideal children. Eight years ago the Doctor was in his dispensary in Chicago when he saw a little boy running about on the streets like a stray cat. He was only three or four years of age, and was utterly neglected. Dr. Kellogg instructed a student to try to find his mother. He began the search, and in a low public-house he

learned from some women of the street where the mother lived. Going to the address—a dirty hovel—he found a low, depraved creature who did not deserve the name of "Mother." For a year she had scarcely cared for the child, but had let him run wild on the streets, dodging horses' feet, and picking up apple cores and refuse from the garbage boxes. In appearance the child presented a pitiful spectacle. The entire top of his head was one festering sore, with scarcely any hair on it.

Dr. Kellogg's heart was so stirred by the awful condition of the child that he explained the case to Judge Crane, who gladly gave the boy into his charge. Dr. Kellogg took him into his home, and for six months a nurse was employed in picking out the hairs from his head one by one! To-day this child is George Kellogg, a fine robust lad twelve years of age, with a big shock of beautiful black hair. George and Robert are inseparable companions, and enjoy life as do few American boys. They sleep in a tent in the yard in the summer months, but next winter they hope to do like their father, and sleep in the open air most of the time.

After I had heard the wonderful story of one after another of this big family, after I had talked with some of them, there was still one thing I was extremely anxious to see, and that was the dining-room where the children sat round the table with their father and mother. My wish was gratified. I found the dining-room was a big apartment, made, I suppose, of two or three rooms changed into one, and there was a big table—the longest I had ever seen in a private house—extending almost its entire length. After seeing that, and after Robert had fed the deer for me, and showed me the open-air swimming pool, the tents, and the toboggan slide leading up to Dr. Kellogg's eerie sleeping-room among the tree-tops—I was ready to exclaim with the Queen of Sheba, "The half was not told me."

A number of years ago so many destitute children were offered to Dr. Kellogg that he found it impossible to take them all into his own home. As, however, he had not the heart to refuse them, he founded an Orphan Asylum. He put into it all the money he had, borrowed twice as much more, and still did not have enough to meet the demands made by the incoming little ones. One day a lady whom he scarcely knew—Mrs. Haskell—entered his office and gave him £6,000

for the work. Later she gave £2,000 more. The Orphanage has been established about thirteen years, and during the last ten years children to the number of one hundred and twenty have been cared for annually. The institution is managed according to a unique

A boy sitting on the back steps of his father's house, dreaming day-dreams, and finally seeing a "vision"—that was the beginning of all Dr. Kellogg's work for the thousands of sick and afflicted who have found health in his sanatoriums, for the



DR. KELLOGG HAS LATELY BUILT TWO OPEN APARTMENTS ON THE ROOF FOR SLEEPING IN THE OPEN AIR. IN THE GROUNDS ARE LOCATED THE TENTS WHERE MANY OF THE CHILDREN SLEEP DURING THE SUMMER.

home system. The building is divided into apartments, and each teacher acts as a foster mother for a separate family of five or six children. Each group has its own table and its own family prayers.

hundreds who have been taken into his Orphan Asylum, and for the two score whom he has adopted into his own household to give them a father's love and care, and to train up in "the fear of the Lord."



Miss Fallowfield's Fortune.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

(Author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," Etc.)

PART I.

SYNOPSIS.

At a watering-place on the Welsh coast Charlotte Fallowfield sits in her dingy lodgings and deplures her poverty, but her sister Phoebe insists on taking a more hopeful view of their prospects. Each girl is engaged, but the chance of marriage for them is remote. Hearing of St. Winifrede's Well, where one may pray and the prayer be granted, Charlotte goes forth to offer a petition, meeting on the way an aged clergyman, who counsels her to pray only for what accords with the Divine Will. Returning home, she learns that her lover has suddenly left for America to inherit the fortune of a rich uncle, and by the next mail she receives news that her lover himself is dead, and the whole of the money—a million pounds—has been bequeathed to her.

The story moves on for twenty-five years, and finds Miss Fallowfield at Dinglewood Hall in the enjoyment of her fortune, most of which is spent in charity. Phoebe and her husband are dead, and their child Dagmar, now grown into a pretty young lady, lives with her aunt, from whom she has expectations of one hundred thousand pounds. The problem at Dinglewood—discussed with much shrewd wisdom at the weekly Dorcas meeting—is the appointment of a new vicar. Miss Fallowfield, who holds the patronage of the living, at first favours the Rev. Theophilus Sprout, but Dagmar declares for somebody "young and good-looking and nice." The Rev. Theophilus is the son of Mr. Timothy Sprout, head clerk to Messrs. Duncan and Somers. Miss Fallowfield's lawyers, and Timothy, inspired thereto by his pushful wife, puts in a good word with his employer on behalf of his son.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS FALLOWFIELD'S LITTLE DINNER.

TWO or three days after the Sprotts' tea-party Theophilus again bicycled over to Dinglewood to see his parents; and as it was late in the afternoon he found his father at home as well as his mother.

"I have come," he began, after the usual filial salutations, "to inform you that Miss Fallowfield has invited me to dinner at the hall next Tuesday."

At this great news both Mr. and Mrs. Sprout purred with delight.

"A preliminary step, no doubt," quoth the proud father, "to her offering you the living of Dinglewood. I felt sure that my words to Mr. Duncan would bear fruit."

"It certainly looks like it," added the equally proud mother.

But Theophilus as usual shook his head. "Build no hopes, my dear parents, upon anything good ever happening to me. It never has and it never will. Through no fault of my own, I am a disappointed and embittered man; and I think you can hardly blame me if I find a difficulty in stifling certain feelings of rebellion against that Power which has always treated me with such unmerited harshness. It is all very well for those who have succeeded in attaining their heart's desire to practise the Christian grace of contentment; but to such of us as have learnt life's lessons in a sterner school, resignation and submission do not seem so easy."

Theophilus never left off preaching, even when he was talking to his mother. He carried his pulpit about with him wherever he went, as a snail carries its shell.

Mr. Sprout slapped his depressing son on the back. "Don't be so downhearted, my boy, don't be so downhearted. It is when the night is darkest that the luck is bound to turn, and when the tide is at its lowest ebb that the morning breaks." The worthy man's metaphors might be confused, but his meaning was clear.

"Have you got your evening dress all right and proper for dining at the hall?" asked Mrs. Sprout.

"How often shall I strive vainly to impress upon you, my dear mother, that a clergyman is independent of evening dress? As long as he wears the garb of his sacred office, he is fit to stand before kings."

"But even then he should see that he has a clean shirt in the drawer ready for the occasion," insisted the practical Susanna. "Have you one at your lodgings, Theophilus, or shall I send you an extra one from home?"

"I have plenty, thank you, mother."

"And what about your high silk waistcoat? Does it want ironing? If so, you'd better ride over on your bicycle with it to-morrow, and I'll see to it myself," said Mrs. Sprout, feeling much the same as Hannah felt when she took the annual little coat up to the Temple. Human nature—and especially maternal human nature—does not vary much with time or place.

"It will be a great treat to you to dine at the

hall, Theophilus—a very great treat indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Sprott, glowing with that vicarious delight which is the chiefest joy of parents.

"It will be no particular joy to me, father. As a matter of fact, I do not care for Miss Fallowfield; her tongue is too sharp for my taste."

"Never mind her tongue, Theophilus. It is not her tongue, but the living of Dinglewood that you have to attend to for the present," was the sensible advice of Mrs. Sprott.

"And I do not know that I altogether care about her views."

"Never mind her views, either, as long as she takes the correct view of you. And even your own views might be put on one side just for the present, until you have secured the living. What I mean to say is that you need not exactly obtrude them unless they are specially asked for. Just make yourself agreeable, and let views and opinions and things of that kind rest for the time being." Poor Mrs. Sprott spoke with some anxiety—she knew her Theophilus.

But the latter looked shocked. "Do you mean to say, mother, that you think I am capable of making myself agreeable at the cost of my convictions and principles?"

"No, Theophilus, I do not think you are" (for the moment she wished she did), "and that is what is worrying me. Nobody wants you to sacrifice your convictions and principles, my dear; that would be a shocking thing for anyone to do, especially a clergyman. All I mean is that there are occasions when it is not necessary to drag out all one's ideas and opinions into the light of day—when, in fact, it would seem almost obtrusive and presumptuous to do so." Mrs. Sprott's casuistry was perhaps not of the most exalted order, but the mother-love that prompted it was by no means an ignoble passion. Thus are good and evil so inextricably twined together in human souls that it is impossible for any, save One, to separate the wheat from the tares; and it is a great mistake—as well as a vast presumption—for others to attempt to do so.

Tuesday evening duly came—as Tuesday evening has a habit of doing if one only waits long enough—and Theophilus Sprott presented himself at Dinglewood Hall at the witching hour of 7.45.

It was only a small dinner-party, called together for the express purpose of sampling Theophilus, and seeing if he were indeed—as his mother and Mr. Duncan imagined him to be—the right man to rule over Dinglewood parish; and it consisted, in addition to the two hostesses, of Mr. Duncan, Octavius Rainbrow, and Theophilus himself. The dinner was ad-

mirable, as Miss Fallowfield's dinners always were; and that lady looked very handsome in a dark crimson satin gown trimmed with some exquisite old lace, while her niece was irresistible in white net abundantly sprinkled with silver sequins.

Miss Fallowfield asked Theophilus to say grace, whereupon he offered up a decidedly prosy, not to say pompous, petition, having reference to both bodily and spiritual food, and the meal began.

"How did you enjoy the Merchester Musical Festival last week, Mr. Rainbrow?" the hostess asked. "I saw you there, and I hear from your uncle that you were representing *The Morning Sunset*."

"I was, Miss Fallowfield. That is to say, I was doing my little best—feeble though it might be—to stem the tide of Philistinism which is flooding the country at present; and to teach that hydra-headed monster, the British Public, when to nod its heads with approval and when to shake them with disgust."

"How beautifully he does put things!" said Dagmar to herself.

But her aunt, being nearly thirty years older than she, was less impressionable and more discriminating. "And did you find the monster's mouth sufficiently tender to the bit?" she asked.

"Alas! no. The continual vandalism of the Victorian period has sapped the life of art in England, and left it a veritable valley of dry bones." Octavius did not know exactly what he meant by this, but the number of "v's" in the sentence delighted him. He was always prepared to sacrifice all such minor matters as truth or sense to the beauties of alliteration. That was his idea of style.

"But I am sure you enjoyed the Festival itself?" Miss Fallowfield continued.

Octavius shuddered. "Enjoy it? It was a period of prolonged and procrastinated agony to me."

"What a pity! Dagmar and I enjoyed it so much, didn't we, Dagmar?"

"I should just think we did, Aunt Charlotte; and especially the *Elijah*."

At this Octavius almost fainted. "The *Elijah*! Enjoyed the *Elijah*! Good heavens! what will you say next?"

"Oh, I simply loved it!" persisted Dagmar, with much courage, considering the authority whom she was addressing. "I think all that part is so splendid when the fire doesn't come down and when it does. It excited me so that I got quite frightened for fear it shouldn't come in the end after all, though of course I knew all the time that it really would."

"Mere claptrap," groaned Octavius; "clap-trap and pantomime! Mendelssohn was no

true artist. What could be cruder than his treatment of the whole subject—except, perhaps, the subject which he treated?"

Dagmar's eyes opened wide with astonishment not unmingled with horror. "But it is out of the Bible," she said with a little gasp.

"So I have heard; but what can be cruder than the Bible? I never read it myself for that reason," replied Octavius.

"Ah! there you make a mistake," his uncle interrupted drily: "it is the most perfect 'well of English undefiled.'"

"But I do not care for that kind of English; it is too Saxon for my taste. I do not like pure Saxon. Give me the roll and the roar, the pageant and the purple, of the Latin tongues."

"Do you object to Shakespeare on the same grounds, may I ask?" Mr. Duncan inquired.

"I do," replied Octavius the Infallible. "I never read him either. My profession—or rather my art—is the writing of perfect English, and I dare not imperil my proficiency by infecting my mind with inferior styles. According to my ideas, the plays of Shakespeare are no more literature than the tunes of Mendelssohn are music; they are alike crude; good enough for their own times, but not for ours."

"I see, I see." Mr. Duncan's dryness of tone was still lost upon his nephew.

"Shakespeare never touches me," the latter continued, "never thrills me with the throb of his own humanity. 'L'Allegro' leaves me critically cold, and 'Il Penseroso' leaves me profoundly unmoved."

"But that isn't altogether Shakespeare's fault," suggested Miss Fallowfield blandly, "considering that Milton wrote them."

Octavius, however, was unabashed. "Ah! did he?" he replied with magnificent indifference; "I always confuse the two. To me all the Elizabethan poets are alike; what one wrote, all might have written."

"And the fact that Milton wasn't an Elizabethan doesn't seem to clear the confusion, eh, Octavius?" suggested Mr. Duncan.

"Ah! was he not? Possibly you are right. I never had a head for dates. To me dates are the dust and dry rot of history, and merely serve to confuse the mind of the historian."

"Well, and what did you think of the Festival, Mr. Sprott," asked Miss Fallowfield, turning to her other guest. "I suppose you went a good many times, as you were on the ground?" Miss Fallowfield was an excellent hostess, and always managed to include all her guests in her conversation. She was a clever woman, and one, moreover, strongly imbued with the social instinct. Any hitch in the ease and flow of a conversation was to her what a wrong note of music is to a musician.

"No, Miss Fallowfield; I did not go at all. I do not approve of music as a handmaid to religion, and I therefore never encourage sacred music on any pretext whatever."

"If you shudder at oratorio, I am with you," exclaimed Octavius. "To my mind oratorio is a relic of barbarism—a survival of the stone age. Opera if you will, but not oratorio, if you love me!"

"Oh, but you are both wrong!" cried Dagmar. "I think music and religion ought always to be mixed up together, because they are so like each other somehow; and there is nothing that makes you feel so religious as music, when they are the right sort of tunes. I always consider the hymns much the most important part of the church service."

"Do you indeed, my dear, do you indeed?" exclaimed Mr. Duncan. "For my part, I should have considered them merely a modern accretion, devoid alike of the spirit of worship and the spirit of instruction which respectively animate the prayers and the sermons."

"Well, I like them the best, anyway," replied Dagmar, as if that settled the matter.

Octavius put his single eye-glass into one eye and looked at her with the other. "Did I understand you to say, Miss Silverthorne, that you call hymn-tunes music?"

"Of course I do. What else can they be? They aren't prayers and they aren't sermons."

"I have known them both," murmured Miss Fallowfield.

"Still, whatever you sing must be music, or else you couldn't sing it," said Dagmar, with that little air of finality that became her so well. "So hymns must be music, because you sing them."

Octavius opened his eyes so wide at this statement that he failed to retain the precious eye-glass, and it fell with a clink against his plate.

"Dagmar always loves her hymns in church," said Miss Fallowfield, with that smile, half amused and half tender, which she reserved for her pretty niece; "and she sings them with her whole heart."

"Except when I don't agree with them," added Dagmar, "and then I shut my mouth tight and won't sing a word."

"Very amusing, 'pon my word—very quaint and amusing indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Duncan, who pursued precisely the same course himself with regard to the Athanasian Creed; but then things done by another are so essentially different from exactly the same things done by oneself. "Ha! ha! ha! So Miss Dagmar is among the prophets. And may I inquire what are the things that your charming little conscience won't allow your sweet little mouth to sing, eh, my dear young lady?"

"I won't sing hymns that call me a worm, because I'm not a worm, as anybody can see; and I won't sing hymns that say I lisp, because I don't lisp, as anybody can hear. And then I won't sing warming hymns on hot days, or cooling hymns on cold ones."

Mr. Duncan continued to laugh heartily. The idea of Dagmar's declining on conscientious grounds to take her own little part in that daily service which had been compiled and prescribed for public worship by a State Church, struck him as so extremely humorous. "And may I ask what are warming hymns and what are cooling ones, eh, Miss Dagmar?"

"Oh, don't you know? The martial ones make you nice and warm in cold weather, and the soothing ones keep you nice and cool in hot weather."

"I do not approve of anything emotional in a religious service," said Theophilus; "it makes it partake too much of the nature of a revival."

"I don't know that it is any the worse for that," replied Miss Fallowfield. "Surely the emotions are one of the roads by which the soul is reached. It seems to me a terrible responsibility to block up any windows which let in a single ray of the light of heaven."

But Theophilus did not agree with her, and said so. "Pardon me, Miss Fallowfield, but you are totally wrong." (It might have been his mother who was speaking.) "Any appeal to the senses is an appeal to the lowest in us, and is therefore not to be tolerated in the cause of truth."

"Still through the lower we can sometimes reach the higher," persisted Miss Fallowfield. "Surely the sacramental idea runs through everything, and the outward and visible form becomes transformed by the inward and spiritual grace into something far better than itself. For my part I do not think the emotions are sufficiently considered as important factors in the life of the soul."

"A most dangerous doctrine, Miss Fallowfield—a most pernicious and dangerous doctrine!"

"Do you think so, Mr. Sprott? I cannot see eye to eye with you. After all, whether we agree or whether we do not agree with the tenets of the Reformed Church, we cannot deny that the Church of England has never taken the same hold upon the hearts of the English people since the Reformation as she took before, simply because then she appealed to them through their senses, and now she appeals to them through their intellect."

"A dangerous doctrine," repeated the outraged cleric; "Popish and dangerous!"

But the lady held her own. "Not at all, Mr. Sprott! Personally I hold that the doctrine

of the Anglican Church has been far purer and sounder since the Reformation—far more in accordance with the teachings of the early and primitive Church—than it was in the Middle Ages, after it became imbued with Roman accretions and superstitions; but I maintain that, though the doctrines of the Anglican Church are purer than they were then, her methods are less wise and less successful. Understand me: I do not hold with all the teaching of the pre-Reformation Church—I only hold with the manner in which it was taught."

"I do not approve of forms and ceremonies at all," said Theophilus; "they seem to me vain and idolatrous, and tend to put the shadow in place of the substance."

"Don't you think," suggested Miss Fallowfield, "that to some natures they convey, by means of the shadow, the true meaning of the substance?"

"No, I do not. To the truly religious mind, forms and ceremonies must always be a snare and a stumbling-block."

"But what about the irreligious mind? The Church, like her Master, comes not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. And may not they be touched through their senses and their emotions, when a purely moral or intellectual call would leave them unmoved?" asked Miss Fallowfield.

But Theophilus was nothing if not obstinate. "If they are only touched through their senses and emotions they had better not be touched at all."

Here Mr. Duncan put in a word. "Then how about St. Paul's 'all things to all men,' that he by all means might gain some, eh, Mr. Sprott?"

"I have always differed from St. Paul on that point," replied Theophilus, with a finality of manner quite equal to Miss Silverthorne herself.

"Of course," returned the hostess, "I fully agree with you, Mr. Sprott, that to some natures stern simplicity in all things connected with religion is essential; and by all means let such people retain their stern simplicity. Possibly they are the highest type. But if there are other people—and there certainly are—who can only learn by the seeing eye and not by the understanding heart, then appeal to these persons through their senses and emotions."

"And you call yourself a Protestant?"

"I do not call myself so. Mr. Sprott, because I dislike the word; but I am undoubtedly the thing which it expresses. What I mean is that the Mediæval Church realised that she was dealing with human nature as a whole—that is to say, with men's emotions and senses



"I do not approve of anything emotional in a religious service," said Theophilus."

as well as with their minds and spirits—and she made her appeal to all sides of a man; but the modern Church seems to me to deal too exclusively with the purely mental and moral part of human nature, and to confine its appeals too much to the ethical and intellectual sensibilities. It was not only the unreformed Church that recognised the many-sidedness of human nature and dealt with it: the early Methodists learnt the lesson in their day, as has the Salvation Army in ours; and consequently the common people heard them both gladly."

"Again I think you are utterly wrong," persisted Theophilus, "and your instances prove it; for if there are any religious bodies that I disapprove of more than the Roman Catholics they are the so-called Free Churches. I detest Nonconformity in any shape whatsoever."

"I, on the contrary," retorted Miss Fallowfield, somewhat warmly, "feel a great interest in, and sympathy for, Nonconformity."

"So do I, so do I," echoed Mr. Duncan. "My dear mother was a Nonconformist, and she was the best woman that ever lived. If there were more like her, the world would be a different place from what it is." And Mr. Duncan sighed the sigh of deep affection and true filial piety. There were wheat-ears as well as tares in the soul of this man of the world, and his devotion to his mother had been among the richest and ripest of them. "In fact," he continued, with a moist eye and a softened voice, "I used to go to chapel with her when I was a little fellow, and I still feel the greatest interest in all shades of Nonconformity." He did not add that he also evinced the most substantial sympathy with all kinds of Nonconformist charity in Merchester, and that he did it for his mother's sake.

"Then you are much to blame, sir," retorted Theophilus. "I myself have no patience with Dissent of any kind, and I consider it a direct sin to encourage schism."

"Nonconformity is not necessarily schism," replied Mr. Duncan with some heat.

"Pardon me, sir, but I think it is."

"Considering, Sprott, that my mother was a Nonconformist, you must excuse me if I take exception—and very strong exception—to your unwarrantable strictures upon Nonconformity. In my opinion Nonconformity has produced some of the saints of the earth."

But Theophilus was not to be gainsaid. "I have nothing to do with your mother, sir—no responsibility concerning her whatever, nor concerning any heresy which she thought fit to sanction. She has doubtless discovered her error by this time, and is suffering the consequences of it. But I feel that I owe it to myself to lift up my voice against mysticism on

the one hand and sensuousness on the other in all matters connected with religion." Here Theophilus glowed with spiritual pride, and felt that he was indeed standing before kings unashamed. "I belong to that section of the English Church which is called 'Broad,' and I consider it my duty openly to testify against the dangers arising from sensuous indulgence in the emotions."

"Oh, you belong to that party in the Church which is called 'Broad,' do you?" asked Miss Fallowfield.

"I do; and I pride myself upon my breadth. In fact, I am so broad, so convinced that any point of view which is not broad is incorrect and therefore heretical, that I would banish from the Church those whose doctrines are less broad than my own. For instance, what can be narrower than the Roman view that salvation is found only in the Roman Church? And, on the other hand, what can be narrower than the Evangelical view that the Scriptures must be accepted literally or not at all? I feel so strongly the danger arising from the narrowness of the High Churchmen on the one hand and the Low Churchmen on the other, that, if I had my way, I would put down both extremes by law, and retain only the Broad Church party as the real Church of England."

"In fact, if you had your way, you would revive the Inquisition," suggested Mr. Duncan.

But Theophilus denied the soft impeachment. "Certainly not, sir. The Inquisition was a Roman invention, and as such I utterly repudiate it. According to my belief, no good thing can come out of Rome."

"I had no idea you were so broad in your views and sympathies, Mr. Sprott," said Miss Fallowfield, in a tone of ominous suavity.

"Ah! but I am. As I have told you, I abominate equally the ceremonialism of the High Churchman and the emotionalism of the Evangelical; and I would punish equally all who dabble in these dangerous extremes."

"You are indeed broad!" the hostess murmured.

"I am, Miss Fallowfield, I am thankful to say; and I should have been still broader had I not been so unfortunate in the matter of my education and upbringing. But that, I must tell you, is my fate; through no fault of my own I am always doomed to ill-luck and disappointment. An unfortunate star must have presided over my birth."

"How very inconsiderate of it!" remarked Miss Fallowfield. "And how did this star intermeddle in the matter of your education?"

"By condemning me to go to Oxford, when all the time it was the desire of my heart to go to Cambridge. I had no sympathy—and never shall have—with the spirit of Oxford, that de-

pressing and mediæval home of lost causes and impossible beliefs. I was trammelled by its conventions and irritated by its traditions; and my character refused to develop and expand in such uncongenial surroundings. In the freer thought and wider views of Cambridge I should have been at home; in the narrow ideas and still narrower creeds of Oxford I was in a prison-house; and the iron of that prison-house entered into my soul. Like every other event in my ill-fated career, my university life was one long disillusion and disappointment. As you know, I was only a pass-man; but had I gone to Cambridge and pursued my own bent, I should doubtless have taken my place among the Wranglers. But here, as ever, Fate was against me." Theophilus did not forget that it was owing to Mr. Duncan's generosity that he had been able to go to the university at all—on the contrary, he dwelt thus at length upon the subject in order to prove to his benefactor that he felt no inclination to cringe with gratitude for favours already received. He felt that he owed it to himself (and Theophilus was ever punctilious to defray to the uttermost farthing debts of this description) to show Mr. Duncan that this gentleman's benefits evoked no unseemly sense of obligation in his *protégé's* manly and independent breast. And again that cheerful sensation of standing unashamed before kings thrilled through the soul of Theophilus Sprott.

Mr. Duncan, however, suddenly (and apparently irrelevantly) changed the subject. "That was an unwise prayer of the poet that 'Some power would the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us,'" he remarked; "a remarkably unwise prayer for even a poet to offer up! It would make some of us so very uncomfortable."

"Well, fortunately it is a prayer that is never answered," retorted Miss Fallowfield quickly; "or else the world would be a less habitable place than it is."

During the theological discussion the two younger members of the party had indulged in a *tête-à-tête* conversation, theology not being one of the subjects included in Mr. Rainbow's curriculum for the education of the public; but at the mention of the word *poet*, Octavius pricked up his ears, as literature and the arts came under his own special patronage.

"What poet offered up that particular petition?" he inquired of his uncle. "I do not altogether recognise the quotation."

"One Burns by name," replied Mr. Duncan, again with a certain dryness in his tone; "probably you have never heard of him."

But the maker of public opinion was not to be caught napping. "I make a point of never reading anything Scotch. I dislike the nation, and the accent makes me shudder."

"Unfortunate for the other side of the Border!" Mr. Duncan murmured.

"I hardly think you are justified, however, Miss Fallowfield," continued the great critic, "in saying that the poet's prayer is never answered."

"I never came across an instance of it myself."

"Pardon me, Miss Fallowfield; there you are mistaken. You have an instance sitting at your own table at the present moment in the form of me."

"Indeed; how very interesting!" The hostess was politeness itself.

"I see myself exactly as others see me," continued Octavius.

"Well, I don't; and I thank the Lord for it!" exclaimed Mr. Duncan—rather rudely, his nephew thought.

The latter went on, "I see myself as a man of decided gifts, modified by certain limitations."

"Let us hear about the limitations, eh, Octavius?"

Octavius ignored his uncle's interruption. "I see myself as a man richly endowed with the critical faculty, yet perhaps a shade too merciless in the exercise of it; as a man of great culture and refinement, yet perhaps liable to err on the side of fastidiousness; and as a man of such keen perceptions of the beautiful and the true, as perchance to be unduly intolerant of the inferior and the second best."

"Such as Shakespeare and the Bible in literature, and Handel and Mendelssohn in art," suggested Miss Fallowfield.

"Precisely; how well you understand! Now I think I have indeed proved to you that I am a living answer to the petition of the poet. I wonder what Mr. Sprott's views on the subject are," added Octavius, graciously turning to his fellow-guest.

"Very much the same as your own, Mr. Rainbow. I likewise have the gift—I may say the unfortunate gift—of seeing myself as I really am. I see a weary and ill-fated man, doomed through no fault of his own to perpetual disappointment and failure. I see, alas! that I am not as successful nor as useful a man as I might have been; but I also see that my short-comings and failings have been the fault of my circumstances and not of myself. Had Fate granted me other surroundings I should doubtless have developed into the fine character that Nature intended me to be; but I have had no chance of developing my gifts or expanding my powers. I have never succeeded in doing or gaining anything that I wanted, and I do not believe I ever shall so succeed. But I have the comfort of knowing that it is not my own fault, but the fault of a malign

Fate which from my very birth has thwarted and fought against me."

"There," exclaimed Octavius, "I think that in Mr. Sprott as well as in me you find a proof of the efficacy of the poet's prayer. You own yourself, uncle, that you have not this self-revealing vision; but what about Miss Fallowfield?"

"Oh, I broke my mirror years ago on purpose."

Octavius sighed. "A mistake, if you will excuse my saying so, my dear lady. I can assure you that it is only through clear self-perception that we attain to true self-culture."

Miss Fallowfield smiled. "But I am old enough to have learnt that though the wisdom of life consists in seeing things as they are, the happiness of life consists in seeing things as they are not—one's self included."

"And what about little Miss Dagmar?" asked Mr. Duncan, as the hostess rose from the table. "We must hear what she has to say for herself before she goes."

"Oh, I wouldn't let other people see me as I see myself for anything—it's just all the other way about with me. I know that I'm nothing like as pretty or as nice as people think I am, but I wouldn't for worlds let them find it out. I know you all think I am perfectly charming, but I'm not really a bit. I only know what to wear, and how to put it on, and how to talk, and how to look pleasant, and how to do my hair. You all think that is prettiness, but it isn't. It's just the trick of how it's done."

"At any rate, you know how to talk to a man," said Octavius, speaking as he thought from experience.

"No, I don't; I only know how to make a man talk to me, which is practically the same thing, and a great deal better."

And, with this parting shot, pretty Miss Dagmar followed her aunt out of the room.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW VICAR.

A WEEK after Miss Fallowfield's little dinner, Dinglewood was thrilled to its centre to hear that the lady of the manor had put the matter of the presentation into the hands of the Bishop of Merchester; and had, in accordance with his lordship's advice, seen fit to appoint one, Luke Forrester by name, to the vacant incumbency.

Mr. Forrester, it was further reported, had been working for many years in a slum parish in the heart of the Black Country; but as he was now getting on in life, the Bishop thought it was time for him to be transferred to a sphere where there was less work and more

pay, and therefore appointed him vicar of Dinglewood. Finally, it was bruited abroad that the new vicar was a widower with one son; and the maiden hearts of the neighbourhood were thrilled with that admixture of hope and excitement which the advent of a marriageable cleric never fails to awaken in the breast of mature virginity.

"It is exactly what I expected," said Theophilus Sprott to his mother soon after the crushing blow had fallen; "or at any rate what I ought to have expected, had not delusive hope for the moment blinded my eyes. It really seemed to me that at last my luck was about to turn, and that well-earned content and richly-deserved happiness were to be the portion of one who had endured the buffets of Fortune for so long. But, alas! I miscalculated the relentless and pitiless force of that demon which has pursued me from my birth." Heavy as the blow had been, it had not succeeded in knocking Theophilus out of his pulpit.

"Yes, it is a bad business altogether," replied Mrs. Sprott, who—owing to that Hannah-like feeling which permeated her soul—perhaps felt the disappointment even more than her son did. "Are you sure that you said nothing to annoy or offend Miss Fallowfield that night you dined at the hall?"

"Certainly not, my dear mother. As I have already informed you, we passed a most pleasant, not to say instructive, evening; and I flatter myself that the little I did say upon matters connected with the Church, was such as to impress my hearers with the sense of how thoroughly fitted I was to undertake the charge of a parish."

"You'd better have kept clear of religion altogether, as I told you to do. It is generally the safest course."

"Pardon me, my dear mother, but you forget my cloth." An absurd accusation on the part of Theophilus, since his cloth, so to speak, blinded the eyes of his mother to anything and everything else. "I cannot as a clergyman keep silence upon matters which are specially committed to my charge, and particularly when what I consider heresies are being propounded before my very face. Then I feel that I owe it to myself to speak out."

Mrs. Sprott pricked up her ears; she began to understand the situation a little better, for she was sharp enough to know that when men are so very scrupulous about defraying what they owe to themselves, the burden of the expense is apt to fall upon their womankind. "Nevertheless, I warned you against speaking out, Theophilus, you know I did. It would have been quite time enough to speak out when you were safe in Dinglewood pulpit; and



"I only know how to make a man talk to me, which is practically the same thing, and a great deal better."

there would have been plenty of opportunity then."

Theophilus drew himself up rather huffily. "A clergyman is the best judge himself of when and when not to say the word in season, and I cannot see people falling into the pit of Ritualism on the one hand or the slough of Dissent on the other without putting out a friendly hand to save them. I am sure you mean kindly, mother, but, believe me, I am a far better judge than you as to what to say and how to say it, and I cannot be dictated to upon this matter by anyone."

Mrs. Spratt sighed. She was not always, perhaps, a wise woman; but, in spite of her son's reproof, she had occasional glimmerings of sense as to what not to say and how not to say it; and this was one of the occasions. "Well, my dear, it is a disappointment, and it is no good pretending that I do not feel it, for I do; not for my own sake or your father's, but for yours. I should like to see you in a position suited to your gifts and powers, where you could freely exercise those gifts and powers to the glory of God: and I should also like to see you in a more assured position pecuniarily speaking; for although your father has saved a little year by year out of his salary, if anything were to happen to him, you and I would be but scantily provided for."

"Well, my dear mother, that is not my fault. For my part I do not think that my father was justified in marrying upon such slender means as he considered adequate. I think he should have remained single until he had saved sufficient money to endow a family should he happen to have one; but naturally this was a matter upon which my opinion was not asked, and for obvious reasons could not be offered. As you know, I do not approve of early marriages; but if a man will persist in marrying before he has saved a nest-egg for himself and his possible family, I am convinced that he ought to select a lady with some private means of her own."

Mrs. Spratt winced at this; she had been a governess before her marriage. But she did not realise that Theophilus was merely behaving according to the training which she herself had bestowed upon him. She had carefully implanted in the soul of her son the thorn of self-advancement and the thistle of worldly wisdom; so it was a little unreasonable of her now to expect to gather from these plants the grapes of love or the figs of unselfishness. Such an expectation on her part argued a culpable ignorance of the elemental principles of spiritual horticulture.

"Do you know anything about your supplanter, Theophilus?" she asked, once more wisely changing the subject.

"Yes, mother, I do. Mr. Forrester has been working for years in the Black Country, and is a most unsuitable man for the parish. He is one of those dangerous clergymen who combine advanced Ritualism with vigorous Revivalism; just the kind of man to do untold harm in a country parish by waking up into unprecedented activity the souls of the people committed to his charge, and thus unfitting them for their daily toil and humble positions. I have no doubt in my own mind that Miss Fallowfield will rue the day when she introduced such a fire-brand as this into the parish of Dinglewood, in spite of the fact that she had to her hand the very man for the place."

And then Theophilus and his mother proceeded to discuss with not unmitigated sorrow the gloomy prospect opening out before them of the spiritual future of Dinglewood.

It was not long after this that the new vicar and his son came and took up their residence at the vicarage, thereby—although no one knew it at the time—completely changing the current of the lives of nearly all the people connected with this story.

Luke Forrester was a man of about fifty, and a man who looked considerably older than his years. That term which people are so fond of applying to the middle-aged, "well-preserved" (as if these latter were a species of ginger or candied fruits) was in no way applicable to him. He had been willing to spend and to be spent in the service of his Master, and the story of this was written upon his face. He was tall and thin, with a slight stoop, and his hair was fast turning grey. So much for his outward appearance. As for the inward man, he was one of those rare persons who are absolutely unworldly, who have never for an instant bowed the knee in the temple of Mammon, and to whom it has not even occurred to do so. This rare and all-compelling quality of unworldliness is not necessarily always found in religious persons: it is frequently the prerogative of the artist and the poet, and is really more a natural gift than a Christian grace. In short, it is the quintessence of fine fibre and good breeding; and sometimes even thoroughly God-fearing people are entirely lacking in it. But wherever it is found, it holds powerful though unconscious sway, for the world is ever ready to bow down before the few who utterly despise it. We are all alike forbidden to love the world or the things of the world; but only to some of us it is a temptation, while to others of us it is none at all. Mr. Forrester was one of the latter. It would never have come into his mind to pray that he might be saved from caring too much for the things of this world; he would as soon have thought of praying that he might

be saved from dropping his "h's" or from eating peas with a knife. The spirit of worldliness, had he ever thought about it at all, would not have struck him as being so wrong but as being so vulgar. For one thing, he was a man of good family, who had always occupied an absolutely secure social position; and perhaps sometimes—even sanctified human nature still being very human—the knowledge that one's name is inscribed in 'The Landed Gentry' is a surer antidote to undue consideration of the world's opinion than the belief that it is written in the Book of Life.

Luke Forrester had lost his wife when he and she were still young; but a full-length oil-painting of her, which always hung in his dining-room, testified to what a beautiful woman she must have been. The time came when Charlotte Fallowfield envied the original of this portrait as she had never envied anyone in her life before; when she felt that she would gladly have bartered her fortune for the face which had lighted the world for Luke Forrester in the days gone by. But she had to learn, as we all have to learn sooner or later, that we are called to make the best of the talents which we have, instead of thinking how much better we could have done with the talents that are entrusted to other people. David may not fight in Saul's armour; Saul cannot hurl the pebble from the sling. It is not ours to choose the talents with which we must trade until our Lord returns from His journey to a far country; but it is ours so to use such talents as He has seen fit to entrust to us according to our several ability, that when He does return we shall hear Him say "Well done."

Mr. Forrester had one child, a son, whose age was twenty-three when the two came to live at Dinglewood. Claude Forrester physically resembled his dead mother rather than his living father, and was therefore a singularly handsome young man. There was a warm touch about his beauty, as there had been

about his mother's, which gave the impression that their eyes and lips had been kissed by southern suns. He was tall and dark, with thick curly hair and a complexion like a ripe peach; and his eyes were brown and velvety, shaded by curling black lashes.

His profession was that of an architect, and he promised to distinguish himself in his own line; for he was artistic to his finger-tips, and utterly absorbed in the work he had chosen.

He was sincerely attached to his father, but all the romance of his nature had clustered round the memory of his mother, whose gaiety and beauty he could just remember. At present her image was to him the embodiment of all that was best and brightest and loveliest in life—the type of that fundamental and eternal joy and beauty which are the beginning and the end of all things, and which were ordained alike to thrill the pæan which the morning stars sang together, and the song which no man may learn save the hundred and forty and four thousand which shall be redeemed from the earth.

With an almost pagan worship for the beauties of art and nature, Claude combined a truly religious instinct, so that he was indeed one in heart with those old builders and painters who wrought upon their knees for the glory of God and the beautifying of the world—the only spirit in which truly artistic work can be done, if it is to be indeed "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

Such, then, were the two men who were suddenly set down in the midst of Dinglewood for the general upsetting and reforming and renovation of that parish, and for the undoing of those faithful if tardy suitors, Reginald Duncan and his nephew Octavius, who—though they were not men enough to carry off their respective fair ladies in spite of certain lions in the way—were quite men enough to object very strongly to anybody else doing so.

[END OF CHAPTER FIVE.]



The New Bishop of Sodor and Man.

A Character Sketch.

By "GAIUS."

EIGHT or nine years ago a visitor to the Committee Room of the Church Missionary Society, when its Correspondence Committee or its General Committee met, would have seen on the left of the Society's Hon. Secretary, a quiet-looking clergyman industriously engaged with his correspondence. To most of the business he seemed indifferent, or content to leave it in the hands of others more intimately concerned. But, if a question came up as to the Society's College at Islington, or as to the qualifications of a man trained there in recent years, the quiet-looking letter-writer laid down his pen, and, at the right moment, intervened in the debate.

Then the figure that had been bent over the table extended itself into a tall, well-carried form and easily attracted attention. It was the Rev. Thomas Wortley Drury, Principal of the Society's College, or Institution for the training of missionary candidates. That office he had filled since the year 1882, when the Rev. W. H. Barlow (now Dean of Peterborough) left the College to accept the vicarage of St. James's, Clapham. Mr. Drury was Rector of Holy Trinity, Chesterfield, when the invitation to Islington reached him. He had been six years an incumbent, three years a Master of King William's College, Isle of Man (where he had been as a boy), and had worked also as an Isle of Man curate. At Cambridge (he was at Christ's) he had taken a respectable degree in mathematics and classics, and had added a First Class in the Theological Tripos.

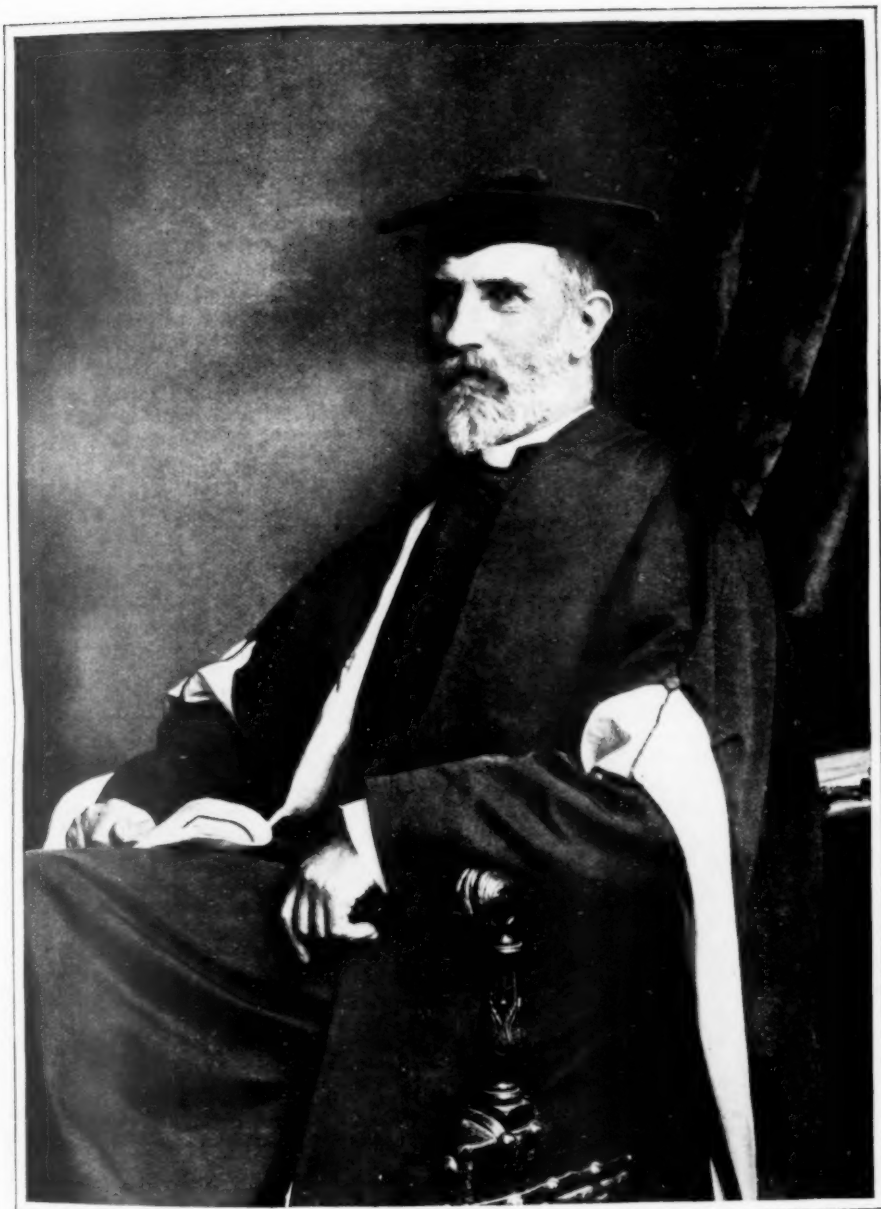
The Church Missionary Society is, as an organisation, the one supreme object of an Evangelical Churchman's affection. And next to its Hon. Secretaryship—which in its case is not an ornamental but a very arduous post—there is no position in connection with it that is watched with more concern than the Principalship of its College. A large proportion of the Society's missionaries are trained at Islington alone. Upon the character of such men depends very largely the success of its missionary work.

When Mr. Drury was appointed to this office there were some who thought him "over young"; and some who wondered

whether he had the capacity for dealing successfully with the kind of material that would come under his care. Those who contended that he had found that they were right. Early in life there settled on Thomas Wortley Drury a judicial manner which reflected certain qualities of judgment not invariably found with the appearance of them. He had, as if of nature, the circumspect mind, which looks well around things, and adopts no conviction founded on a one-sided view. Such a quality, of course, means the possession of patience, and the self-command that refuses to be in a hurry. And this, too, the new Principal was found to have—with many other things needful for one in a delicate office.

For, indeed, the head of an institution such as Islington College is in a difficult place. He has to deal with young men, drawn often from very different circumstances in life, who are inspired by a common enthusiasm for religious service. There are varieties of temperament and varieties of spiritual experience; there are the difficulties of entering upon a seminary training often at an age past that of the ordinary undergraduate. And the training is a period of probation. It is for the Principal to watch the development of character, the use of opportunities, the proofs of growing fitness or the emergence of suspected though latent unsuitability. The student feels that he is very much in the Principal's hands; the Principal feels the burden of a responsibility which is not laid on the Head of an ordinary Theological College.

But a sunny disposition and a great fund of sympathy go a long way with young men. They found in Mr. Drury a friend and guide as well as a teacher. He was not too busy to enter into their difficulties or listen to their views, though they knew that he was always weighing their merits with unwavering justice. But he was so skilful a teacher that they knew they were in the right hands. Again and again they came out at the head of the list in the Bishop of London's examination for holy orders—and the Bishop of London's is, by honourable tradition, one of the most difficult of these not very arduous tests.



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

THE RIGHT REV. T. W. DRURY, D.D., BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

There came a day in 1899 when the news went round that Dr. Handley Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, was elected Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. That was quite as it should be; but who was to go to Ridley? Now Ridley is one of two institutions (Wycliffe, Oxford, is the other) at which university graduates read for holy orders under the most approved Evangelical auspices. Dr. Moule had made Ridley; in a way he was Ridley itself. His character was stamped upon it, and upon the men who went out from it. To take away its Principal was to end a chapter in its life—it might even be to end the usefulness of the place itself. Who could say what the next chapter would be like? How much would depend upon the men sent to carry on the work! Many names were talked of, but the choice of the Council fell on Mr. Drury, and to Ridley Hall he went in 1899.

Mr. Drury, said sage observers, was not another Dr. Moule. No; and perhaps that was why the Council asked the one to succeed the other. There is only one Handley Moule in the English Church to-day. To follow him with one who was merely a pale reflection of his old teacher would have been a profound error of judgment. But in Mr. Drury there was enough of contrast to make the two Principals quite distinct. Mr. Drury is less mystical than his predecessor; nothing like so brilliant a scholar, and having no special skill with the pen. But Ridley has in no way suffered under his care. Some men say that its outlook upon theology and upon life has rather broadened; that its atmosphere is less rarefied, more suited to ordinary lungs. Certain it is that young men have gone there with confidence, and left it with a heightened regard for its head.

Since the journey from Islington to Cambridge, the old reputation for patience, fairness and a judicial temperament have brought Mr. Drury into two offices that kept his name before a wider public. The Bishop of London, in the interests of truth and peace, summoned a few "men of light and leading" to a conference at Fulham Palace on Confession and Absolution. Mr. Drury was chosen of the band. The King appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into certain alleged breaches of ecclesiastical discipline: Mr. Drury was one of "our well beloved" to whom the royal command came.

Now both these offices and occasions were of the kind that try men. They are such as show whether learning is genuine and is readily at its owner's disposal. They prove whether men have minds open to evidence and to conviction. They test the temper of disputants as well as the patience of hearers. A mere controversialist has never fared well at them. But in these offices—it is common knowledge—Mr. Drury won approbation both from friend and foe. The friends found him quietly strong. The foe found a courteous disputant, able to see other sides than his own, and never falling into the grievous temptation of supposing that the man who dissents from you must needs be a fool or a knave.

So, before the Royal Commission had reported, men began to say "Drury will be a bishop"; and others objected, as the outsider so often will, that it would be a thousand pities if he did, for then what would become of Ridley? It was what they said when Dr. Moule was called to the Professorship that was a brief halting-place on the way to Durham; but that did not matter.

The bishopric is come. "Is it not a little one?" Yes, but Sodor and Man was not the end either for Dr. Bardsley or Dr. Straton. Meanwhile, it is like going home—and it is a good opportunity for honest work in a place where bishops have made for themselves sure places in the affection and esteem of men.

That tall form—scarcely less erect than aforetime—will look well in the "apron" and gaiters of "My Lord." The raiment will change; but not the open face, with its ready smile; not the open mind, willing to hear what the other person has to say; not the quiet decision of character, and the strength that helps to make others strong. I do not expect there will be much show at Bishops-court, or any air of oppressive dignity. There will be the same kindly and simple hospitality that there was in Upper Street and at Ridley; and as much readiness to enter into the woes—personal or parochial—of a harassed incumbent as there was to consider the mental anxieties of a young graduate or a budding missionary. And that being so—and much more of merit being true which is not here set down—I think many men in many lands will follow the new Bishop with the old prayer: "The Lord be with you."

A Strange Art Gallery.

By B. J. HYDE.

HANGING in the window of a modest little house in Leicester is a card which announces to the passer-by that Mrs. Lee, "Artist in Onion Peel, Herring-Skin, and Ashes," lives within, and that her productions may be inspected for the asking.

At first one is inclined to pass on under the impression that the card is a hoax, but if curiosity gets the upper hand and one seeks admission, the time spent in inspecting this strange art gallery will not be by any means wasted.

Hanged around the walls of the room is

colours, carefully pasted one over the other in order to produce the necessary colour-effect. The amount of care and patience bestowed on the construction of this work of art may be gathered from the fact that it took eight years to complete.

An examination of a single carnation reveals the fact that it is composed of no fewer than ten distinct layers, and embodies six variations in the colour of the skin used. The collecting and preparing of the material was a matter that was by no means easy. Each and every shade is absolutely natural; no artificial dye or colouring matter whatever having been used by the artist.

One would at first be inclined to ridicule the idea that any great range of colouring could possibly be obtained from natural onion skin. In reality, the variety is almost endless, though many shades—more especially green—are comparatively rare and difficult to preserve unfaded.

When preparing the material for one of these curious pictures, Mrs. Lee first of all collects an enormous quantity of pieces of



MRS. LEE CUTTING OUT PICTURES FROM PAPER. SHE IS VERY EXPERT AT THIS TEDIOUS WORK: AMONGST OTHER THINGS SHE HAS CUT OUT EXCELLENT REPRESENTATIONS OF A SPIDER'S WEB AND A BALLOON.

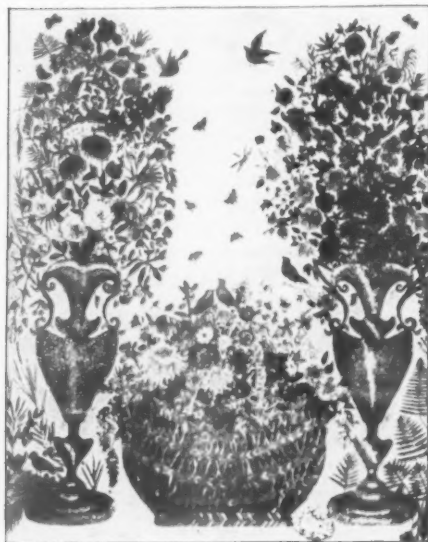
to be seen a varied assortment of pictures executed in a number of curious and, to an ordinary individual, utterly unsuitable substances. Moreover, so well do the various portions of each harmonise, that it is only after having made a very close inspection that it is possible to discover the material from which any particular picture has been made.

The largest picture, standing some ten feet in height, is a floral design executed entirely in onion peel. No fewer than twenty thousand separate pieces were used, each trimmed neatly to the required shape with a pair of fine scissors. Each individual flower and portion of the design is made up of pieces of trimmed onion peel of different



A SMALL PORTION OF THE PICTURE IN ONION SKIN.

skin of different colours, a proceeding that necessitates frequent visits to the green-grocers and markets, and it is often many days before an onion with a skin of the



MRS. LEE'S WONDERFUL PICTURE IN ONION SKIN

particular tint she desires can be obtained. Even then, though the outside skin of the onion may appear to be of the required tinge, it does not follow that it will invariably retain its colour after pressing, an operation which is accomplished by means of sheets of blotting paper and an ordinary letter book.

After having made an immense quantity of complete items, Mrs. Lee proceeds to fit them all together into one huge design by mounting them on a large sheet of white satin, which forms a suitable and effective background.

This strange art gallery, however, is not by any means formed exclusively of onion peel pictures. Facing the window,

and visible from the street, is what appears to be an immense landscape made of inlaid mother-o'-pearl. This is, perhaps, Mrs. Lee's most effective piece of work. The picture was constructed piece by piece and inch by inch from thousands of tiny portions of the skin, the scales, and the bones of the prosaic fresh herring. As in the onion pictures, the artist relied entirely on the variations of the natural colouring of different parts, ingeniously trimmed, selected, and adapted to take the place of pigments. Impossible as it sounds at first, the strange material is in reality well adapted for the purpose.

While we are examining one of the cottages, Mrs. Lee points out that the realistic thatched roof is composed of dried portions of the gills, whereas the lattice-work windows are not drawn in with a pencil, but are composed of transparent portions of skin from which the scales have been removed. A glance at a herring that has been scaled for cooking will give some idea how lifelike these lattice windows look.

The brickwork of the building is composed of carefully-trimmed single scales, while the tree which stands close by has skinny bark and bony branches, and is surmounted by silvery swim-bladder clouds. Throughout every portion of the picture similar ingenuity and resourcefulness has been displayed.

In addition to the difficulties attendant upon the actual construction, an immense amount of skill and patience had previously to be bestowed on the material itself, which has to undergo special treatment before it can be incorporated in a picture.



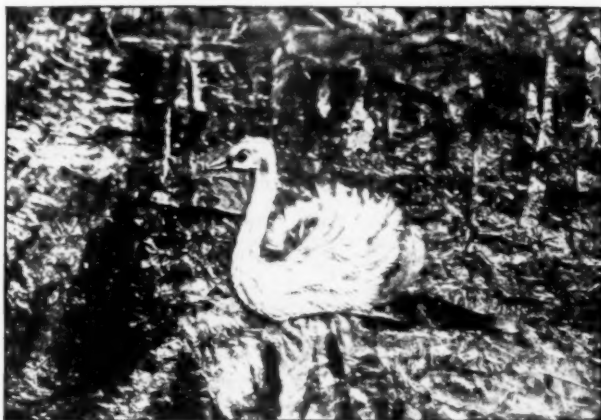
SOME SAMPLES OF THE SINGLE PIECES WHICH ARE FITTED TOGETHER TO FORM ONE OF MRS. LEE'S PICTURES IN ONION SKIN.

In all, the preparation and execution of the herring picture occupied Mrs. Lee's spare time during four whole years, and though it has now been finished and framed a long time, it shows no sign that it will not remain absolutely permanent.

Perhaps a still more tedious task than even the construction of the herring picture was the making of the large "fly" picture which hangs over the mantelpiece. Certainly the various parts required much more delicate handling, for it is composed entirely of wings and bodies of innumerable butterflies, dragon-flies, and other insects.

A notable feature of this work—which was executed to the memory of a departed infant—is a tiny representation of a church standing on a flower-decked slope. By the ingenious insertion into the window frames

of the preserved bodies of a number of brilliant metallic green flies, the interior of the church appears to become suddenly lighted up, as one changes one's position to inspect the picture.



A SMALL PORTION OF THE HERRING PICTURE; NATURAL SIZE. THE FEATHERS OF THE SWAN ARE COMPOSED OF BLEACHED PORTIONS OF THE GILLS OF THE FISH.



THE ENTIRE PICTURE IN HERRING BONE AND SKIN.

How they Came Together.

A Complete Story.

By AGNES GIBERNE.

ALL the way from Kandersteg to the Frauenbahn Hut they had walked, with their guide and porter; two bright strong-limbed English girls, light-footed and fresh. They were ardent friends; and this Swiss trip, fruit of long economy and of many aspirations, was bringing to each a world of new sensations.

Not only was it their first visit to Switzerland, but also this was their first ascent worthy of the name. On the morrow they hoped to climb the Rothstock, a minor peak of the beautiful Blumlisalp group, not beyond the powers of a beginner with efficient help, and they had secured a thoroughly dependable guide, by name Peter Steimathen. Fortunately, since neither of the two was a good linguist, he could talk English.

For eight and a half hours, including rests, they had been on the way, mounting the steep slope from Kandersteg, winding through pine-woods, pausing at the rough Oeschinen Hotel, skirting the deep-grey waters of the lake from which it took its name, then mounting again to the "Upper Alp," only to leave that also behind, as they yet more steeply zigzagged upward over rough shale, with the glacier to their right, and the Hut for their aim. They were actually—delight of delights!—about to spend a night in the Hut before making their ascent.

"Think of it! In the very midst of the mountain amphitheatre!" Rose said rapturously, winning one of Beta's responsive smiles.

For an experienced mountaineer the distance they had come would be covered in six hours; but naturally it took them a good deal longer, which meant arriving late. Both were very tired and very happy; and in a state of mental exhilaration which, despite fatigue, gave small promise of getting quickly to sleep amid such unwonted surroundings. Thus far, though the way had been steep, they had had a ragged path. On the morrow they would quit beaten tracks, and would do "a bit of the real thing," as Rose expressed it.

A rough little place was this Frauenbahn Hut, though better than most mountain refuges, for, in addition to the room on the ground-floor, it boasted a loft above, both being on occasions crammed with sleepers. Half the lower room consisted of a shelf, some three feet high, covered with a bedding of straw,

and on this the girls would spend their night, rolled up in rugs provided for sleepers. High above their heads the guides would sleep on another shelf, to reach which some agility was needed.

Beta Melton and Rose Austin were fortunate in finding the Hut empty. Apparently they would have the place to themselves. They looked round with interest at the wooden walls, the small window, and the stove at which the guide was preparing to boil water for their soup.

"But come—come outside," impatiently urged Rose. "Don't let us miss the sunset. It won't wait our pleasure," and she laughed. "We can examine things inside by-and-by. Come!" and they went, commandeering hut-rugs for wraps, since it was "a nipping and an eager air" here, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea.

When seated side by side on the bench, silence fell on both. They had chatted most of the way up; or rather, Rose had chatted, and Beta had listened, which was with them a usual division of labour. Rose was small, slim, impulsive, and light as a feather; while Beta was taller, prettier, more subdued and gentle. Rose loved to talk, and Beta was always willing to hear. But sometimes lately, and not seldom on this particular day, Rose's quick perceptions had detected wandering attention!

"Dreaming, Beta?" she had asked gaily, and to her surprise Beta blushed. Rose was puzzled, since both the lack of attention and the causeless blush were unlike the Beta of old.

Even Rose became for the moment dumb, as they gazed from the Alpine hut over a wide and snowy expanse. The track by which they had mounted from the Oeschinen See was already hidden in darkness; but in front stood forth the roseate peaks of the Blumlisalp; notably the Weisse Frau, square-shouldered and clothed in a mantle of ineffably delicate pink; and the yet loftier Blumlisalpborn, scarcely less pure, though broken by lines and ridges of rock at too sharp an angle to retain snow. Nearer was the bare and rocky Blumlisalp-stock, cold and grim in the twilight, rising abruptly from the slow-moving *névé* of the glacier.

Long lingered the mysterious radiance of the after-glow on the spurs and slopes of those great Gothic peaks, until the final filmy veil, sea-green in hue, faded before the onslaught of night. Then attendant stars began to twinkle in the vault over the Blumlisalphorn, forming a little crown about his head.

The girls held their breath, clasping each other by the hand under their rugs.

"It's too lovely!" Rose murmured. "What a splendid world ours is! Do you remember what Ruskin says: 'Did you ever see one sunrise like another? Does not God vary His clouds for you every morning and every night?' Does He really—for *us*? Are you and I *meant* to enjoy this?—and has nobody ever seen, and will nobody ever see, just exactly what we are seeing now? Isn't it a perfectly extraordinary idea? Why, even a mile off it wouldn't be the same."

Beta was silent. She could not so readily as Rose put her thoughts into words. The more she felt, the less she had to say.

"It makes one feel how small life is," she at length suggested.

"Do you think so? I always feel how full life is—how crowded with possibilities. Beta, do you often look forward, and dream of what is coming?" Beta's imprisoned hand stirred suddenly, for indeed, did she not? But Rose went on, unheeding the movement. "I do! I'm always dreaming of the time when you and I will live together—when we shall be everything to one another. Do you remember our talking it all over, and planning it all, that week in the country two years ago? The dear little home that we are to have; and how the days will fly when we are always together; and how we shall never want anything or anybody, except just our two selves. Think—how perfect it will be, darling. And it will come true—some day. You remember—don't you?"

The recollection recurred with something of a shock to Beta, and not a joyous shock. Yes, she remembered. They *had* planned it together, light-heartedly. But with her of late the vision had faded, or rather, another vision had usurped its place.

"Won't it be splendid! When I'm worried or tired I always turn to the thought of it. Don't you too?"

Beta was honest, and she would not dissemble with her friend.

"I don't quite know," she said, and her soft voice was very distinct in the still night-air. "One can't look forward with certainty."

"Why—Beta! That is not like you." Rose's

tone bespoke amazement. "You didn't feel so—once!"

"No; I suppose not. Don't you think one learns to see things differently as years go on? What if you or I were to marry?"

"Marry!" Rose spoke with high disdain. "The idea! Why, we settled ages ago that nothing should ever induce either of us to think of such a thing for a moment."

"Yes; I know."

"Then, my dear Beta, what *can* have changed you? Why, we entirely made up our minds always to live for each other. And you are not one of the fickle sort."

"I hope not."

"And yet you mean to say that you have altered—that you don't feel the same as you did. Beta, I couldn't have thought it possible! You don't really mean it, do you?"

Rose no longer saw the darkening landscape. She was absorbed in her own sense of loss.

"Things don't always keep on looking exactly the same, Rose."

"They do with me. Nothing will ever look different. I've counted myself yours for life—and you mine! What has changed you?"

For some seconds the other was silent. "Can't you imagine, dear," she at length said, "that you might some day come across a man whom you felt you could marry?"

Rose shook a decisive head. "Never!" she said. "You are all I want. Is that what has happened? Have you seen somebody?"

"Yes."

"How horrid! Then, of course, there's no hope for me. Why didn't you tell me sooner?" She spoke forlornly.

"There was nothing to tell. I don't know why I should tell you now, only you wanted an explanation."

"And this person, whoever he is—you care for him more than for anybody else in the whole world, I suppose?"

"Yes!"—fervently.

"A great deal more, of course, than you care for—*me*!"

"Rose, it is so different. I don't see how the two things can be compared. It is quite another kind! He is—it is just as if he *were* the whole world to me."

"And when you have him you won't want anybody else."

"If——" murmured Beta.

"If what? Of course, you won't want me then! I see that! Oh! you can't help it. When people are in love, everything else has to go down. It sounds rather absurd to people not in love; but that is nothing. I don't, of course, know anything about it. I've never



"'But come—come outside,' impatiently urged Rose"—p. 282.

been in love, except with you; and it's no good now."

"I shall always want you, Rose dear."

Rose wriggled on the bench.

"Oh, no; I can't be a corner in a triangle—quite out of the question. No sort of sense in it. How soon does the wedding come off?"

"Never, very likely. I may never see him again."

"He hasn't asked you yet?"

"No, indeed. Perhaps he has never even thought of such a thing. He was very nice—but one never can tell, you know. And we were only a fortnight together. It may have meant nothing to him. But to me—ever since I saw Mr. Dennis Ivor—" She stopped.

"What was that?"

"I didn't notice anything. Where did you meet him?"

"At the Parkinses', last Christmas. I heard such an odd little sound, like a groan."

"The wind sighing. Or our guide may have grunted, because the pot wouldn't boil. There's nobody else except the porter. Your imagination runs away with you sometimes, I think.

But I suppose it's part of the penalty of being in love. It seems to me you are building on a very rickety foundation. This Mr. Ivor—wretched creature to rob me of my Beta——"

"Oh, no, I am always yours, dear. Only——"

"Only you want nothing and nobody except the one being whom, it seems, you can't have. Not at present, at all events. I suppose I ought, for your sake, to hope that you may have him some day. Perhaps he was more impressed than you give him credit for. You really are a taking girl; and men are susceptible. I wish you were a trifle less taking, and then I shouldn't be quite so sorry for myself. But I'm getting frozen. Come indoors. It's about time we should turn in, if we are to start at five o'clock."

II.

THE groan had not been imaginary. For the Hut was not, as Beta and Rose imagined, tenanted only by themselves, their guide, and their porter. Unknown to them, two guide-

less climbers, Englishmen, had arrived earlier, and had retired to rest in the loft, purposing to attempt the Blumlisalphorn next day. As they intended to leave in the very small hours of the morning, they were glad to get to sleep without loss of time. The guide had quickly discovered, by the remains of a fire in the stove, that somebody had preceded them; but this fact he had not mentioned to Beta.

And by a very irony of circumstance it so happened that one of the two Englishmen was none other than Dennis Ivor.

Beta had known and had not forgotten that he was an adept at mountaineering; but she did not dream of coming across him, since he had remarked that Switzerland this summer would be an impossibility for him, on account of other engagements. Plans, however, had changed, and here he was.

Voices just under the open loft window aroused him from deep slumber. Not at first fully. Half-asleep still he lay, wishing he had not been disturbed, envying the continued unconsciousness of his companion, hearing as in a dream what went on, but attaching small importance to the words spoken. Beta's soft tones brought a sense of familiarity, yet he was not much interested, and he hardly even speculated as to her personality. Then Rose's indignant protests made him vaguely smile, as he rolled over, and tried once more to forget himself. And then—abruptly—before he could guess what was coming—Beta had made her confession; and as his own name passed her lips a low, involuntary groan escaped him.

Yes, he remembered her now; the pretty, gentle, ladylike girl, with whom he had enjoyed a good deal of intercourse; whom he had rather hoped to meet again some day; whom—yes, of course, whom he had advised to do a little scrambling in this very district, when she had told him of her intention to visit Switzerland with a friend in the summer; but with whom he had not been in love! Most certainly not, he told himself angrily! And of all wretched possibilities, what could have been worse than this miserable *contretemps*? That he and she should have met here, high in the mountains, away from everybody else, and that he should have overheard, without intention, the dire truth that he had captured her heart's affections—it was appalling!

He was more than dismayed; he was horror-stricken. No chance of further sleep that night. He lay thinking it over, restless and unhappy, planning how to escape in the early morning before she should become aware of his vicinity. Nothing could have been more unfortunate,

he kept telling himself. And yet—yet—a curious sense crept over him that to be so loved was a new and beautiful experience. How her voice had softened and deepened as she spoke his name! It was real love; and he, Dennis Ivor, was the object of it.

For the first time in his twenty-five years of life he now knew himself to be enshrined in a woman's heart. His mother had died in his infancy. He had no sisters. He was well off, popular, successful in business and in sport. Match-making mothers had courted him; and girls of a sort—the sort he would never dream of marrying—had flirted with him. But this was different. He knew himself to be pleasant, companionable, liked by people in general. But to be utterly and absolutely first with another—to be the one and only man to one only woman—this somehow put him on a new level, and gave to life a fresh colouring.

Was he quite sure that she was to him nothing more than all other women in England—in the world?

He would not face that question. It was too soon. One o'clock arrived, and he roused his companion, impressing on him with hushed energy the need for abnormal caution, lest they should disturb the two ladies sleeping on the ground-floor. With exaggerated care he set the example, creeping down the ladder like a mouse, and remaining as much as possible in the shadow behind the stove, lest they also should be making an early start. Not likely at one o'clock in the morning; but nothing is quite out of the question in such circumstances.

Besides, Beta might be awake, and, however carefully he spoke, she might recognise his voice, even though she should catch no glimpse of his face. He could not endure the thought of even a guess on her part that her words had been overheard by the man of whom she had spoken. In sombre silence, casting many a nervous glance towards the lower shelf, on which lay two dimly outlined figures rolled in rugs, he drank his coffee, and declined to eat. The shock had been severe, and had affected him physically. All the chivalry in his nature revolted from the position of affairs—for her.

And yet—once and again the recollection came up, with a sensation that was not far from actual joy—"She loves me!"

It was an unspeakable relief to find himself at length outside the Hut. Silently he and Rice started on their dark upward tramp, lighted only by stars and by the glimmering lantern, swaying to and fro in the leader's hand. Nor was it till an hour later, as they were crossing the hard frozen *nevé* that a fresh shock assailed him. He recalled suddenly

that his name was inscribed in the Visitors' Book at the Hut. She would inevitably see it. She would at once surmise—not that he had, but that he might have overheard her pathetic little confession. He writhed under the suggestion; but it was too late to do anything. More or less the day was spoilt for him.

Such thoughts had to be put firmly on one side, as the difficulties of the way increased. Though they were there still, lying as a weight at the back of his mind, he had to ignore them, to bend all his energies to present needs. The ascent of the Blumlisalphorn is not exactly playwork, even for experienced climbers.

For a good while there was easy going, only shadowed by the chance of a falling avalanche. Breakfast on a pure white tablecloth followed; and afterward began the exciting part of their ascent.

At first they mounted snow in good condition, lying on a foundation of rock, which here and there cropped through. Then it steepened and hardened, and the cutting of steps became necessary, till they reached the col or narrow neck, from which one looks down on the little Oeschinen Lake and the Valley of Kandersteg. Thence the usual route is followed by the *arête* of jagged rock, not only narrow, but steeply ascending. If the leader here, in wielding his ice-axe, should slip and fall, the instant duty of his companion on the rope is to fling himself over on the opposite side, where his weight would counterbalance that of his friend, and so prevent both from being dashed to pieces three thousand feet below. For such prompt action, in such a position, no little nerve is requisite; yet not to do it spells a double fatality.

Lastly the two climbers had to attack the sensational ridge of frozen snow which gives access to the summit. This, happily, was not particularly steep; for, being what is known as a "knife-edge," allowing the toe of a man's boot to be over one valley while the heel is over another, as he passes from step to step, the difficulties are quite enough, without the addition of an abrupt slant.

While traversing both the *arête* and the "knife-edge," no thinking about Beta could be permitted, and no looking downward at the scenery. Nothing but close and exclusive regard to each successive planting of the feet might ensure success, as, steadying himself with his ice-axe, Ivor crept upward and onward till the end was reached. And then—the summit!

They were in time to revel in the magnificent sight of a cloudless panorama of peaks, each with its wealth of golden light and azure shade, its morning glories and fleeting shadows, its

crumpled and rifted glaciers, its countless revelations of beauty. The two stood, entranced, drinking in with greedy eyes the loveliness, and completely enjoying the present moment, though perhaps neither could quite banish a recollection of that terrible "knife-edge" which had soon to be descended—and coming down such a *mauvais pas* is always far worse than going up it. Doubtless it was just as well that the Blumlisalphorn does not lend itself to a picnic-lunch or a long rest, for muscles are apt to stiffen with delay. A few minutes were all that could be safely spared.

It was curious how here again, on the narrow summit, while Ivor's eyes roved over the scene, taking in details, his mind was haunted by thoughts of Beta. So soon as active exertion ceased, she came back. He heard her voice, he saw her face, he dreaded lest by this time she might have discovered his presence at the Hut. Yet, if he really did not care for her why should he be so greatly concerned? This question perplexed him, but did not lessen the trouble.

When the moment arrived for starting down, when the "knife-edge" and the *arête* had again to be tackled, he put her determinately out of his thoughts. All his attention, all his nerve were needed. Happily he and his companion accomplished the perilous descent without a slip.

They had resolved, the evening before, that if all went well they would return by another route from the col overlooking Kandersteg—a route rarely attempted, since the condition of an open *coulöir* was seldom inviting, and there was always the chance of the *bergshroud* below—a huge crevasse—stopping them entirely, and forcing a reascent to the col, after half the descent had been accomplished. Having, however, resolved on the plan, they had scribbled a brief note to that effect in the Visitors' Book at the Hut.

This variation on the ordinary route at first promised well. The soft snow of the open *coulöir* allowed them, as they came down, to kick deep and safe steps. But gradually, almost imperceptibly, the character of the snow changed. It became powdery in substance, and each downward step started a miniature avalanche, so small as to seem a negligible quantity. They were now hardly two hundred feet from the yawning *bergshroud* at the bottom of the slope; and to turn back without having examined it would be too exasperating. Thus it was that the warning of the shifting snow was allowed to go almost unheeded. Rice, the leader, did his best to pack it firmly, before trusting his weight to each foothold; and all appeared to be safe.

So secure, indeed, felt Ivor, as he plunged his foot into one deep step after another, made by his friend, that he relaxed his caution, and allowed his thoughts to wander, indulging in speculations whether by chance he might find the two girls still at the Hut, and wondering how he would feel if such were the case. Would he be altogether sorry? Would he feel only regret? Might it not be desirable that he and Beta should, some day, meet again? These and other queries were crowding through his mind—when something occurred against which not all the acumen of the most experienced guides could have insured, had they ventured to trust so treacherous a slope.

The sheet of snow which they were descending began to stir; slightly at first, then more decisively. Ivor, well behind his friend, the rope between them being nearly taut, was the first to awake to the awful fact that a wave had formed in front of him. He knew what it meant; and instantaneously he dug his ice-axe deep into the snow. But this had little effect; for as the snow-sheet slid downwards Rice was carried with it. For a second the rope tightened round him. Then, as the silent onrush of the avalanche fought for the mastery, he too felt himself gently drawn into the stream of snow. Their eyes met, saying what their lips did not utter—"We are lost!"

Down and down, sliding, struggling, borne along by the moving mass, both men went; but Ivor was more in the actual stream than his friend, who happened to be carried to one side. It was a small avalanche, neither deep nor wide; and while Ivor was near the centre Rice was on the border. Though moving perforce with it, he was subject to less impetus; and as the white wave curled round a rib of rock, outstanding from the snow, the rope caught firmly. The shallow snow swirled on, and he remained behind.

All might have been well with them both, had the rope only held. But when Ivor's weight came upon it with a jerk, it severed on the sharp rock, as though cut by a knife. Ivor was swept rapidly downward, and, without a sound, he disappeared into the *bergshroud*. From that snow-prison, even if the hapless climber were not at once killed by the fall or smothered in the stream of snow, Rice, barely escaping the same fate, was powerless to rescue him.

III.

FOUR hours after the departure of the two men the girls were up, starting for their ascent of the little Rothstock. A delightful five hours' scramble, in which no leisure presented

itself for regrets or longings, found them at its termination once more in the Hut. No *contretemps* had marred the delight of their climb; no false step on the part of either, no failure in the weather. All had been cloudless sunshine and enjoyment. In high spirits at their success they returned, resolved to rest for an hour before tackling the easy descent to Kandersteg.

"But we haven't taken a look at the Visitors' Book, Beta. Fancy forgetting! I want to see who was upstairs last night. And, of course, we must sign our names as conquerors of the Rothstock."

Peter Steimathen had spoken casually of the presence of another party, who left before they awoke. Now they came on the two names. One of the two, John Rice, meant nothing. The other!—Rose and Beta exchanged glances.

"Dennis Ivor!"

"Oh, but it couldn't matter, my dear Beta!"—as the same thought occurred to them both. "They were sound asleep long before we got here. They didn't know that you were within a hundred miles!"

"No——"

"And we talked so softly. Nobody could have heard a word. And, of course, their window was shut."

"They are English. It would be open."

"Anyhow, that wouldn't matter. They were asleep."

"Perhaps——"

"And if they had been awake they *couldn't* have heard!"

"Perhaps not——"

"If he had heard—he wouldn't have listened. He would have spoken——"

"Not if he were taken by surprise, and had not time!"

"Nonsense, he wouldn't be. That sort of thing doesn't happen, Beta. And it's no earthly use your worrying."

"No, not the least. I wonder if one ever stops worrying because it is useless?" Beta spoke calmly. "I wish we had known that they were here. I should have liked to see him."

"Was that all?" silently questioned Rose, picturing how she would herself have felt in Beta's place. But then—she was not Beta, and she was not in love.

Beta, leaning over the book, read a short note scrawled after the two names—"Going to try the Blumlisalp horn, descending from the col to the alp above the Oeschinen See." She drew their guide's attention to this; and Peter Steimathen uttered a gruff word of disapproval. It was in his opinion a difficult

and dangerous deviation from the ordinary route; and the Herren would have been better advised had they kept to that route, with the snow in none too sound a state! Naturally, Peter was not best pleased with the enterprise of guideless parties on mountains which he looked upon as his preserve.

All the way down, as far as the Oeschinen Hotel, Beta kept thoughtful silence, pondering the guide's remark. Were the words of warning dictated by jealousy?—or could it be that Dennis Ivor was in danger? What if anything happened to him? What if something were happening now? This haunting fear came persistently between her mind and Rose's chatter. For once she wished that her friend were capable of saying nothing for, at least, a few minutes at a time.

Very much more quickly than they had gone up they regained the rugged little hotel on the shore of the Oeschinen See; and Beta's first move was to make for the telescope. She called Peter, got him to explain by which way the English gentlemen had planned to descend, and found that, from her present position, the entire route from the col, including the dangerous descent to the *bergshund*, would be swept by the glass. Had they yet passed that yawning chasm? If not, there was no reason why she should not actually watch their progress, could she but once "locate" them, could she but once, as she expressed it, "get hold" of the climbers.

A good hour passed, during which she searched in vain. The guide wished to continue their descent to Kandersteg, and Rose grew impatient; but nothing would induce Beta to stir.

"I can't!" was her reply to all remonstrances. "It's impossible. I have such a feeling that something is wrong. I must find out where they are."

Advice and entreaties fell alike on deaf ears. The usually gentle and yielding girl was as adamant. She clung to her post of observation.

"What an imagination you have!" rather pettishly said Rose, who was tired and cross.

Still Beta gazed, searching the white slopes, regardless of her own and the other's fatigue.

"A little longer!" she murmured. "I shall find them soon. I am sure I shall. They are there—somewhere. If you can't wait, why not go on with the porter? I'll follow with Peter Steimathen."

"If I went, I'd rather have the guide. Of course I don't mean to leave you. But, really, it is such—nonsense!"

"The guide must wait, in case anything is

wrong. He would have to go and see after them."

"Why should anything be wrong? It's more than likely that they have kept to the usual route, after all, and have got to the Hut before now. It's absurd your bothering about them!" Some pangs of jealousy were stirring in her.

"If I could just see them—one glimpse!"

"You won't. Even if they are on this side, I've no doubt they are out of sight, behind some ridge."

"They would not stay there."

"Oh, bother! I wish they would turn up, and have done with it," sighed Rose wearily.

Ten minutes more of patient scanning, and Beta exclaimed, "There they are!"

"Really?" Rose asked, with awakening interest.

"I see them! I see them! Two little dots on the snow! I'm sure it is they!" She called eagerly to Peter Steimathen. "Oh, come—come and look! I've found the Herren. What are they doing?"

She relinquished her post, as the guide eagerly advanced.

"My lady she has good eyesight. She is right. The Herren are there! *Nicht wahr?*"

"Oh, let me see again! One moment—please! Just to make sure! Oh, let me look!"

Unwillingly the guide complied, for Beta could not control her impatience.

"I see them—oh, quite plainly. Isn't that the part you said—where the snow might be bad? How fast they are going! Is that quite safe? But they are not so very high up now. It's all right, isn't it? Oh! Oh, what is happening? What is it?" She seized Peter, and thrust him vehemently into her seat, putting both hands over her eyes, in an agony. "Oh, tell me—what does it mean?"

Peter drew a long breath. He was just in time to catch one clear glimpse of the rolling figure of Ivor, as it vanished into the *bergshund*.

"Something is—not right," he assented gravely. "Yes—there is a mishap! One of the Herren has fallen—it may be, not far. He is out of sight. *Nein, nein*—Mees!—one moment!"—as she clutched his arm. "Permit me, Mees! It is necessary that I look. Mees will not understand. The other Herr does not stir. He remains motionless. He does nothing."

"You will send help! You will go! You will not leave them to die!" urged the girl passionately, transformed out of her quiet self. "Peter! Peter! What will you do? Oh, make haste!"



"Ivor was swept rapidly downward"—p. 287.

She clasped her hands, hanging on his next words. They did not come quickly. Peter's gaze was riveted.

"The fallen Herr does not reappear. The Herr on the rocks remains still, without movement!" came at length.

"You will go—quickly!" entreated Beta.

"It is so. Mees may rest assured—all shall be done that can be done. They will not be left without aid." Three minutes longer he studied the far-off scene.

"Peter—which Herr is it that has fallen?"

"Himmel! How can I tell?"

"Is he—is he—dead?"

Peter stood up. "We must not waste time in words. It is now that we must act. You, ladies, you will wait here—is it not so?—till I return?"

"Oh, yes, yes—only don't wait, don't put off. Oh, please go quickly!"

Two other guides were happily within call, and a hurried consultation took place. It was decided that they should start at once, going by the shortest possible route, taking with them ropes and restoratives. Peter, from his knowledge of the place, had divined the fact that one of the "Herren" must have fallen into the *bergshlund*, though he would not say as much to Beta. He knew only too well what that might mean.

IV.

FOR Beta followed such a period of suspense as she had never known in her life before. The hours of waiting seemed endless. It was not her way to pour out what she felt in trouble, and she had no wish to talk. She only wanted to be left alone—left to watch and to pray. It seemed to her that she never ceased praying!

Rose, not understanding this side of her friend, at first spoke continuously, piling on expressions of sympathy, till she found that they fell on deaf ears. Beta could neither listen nor respond. Rose was really very sorry, now she knew real cause for anxiety to exist; but her anxiety was impersonal; while with Beta it was as if all joy and peace in the future hung upon the result of the guides' expedition.

So long as daylight lasted she sat at the telescope, searching and searching, till her eyes grew dim and dazzled with the strain. The one tiny dark figure was always there; moving from time to time, yet never going far away. Beta built her hopes on that fact. If the fallen man were dead, why should his

friend stay? On the other hand, if the fallen man were alive, would not his friend go in quest of help? Hope was put to a severe test.

Rose, finding her efforts at comfort useless, went sound asleep and slept long; but Beta could not rest. When darkness rendered the telescope of no avail, she walked restlessly up and down outside the hotel, scarcely conscious of the cold, turning from all well-meant words of cheer, picturing to herself Ivor dying or dead, or at best waiting on the lone mountain-side, resolute not to quit his friend.

If only he might escape with life, she felt that she could be content to ask no more. He might never think of her, never care for her; but still he would be alive. She did not know how to endure the thought of a world which would no longer contain him.

Yielding at length to Rose's entreaties, she wrapped herself in a rug, and lay for a time under blankets, refusing to undress. When Rose was again unconscious, she sat at the window, gazing in the direction of the spot where, perhaps, Ivor still was; or looking up at the calm stars, wondering whether already his spirit had departed to those sublime heights and how soon, if it were so, she might be permitted to follow! Then, refusing to admit such possibilities, she pictured the guides drawing near the scene of disaster, and tried to imagine how they would rescue the fallen man. Though Peter had not exactly told her what he conjectured, she had been quick to read his thought. Scene after scene passed before her mind's eyes, till her brain whirled.

Dawn at last; and with the earliest gleams of light she planted herself once more at her post of observation, long before she could hope to make out anything. How the time passed, she hardly knew; but patience met with its reward. She, at length, actually witnessed the arrival of the rescue-party; and she thought that she could make out somebody—or something!—being drawn up from below where that little far-off group stood. Perhaps Dennis Ivor! Perhaps only his lifeless body! What could tell?

If she had not found out earlier what Ivor was to her, she could not have failed to learn it at this hour.

"And—oh, Rose!—if we had not waited—if I had not seen them!" once she said. Rose knew at last that the less said on her side the better.

"I am glad you did," was all she answered. More hours went slowly by; and still Beta watched, waited, gazed; following the slow

advance of the small party; noting how often they had to pause; trying to make out whether they carried—something. But long before they drew near she knew that at least it was not death. It might be injury. There were two men, as well as the three guides. So much, with speechless thankfulness, she learnt.

From time to time she took a little food, that she might have strength to endure. And at last, after what appeared to her consciousness more like a month than only one interminable day and night, they arrived.

She went with Rose and the hotel people to meet them, quiet and restrained in manner, with no thought of herself or of what others might say; her face white as snow with all she had gone through. And the first on whom her glance fell, the only one of the little company whom she clearly saw, was Dennis Ivor, walking lamely and with difficulty, supported by Peter and another guide.

Eager questions were poured out from all sides, not at once to be fully answered. Beta found an opportunity to ask gently whether he were much hurt; and their eyes met.

"Much less than I might have been," he said cheerfully. "My knee got a twist, that is all—thanks to my kind friends coming to the rescue. If they had not——"

"It is to the Mees here that you owe your life, *mein Herr*," Peter observed. "The *Fräulein* would have her way—she would not go on till she should see where the English Herren were. But for her we should not have started yesterday."

"And I could hardly have lived through another night!" Ivor said. No more passed then between him and Beta. Perhaps he saw that she could not stand it; also he and Rice had to be warmed and fed, and the injured knee required attention. The guides were nearly exhausted, and it was decided that nobody should proceed to Kandersteg until the following morning. Rose submitted, and Beta was glad.

She had regained her usual self-control, and nobody could have guessed from her manner what she had confessed the night before, still less her knowledge that Ivor might have overheard the same. Truth to tell, she had altogether lost sight of that possibility in the long pressure of dread for his life. And when he limped in, and their eyes met, she was aware of something in his look which aroused in her a new strain of thought, which awakened a glad hope. For at least that look could hardly mean indifference.

Nor did it! Through long and dreary hours in his *bergshlund* prison, unable to move, not

knowing whether he ever would get out, hearing his friend's voice from time to time, urging Rice in vain to go and leave him, suffering acutely from the twisted knee, in hourly peril of death from the intense, overpowering cold, he had never been able to banish Beta from his mind. He had thought of her incessantly, hour after hour, and it seemed to him now as if for years he had known her, loved her, craved to have her for his own. There are days in which a man may live through years of common life, and such had been his time of imprisonment in the snow-depth.

He had no idea of saying anything definite at present. It was too soon. He saw that he had to proceed cautiously, patiently, not hurrying matters. Though he knew what she felt, he had to act as if he did not know. But such intentions are not always faithfully carried out.

Late that same evening he and she happened to be left alone together. Rice was soundly sleeping, as he had slept almost since their return, worn out with his long vigil; but the pain in Ivor's knee hindered sleep. Rose was elsewhere, perhaps kindly on purpose.

"I can never thank you," Ivor began by saying. "It is as Steimathen says—I owe my life to you."

"I couldn't have done anything else," she answered. "I had such a feeling that something was going wrong—even before it really happened."

"But for you I doubt if help could have come in time. Not, certainly, if it had meant a second night in that place!"

"I can't understand why Mr. Rice did not start directly for help. Suppose we had not seen you?"

"Ah! that was the question—what to do? The *bergshlund* was not in a state to be passed—especially not by one man alone. And to have gone back and round by the other way would have settled matters for me, even if he could have managed it all right. But I could not get him to try. He wouldn't leave me in the lurch, and, of course, it *was* a help to hear his voice. He kept shouting to me, off and on, and I had to answer. I believe he made up his mind that if I were left to myself I should cave in, and be frozen before morning. I'm not sure that I could have held out but for him. The cold was awful, and sometimes I felt as if I were on the verge of slipping out of it all—losing hold on life. Then his voice would rouse me again. As soon as dawn began he talked of starting—and then he caught sight of the guides coming, so it was

all right; but, you see, if you had not so kindly kept a look-out for us——"

"I'm so thankful that I did!"

An abrupt question came next.

"Can you guess, Miss Melton, who was in my mind all those hours in the snow?"

"No," she said, but her colour mounted faintly.

"It was you! I couldn't forget you! Sometimes I almost wondered—might it be that you were thinking of me? A presumptuous idea, wasn't it?—on my part!"

"But I—*was* thinking of you," she murmured.

"Yes, of course. You were hunting for the two English climbers through the telescope. That I could not know. It was curious"—he spoke meditatively—"that you should have had so strong an impression of our being in danger—and that I should have had so strong an impression that you—perhaps—had me in your thoughts."

"Is it curious?" she asked.

"You mean that the two things hang together? Because you were thinking of me, I should naturally be led to think of you, or *vice versa*? Perhaps that is true; but there is more in it still."

Something in the significant tone made her look up, and their eyes met. In his, fixed earnestly upon her, she saw again the expres-

sion she had noted earlier, but more intense, more unrestrained, and her heart beat hard.

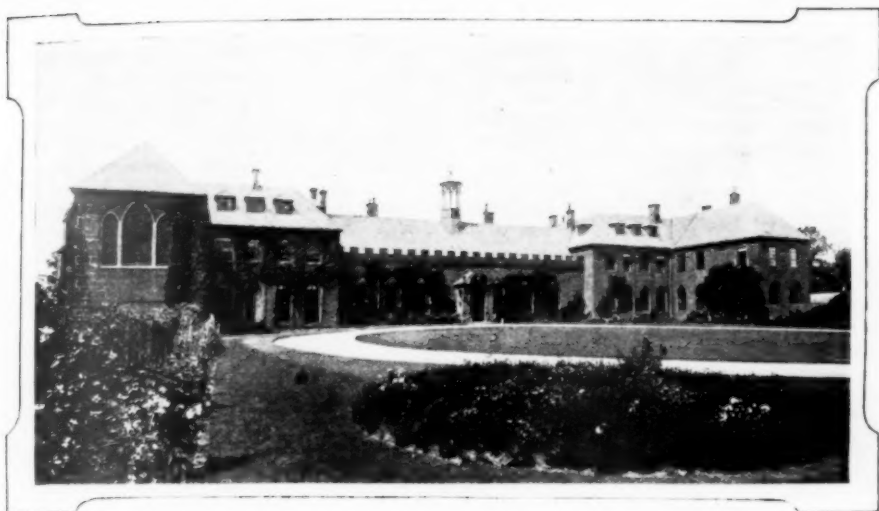
"I did not mean to speak so soon. I meant to wait—to lay siege gradually," he said in a low voice. "Yet—why should I? If there is that sort of sympathy between us, it means—it may mean—no need for delay. We have only met once before—for one happy fortnight—but I know now how much one may live through even in a single night. I seem to myself to be years older than yesterday. And I know my own mind fully now if I did not quite before. Those hours in the *bergshroud*—the way that you seemed to come and hover over me—it was all a revelation. Beta—may I call you so?—you are more to me, infinitely more, than all the world beside. Will you some day be mine? Will you give me hope? May I come and see you when you reach home? May I try to win you—try to persuade you——"

He was leaning forward, and by this time had one of her hands between his own. She did not withdraw it.

"Will you let me? You won't refuse—at least to try to know me better? My dearest, my own——"

"I think I know you already," she said, and she put her other hand into his warm grasp.





(Photo: Colver).

HARTLEBURY PALACE, NEAR KIDDERMINSTER, THE RESIDENCE OF THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

Conversation Corner.

Conducted by THE EDITOR.

The Moody Bible Institute.

THE Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, which was founded in 1886 by D. L. Moody, was never more successful than it is at the present day. It has an unprecedented number of students, and for some time its buildings have been overcrowded. Thousands of men and women have gone through its various departments, and are now fulfilling the prophecy which Mr. Moody made in 1890, when he said, "When I am gone I shall leave grand men and women behind." Last year as many as 332 men and 221 women were enrolled as students. They represented many parts of the world and various denominations. After leaving the Institute in Chicago, they go into all kinds of Christian work, a great number of them carrying into commercial employment the results of their training, and others becoming missionaries and ministers. About 450 Moody Institute students have gone into the foreign mission field. There is a great need for more financial support for the work, and contributions will be welcomed by Mr. A. P. Fitt, the son-in-law of Mr. Moody.

The Quarrier Homes.

I FEEL that no apology is needed in asking my readers once more to give a measure of support to the Orphan Homes of Scotland, which were founded by the late Mr. William Quarrier. They have done a noble work in the past, and with increased assistance from the public there is every prospect of their usefulness being extended. Quite recently they have opened a Colony of Mercy for Epileptics, where sufferers from this painful malady are taken in and cared for. The most excellent results have followed, owing to the healthy outdoor life the patients lead, and to their being able to fill in the time, which would otherwise hang heavy on their hands, with work suited to their abilities. Plans for the second home, for which £4,000 has been received, are now in preparation, and within two years it is hoped that women as well as men will be received. This, however, is only one part of the scheme of benevolence. The directors of the Quarrier Homes lay great stress on emigration, and year by year many boys and girls are sent to Canada, where they find comfortable homes, or

strike out for themselves in agricultural or other lines which lead to happiness and prosperity



No Empty Cupboard Yet.

BUT, like most other philanthropic institutions, the Quarrier Homes feel the eternal want of pence. The charitable work there is always far in advance of the money for its support. Two friends have recently provided the means, at a cost of £4,000, for lighting the Homes with electricity, and another kind friend has for many years sent £150 to give the children a day at the seaside. But whatever money comes, more is needed, and I can safely say that whatever sum is sent will be spent to the utmost advantage for the inhabitants of the "children's city." Daily bread for the family there means seventy dozen loaves every day, besides oatmeal, milk, butter, meat, vegetables, and fruit. Never once has there been an empty cupboard, and I am sure that the readers of "The Quiver" will take care to keep this possibility far removed.

The Berean Band.

A NEW society, which has for its object the encouragement of the habit of learning passages of the Bible, has attained within a very short period extraordinary success. It was founded in 1905 by Mr. Charles J. G. Hensman (12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, W.), and has already 14,000 members and 370 branches. The president for this year is the Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A. The sole obligation of membership is to learn one verse of the Bible every week. A list of verses is supplied to members, a definite subject being taken for each month. The annual subscription for membership of the central band is only 1½d. There is a large branch for the special benefit of the blind, and it is desirable that friends should form branches of their own in churches and family circles. The Berean Band has won the commendation of the Bishop of Durham, Dr. A. T. Pierson, Lord Radstock, and many other religious leaders. Further details can be obtained by those interested by writing to Mr. Hensman at the above mentioned address.



How Papuan Widows Mourn.

THE Papuans who inhabit New Guinea, to the north of Australia, have many outlandish customs, one of the strangest of which is that widows are compelled to mourn for their husbands by wearing an enormous head dress. This is their idea of widow's weeds, the head dress being made of the beaten bark of mulberry trees, a material commonly known as "tappa cloth." The head dress, which completely hides the widow's mop of black frizzy hair, of which she is very proud, must be worn continuously during the entire period of mourning, and no Papuan woman recently bereaved would dare to be seen in public without it.



Sunshine Catechism.

DR. GRENFELL, the famous medical missionary, has issued what he calls "A Catechism: instruction to be learned by every person," for circulation throughout Labrador and Newfoundland. First

there are questions, with the answers, as to "the air," "the window," and "washing." Here is the "sunshine" catechism:

Must I let in the sunshine? Yes—every bit I can let in.

Why must I let in the sunshine? Because nothing else cleans the room so well.

How does sunshine clean a room? It kills all the poison germs it falls upon.

Ought I to sit in the sunshine? Yes, I must always keep in it when I can.

Why must I do this? Because it will kill the poison germs it falls upon.



Polyglot Bible Student.

DURING his long life Dr. Robert Cust, the famous polyglot scholar, has been one of the most learned and tireless advocates of foreign missions. He declares that the best commentary on the Bible is obtained by reading it in as many different versions as possible. And one winter he set himself a programme of Bible study which shows clearly how great are his linguistic accomplishments. The dates given are those on which each fresh book was begun: Oct. 1.—Lamentations, in Hebrew; Nov. 24.—Job, in Urdu; Dec. 13.—Revelation, in Latin; Dec. 23.—St. Luke, in Persian; Jan. 18.—Exodus, in the Septuagint; Feb. 5.—St. John, in Sanskrit; Feb. 24.—Galatians and Ephesians, in German; Mar. 3.—St. Mark, in Arabic; Mar. 22.—The Gospels, in French; Apr. 1.—The Acts, in Italian; Apr. 9.—1 Corinthians, in Spanish; Apr. 19.—The Minor Prophets, in Hindi; Apr. 25.—The History of Joseph, in Bengali; and May 12.—Ruth, in Portuguese. A further programme included different books in Punjabi, Ruman, Yiddish, Dutch, Russian, and the New Testament in Hebrew.



Tibetan Prayer Drill.

THE 3,000 Tibetan monks in the monastery of Bum-Bum, once the seat of the Dalai-Lama, go through a curious drill when at their prayers. Each removes his thick,

felt-soled shoes, stands barefoot upon a spot which the feet of many generations of his predecessors have worn into holes, places his slippers before him and dives at them. As he falls forward he says "Om-Mani-padam-hum." (Oh, Presence in the Lotus, Amen.) When his hands strike the slippers they slide forward several feet in grooves that nearly 700 years of this constant praying have worn.



No Word for Gold.

A MISSIONARY who has been working among the Dieri tribe in South Australia has come across a curious instance of native ignorance. In translating the Scriptures in the Dieri tongue he frequently had to frame a new term to convey his meaning. In St. Matthew ii. 11 "frankincense" had to be rendered *kult ngomu*, meaning "smell" and "nice," while "gold" was translated *marda*, which means "stone," and *maralfe*, signifying "red." Though such abundance of gold has been found in Australia in modern times, these aborigines could have known little about it, having no word for it in their language.



Railway Carriage as Church.

DISUSED railway carriages are frequently used in the construction of unpretentious seaside bungalows. Rarely, however, are they employed for purposes of public worship. What is apparently a new departure in their use is reported from Dunsland Cross Station, between Okehampton and Bude. Here quite a hamlet has grown up, composed chiefly of railway men and their families, since the line was built, and there is no church within three or four miles. The London and South Western Railway Company has therefore presented a disused railway coach, which has been fitted up as a mission chapel. Services are held every Sunday afternoon, and the railway carriage is always crowded. The clergy of the neighbouring villages take turns in conducting these mission chapel services. On the Siberian Railway there is a church car, which is fitted up in the most elaborate manner for the performance of Divine worship.

Twenty-four Tongues.

ONE of the chief difficulties missionaries have to contend with is the diversity of tongues among the tribes to whom they are trying to introduce the truths of the Gospel. So great is the diversity in the New Hebrides, for instance, that the Bible Society has already printed some portion of the Scriptures in twenty-four different languages. One of the most energetic workers in that remote quarter of the globe is the Rev. T. W. Leggatt, who has sent home an

but had to make fresh fire by friction, rubbing a sharp pointed stick on a log, until the powdered wood ignited."



Barabunkabunk's Cure.

LIKE all the new Hebrideans the Malekulans have great faith in sorcery, firmly believing that certain men have power to cause sickness and death by burning scraps of food or clippings of hair. One day Barabunkabunk came to the mission house in much distress; he had been told

it all we see the loving care of our Heavenly Father, for if that man had died then, as many do through sheer fright, it is hard to say what effect it would have had on the mission."



Ten Weeks from the Railway.

FOR the past five years the Rev. C. E. Whittaker and his devoted wife have lived on Herschel Island, in the diocese of Mackenzie River, the most northerly inhabited spot in



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

MEN SORTING PAPER AT THE SALVATION ARMY WORKSHOP IN BERMONDSEY.

amusing account of the extent to which caste once prevailed among his charges—the Malekulans.



Caste.

"NOT only was there a great separation made between men and women—a man would be considered defiled if even his mother, wife, sister or daughter were to touch his head, or to eat a part of his food—but," he says, "even among the men themselves, a man dare not eat food which had been cooked on the fire of a man of lower rank. He could not even take a light from it,

that someone was making *bake* on him (or bewitching him), and he had become so terrified that he had not been able to eat or sleep for a day or two. Mr. Leggatt reassured him and then mixed a good strong cup of beef tea, putting plenty of sugar and pepper in it (they prefer things with a nip in them, and have a rooted objection to anything bitter). Barabunkabunk asked a blessing on it, and drank it down while munching a hard ship's biscuit. He felt quite strong after it, and went home to make a big pudding of yams, which quite established the cure. "It seems humorous," says Mr. Leggatt, "and so it is, but under

the British dominions, and 2,250 miles from the nearest doctor. When a furlough was granted to the worthy missionaries they had to undergo ten weeks travel to reach the railway. Twelve nights they pitched their tent in the snow, and slept in it, with from five to thirty-five degrees of frost. Another sixteen days were spent in ascending the great Mackenzie River; two weeks more were spent moving about 300 miles over a part of the river not navigable for steamers. One hundred miles' drive by horse wagon to the railway, 2,000 miles by train, and 3,000 by sea brought them to Liverpool.

Pastor Archibald G. Brown.

An Anecdotal Sketch.

By NORMAN FRASER.

WITHIN the modest compass of a magazine article it is no easy task to deal with a life so strenuous and varied, so brimful of interest to every Christian man and woman as that of the new Co-Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Indeed, the most one can hope for is to avoid any serious sins of omission or commission in attempting to outline the in many ways wonderful career of the man, who, in the sixty-third year of his life, finds himself called to the greatest pulpit in the great Baptist ministry, and thus, as he says, completes a circle begun under God forty-five years since.

For it was at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and on the longest day of 1861, that Archibald Geikie Brown was baptised by Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Moreover, it was in the very vestry that is now his, with its portraits of Dr. John Gill, Dr. John Rippon, and of course, the great Spurgeon himself, that a few months later Mr. Brown had the interview with Mr. Spurgeon which finally decided him to abandon the commercial career on which he had just embarked and to embrace the spiritual work which ever since has been his very life.

And, equally remarkable coincidence, Mr. Brown, having removed from West Norwood to No. 3, Streatham Hill, so as to be nearer to his new field of labour, now finds himself living between the house in which he was born on the 18th of July, 1844, and the house in which, as he tells one as we sit out in the open air he loves so well, he was born again.

The Story of his Conversion.

Doubtless the story of Archibald Brown's conversion is well-known to many Christians, but as surely will it bear repetition as a little "human document" of rare interest and spiritual significance. Although sprung from godly Baptist stock, young Archibald Brown was anything but a model as a boy. Indeed he ended an inglorious career at school by running away, and if he had any particular ambition at the period of ascending collars and descending cuffs it was to get as much fun out of life as possible.

So far as an actual career was concerned, it may well be that when to-day Mr. Brown

passes some hard, successful, but utterly worldly man of business he says to himself, "There, but for the Grace of God, goes Archibald Brown." For his parents planned that he should enter the tea trade in the City with a view to going out to China in this branch of commerce. To this the youngster was quite agreeable, as he would have been to any proposal offering a prospect of adventure and seeing the world, and in view of his restless energy, ability and force of character it is extremely probable that he would have risen to commercial eminence, whilst, as religion repelled rather than attracted him, it is as probable that he would have thought more of his gold than of his God.

Life Altered by a Chance Meeting.

However, a chance meeting altered the whole course of his life. One day at a party young Brown met a young lady, who, knowing he came of a religious family and being herself given to good works, asked him if he were a Christian. Rather taken aback, the youth replied that he did not bother his head much about such matters. However, the young lady was a very charming young lady, and when she invited her new acquaintance to attend a drawing-room meeting at Streatham Hill at which Captain—afterwards Sir—Arthur Blackwood ("Beauty Blackwood" as he was known in London society) was to give an address he willingly accepted the invitation. And that meeting under Captain Blackwood proved the turning point in Archibald Brown's career.

It would not be true to say that his conversion was immediate. For two or three days and nights he suffered much mental torment and anxiety, but then one evening as he was walking along Palace Road, Tulse Hill, suddenly all his doubts and fears were stilled for ever, and in his own words he "stepped into an abiding peace."

It is characteristic of the boyish impetuosity that is still one of Mr. Brown's most delightful traits that in his new-found joy the convert flung his cap in the air where it lodged in a tree, up which he had to climb to fetch it down again! And, happy sequel to the story, in 1865 Miss Annie Bagg

the young lady who helped so materially in his conversion, became Mrs. Archibald Brown, passing to rest in 1874. Since then, it may be added, Mr. Brown has been twice married, first to Miss Sarah D. Hargraves, who died after a brief year of wedded happiness, and next to Miss Edith Constance Darrell, who still shares her husband's good work.

"I stepped into an abiding peace." Who can doubt it who knows Archibald Brown and the magnetic happiness radiating from his joyous, big-hearted personality? What but an "abiding peace" has kept him young in heart and strong in body through so many years of heavy toil?

One thought to find him a little bowed by the weight of his new responsibilities. For remember at sixty-three years of age he accepts a most onerous charge, not only at a critical period in the history of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, but of the Gospel in England in general, with unbelief rearing its dubious head not only in the pews but—the pity and the shame of it!—in the very pulpits themselves. But so far from being weighed down by his new burden Archibald Brown still walks with the port of a Grenadier, his blue eye is still clear and piercing, the resonant voice still rings full and true—if possible, he looks younger, happier than ever, and what has wrought this miracle but the "abiding peace" he found and held five-and-forty years ago?

Following his conversion Mr. Brown entered the commercial life his parents

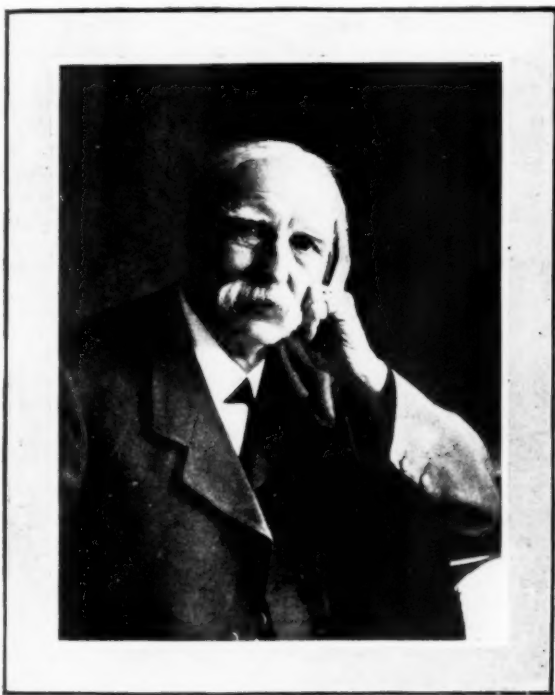
wished him to follow. But his heart was not in the City, and after a few months he sought the interview with Mr. Spurgeon which, as already related, resulted in his abandoning commerce for ever, and he entered the Pastors' College, then a much smaller institution than it is now.

Spurgeon had his eye on the new recruit, whose mettle was soon tested by his being sent after only a month's training to lead a more or less "forlorn hope" at Brom-

ley, in Kent. The Baptist meeting-place was the Assembly Room of the White Hart Hotel, and the first congregation the young Pastor faced numbered twenty sleepy souls. At the end of three weeks there were sixteen worshippers, and Mr. Brown practically made up his mind to go if the congregation went any lower. But it did not. On the contrary, it rose, first gradually, then swiftly, to two hundred, as many, indeed, as the room could hold with

any degree of comfort. And so the present fine church at Bromley was built at a cost of £1,200, and Archibald Brown achieved the first of his many triumphs for the Lord in the face of seemingly insuperable difficulties.

What was the secret of his success as a preacher then and all through life? One asks him this as we sit in the garden, only to be gently rebuked by the instant reply—"The Sovereign Grace of God." But one ventures to press for a reply in regard to technical success, and it comes—"I seek to speak Saxon, and a tongue that *all* must understand."



(Photo: Reginald Haines.)

A NEW PORTRAIT OF PASTOR ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.

And Mr. Brown went on to emphasise the necessity for plain speaking by the following amusing anecdote of his days in East London. One of his missionaries expounded the story of Nicodemus to a poor man, and anxious to hear that the lesson had been grasped asked the man if he understood what it was all about.

"Understand? Of course I does," was the indignant reply, "d'ye take me for a bloomin' fool? It's all about the devil."

"The devil?" gasped the astonished missionary, "what *do* you mean?"

"Aye, the devil. Ain't you been telling me about Nick, the demon."

A Belief in Clear Language.

Preaching then so that none, however humble and ignorant, can fail to understand him has been one of the secrets of Mr. Brown's wonderful success in the pulpit. And one may add that if he uses "plain English" his language is none the less happy and well-chosen for that. Here, for example, are the closing sentences of the sermon Mr. Brown preached at Spurgeon's grave:

"Thou art in God's own light; our night, too, shall soon be past, and with it all our weeping. Then with thine, our songs shall greet the morning of a day that knows no cloud or close, for there is no night there. Hard worker in the field, thy toil is ended. Straight has been the furrow thou hast ploughed; no looking back has marred thy course. Harvests have followed thy patient sowing, and Heaven is already enriched with their ingathered sheaves, and shall be still enriched through years yet lying in eternity. Champion of God, thy battle, long and nobly fought, is over."

It was an oration worthy of the subject and of the preacher. Yet, it is interesting to note, this practised preacher, this master of words and imagery, never rises to speak without a feeling of intense nervousness, not so acute perhaps as that which used to assail Spurgeon, with whom it often took the form of actual nausea, but none the less most real and distressing.

In the East-End.

To resume, Mr. Brown laboured for four years at Bromley, and then came the call to Stepney Green Tabernacle, where the story of Bromley was repeated—the congregation rising till it overflowed, and then Mr. Brown conceived the heroic idea of building the East London Tabernacle.

A delightful story is told of the perturbation of Mr. Brown's father when he heard of his son's scheme.

"What do you think my son is going to do?" said Mr. Brown, senior, happening to meet Mr. Cook, a brother deacon; "he is going to build a Tabernacle to hold 3,000 people."

"Then, Brown, if he says he'll do it, he will, and the best thing we can do is to pray for him," answered the other, who was for taking things more calmly.

"Where's the money to come from?" still urged the anxious father.

"Why, I expect he will come down on you first," answered Deacon Cook, with the air and tone of a Job's comforter.

But he was a little out in his reckoning, for the first person Mr. Brown "came down upon" was a merchant in Cornhill, a member of Mr. Spurgeon's church.

"Well, Mr. Brown," said the gentleman, "what do you want?"

"I want you to help me to build a Tabernacle in East London," replied the Pastor. "I come to you first because you have always helped me."

The merchant looked glum. "You come at a very unfortunate time," he said, "I have so many demands on me now that I can only give you a trifle," and with that he wrote and handed over a cheque for—£500!

Challenging his Father!

Going on to another merchant, Mr. Brown collected £250 from him, and then he thought it was time to "come down" on his father, to whose counting-house he made his way.

It happened to be the father's birthday, and his son greeted him with, "Well, father, I've come to celebrate your birthday by collecting for the new Tabernacle. How much do you think I have received in the last forty minutes?"

"Oh, well, £20," said Mr. Brown, senior.

"£750," was the triumphant reply, "and I want you to put another £100 on top, so that I shall go home satisfied with my morning's work." And he did. And so the East London Tabernacle was built at a cost of £12,000 and was opened by Mr. Spurgeon on February 22nd, 1872.

If anyone could accuse Archibald Brown of ever having left undone that which he ought to have done, it would be to complain that he has never written the story of his work in East London. True, that story is written and written for ever in letters of

gold in many a rescued human soul, in many a reconstructed home, in many a once helpless slum-child's now happy and prosperous career. But Mr. Brown prefers to leave to others the history of that "thirty years' war" against unbelief, ignorance, dirt, and sin, and declines to be autobiographical.

However, one manages to extract two stories of those days of sunshine and storm in the East-End. Naturally Mr. Brown saw and was instrumental in bringing about many remarkable conversions, and perhaps none was more remarkable than that of the man who came to his house to murder him.

This man's wife had become a worshipper at the East London Tabernacle, and her husband, as a thorough infidel, hated the idea of her becoming a Christian. Half crazed with rage, he vowed that Mr. Brown should never cross his path again, and at an hour when he knew Mr. Brown would be at home to receive visitors he went to the Pastor's house with murder in his heart.

But as he walked up to the door, so he afterwards told Mr. Brown, some unseen power seemed to slew him round, and he crept away to become an excellent Christian.

Strong Views on Christian Recreation.

Turning from grave to gay, for the Pastor can tell a humorous story with anyone, Mr. Brown makes one laugh over this:—One of his missionaries visiting a man, by no means notorious for good conduct, found an obvious change for the better in his appearance and manners, and remarked upon this happy improvement. "Ah, yes, sir," said the man, "before Archibald Brown came here, I feared neither God nor the devil. But now, under his blessed teaching, I've learned to love 'em both!"

In 1887 Mr. Brown, in company with Mr. Spurgeon, withdrew from the Baptist Union over the "down grade" controversy. One mentions this not to reopen old sores, but simply as an important step in Mr. Brown's career, and one which he has never felt justified in retracing. This severance of old ties naturally created widespread discussion, and towards the end of the following year, Mr. Brown was again very prominently before the public as the author of the famous "Protest" entitled "The Devil's Mission of Amusement."

Seldom has a man been more misrepresented than was Mr. Brown in connection with this brochure. To those who

read the pamphlet his purpose was clear enough, namely, to protest against secular amusements being provided by the churches, the following advertisement displayed on the boards of a certain church being a fair example of the sort of thing that called down his righteous wrath:

The Entertainment
will consist of
PART SONGS, SOLOS, AND RECITA-
TIONS.

Concluding with a farce in two Acts, en-
titled:

HIS LAST LEGS.

Proceeds will be devoted to Choir Fund.

But many did not trouble to read the pamphlet; they seized upon the title, and Mr. Brown was grossly misrepresented in certain sections of the press as a "sour bigot," "a kill-joy," who held all amusement sinful. An extraordinary libel, indeed, on a man who is never so happy as when in the company of laughter-loving youth, who, moreover, if his opportunities for recreation are limited, enjoys a game of croquet or a battle over the chess-board, and believes in and heartily encourages innocent amusement in its proper place. What he said was that it is no part of any minister's work to seek to attract a congregation by the provision of amusements, and as we touch on this point the old fire blazes up and he thunders forth, "If they can't get a man to church any other way, they'll get him there by a billiard-table."

From Stepney to West Norwood.

How did Mr. Brown come to leave East London? Well it was just a case of over-work. For twenty-eight years his long day's work was a joy to him. In the twenty-ninth year, however, it was something of a burden. But he struggled on, anxious to complete thirty-seven years of ministry in the East-End, including the Stepney Green pastorate. Complete it he did, and then broke down, to all seeming for ever.

Some doctors said, and he himself thought, his days were numbered, but his son-in-law, himself a doctor, held that there was nothing wrong that rest and a careful régime could not put right, and in this happily he was correct. A visit to America helped to complete Mr. Brown's cure, and on the very day that he was pronounced fit for work

again he received two calls, the one to Folkestone, the other to Chatsworth Road, West Norwood.

The former, with a large and wealthy congregation, offered a tempting prospect of autumnal ease in a charming seaside resort; the latter had no such allurements. But as Mr. Brown says, when he prayed over the choice there was no mistaking the Voice that directed him to go to the moribund church in Chatsworth Road, within, by the way, a few minutes' walk of the spot where he found "abiding peace." So there he went to fill the once empty pews to overflowing, and to spend ten years in good and most fruitful work.

That decade ended, is it any wonder that his thoughts should have turned longingly to retirement? As he says, "I was just thinking of retiring, when, utterly unexpected, like a bolt out of the blue, came the call to the Metropolitan Tabernacle owing to the illness of Thomas Spurgeon. The unanimity of the call was so extraordinary that I felt I had no option, and, therefore, relinquished all my plans with regard to an easy life, and in dependence upon God I accepted the heavy call, which I quite realise to be my final one."

Here one might well leave this grand veteran of the Lord's army, but one craves a little space to summarise his views on two important questions. Archibald Brown is a born optimist, yet he is pessimistic in regard to the spiritual outlook.

Unbelief, he says, is steadily growing,

and especially does he denounce political ministers of all denominations and that latest phase of social life, "the week-end."

In regard to the former, he says that, whilst he has his own political views and exercises a vote, he counts it to be a cowardly thing for a man in a pulpit, who cannot be answered, to preach politics, adding "On the platform I know nothing among men save Jesus Christ."

On "the week-end" he thus expresses himself: "It is the cleverest thing the devil has done for some time. It has taken the first day of the week, which should stand at the head of all, and thrown it into the waste-paper basket of a week-end."

Schism in the pulpits, indifference in the pews, a Lord's Day that is no longer honoured as such—these are some of the problems that Archibald Brown has to face. Will he solve them? Aye, under God one thinks he will. For, as he says, "the great need of the day is the exposition of the Word of God, which is still the power of God over hearts," and although everyone may not agree with his theology, none surely will deny that of the God-given art of soul-

winning exposition Archibald Geikie Brown is a great master.

A final word: one begs a message to the readers of *THE QUIVER*, and Christendom at large, as he utters the hearty "God bless you" that he has for every human being and here it is: "Let self disappear, and the Lord Jesus be magnified."



(Photo: Portland Agency)

MR. ARCHIBALD BROWN IN HIS GARDEN.



Her One Treasure.

A Complete Story.

By CLARA MULHOLLAND.

"T WAS an absurd thing to leave you." Diana glanced disdainfully at the deep flounce of old lace that her sister fingered so reverentially. "The good soul must have been doting to bequeath it to a girl of your age."

"I'll grow older. Think how quickly the time has passed since you were twenty-one and I"—sighing—"was a child of fourteen."

"Tis not my fault that I am seven years older than you, Nina. I'd be younger if I could."

Nina's brown eyes twinkled.

"You're young enough, dear. My ambition is to be older."

"I know that sensation. But it doesn't last."

"If I," thoughtfully, "were twenty-five instead of barely twenty, mother would let me go—"

"I would give worlds to get out of this dull place."

"I don't feel it dull. But I long to earn money and help mother."

"There's a better way of helping her than by working at a typewriter, or teaching troublesome children," glancing at her handsome figure in the looking-glass, "if one had a chance. But buried here—"

"We live in 'Love Lane,' Di," with a roguish smile.

"'Mud Lane,' I call it," tapping her fingers on the window-pane.

"Oh! The rain will cease—the mud will dry—for summer is coming fast," laughed Nina. "And 'Love Lane' will be itself again."

"Hopeful soul! But do put that thing away. It irritates me to look at it."

"Godmamma's last bequest and my one treasure!" gazing at the filmy lace in delight. "The sight of it gives me joy, Di. When I touch it, I feel a thrill and dream of all kinds of charming things."

"You sentimental little goose. If it were mine I know what I'd do with it."

"Wear it," with an arch glance, "on your Sunday frock? That," laughing merrily, "would create a sensation in church. Now, wouldn't it?"

"Don't be silly. I'm not quite mad. I'd sell it straight away."

Nina gave a little cry.

"I'd hate to do that. I feel, Di, as if it would bring me good luck some day!"

"It must be worth a large sum."

"No matter," laying the lace back in a drawer, "I shan't sell it. Dear godmother kept it through many vicissitudes. It was on her wedding-dress. Perhaps," blushing, "if I ever marry, it will be on mine too."

Diana tossed her head.

"Of that, as the Scotchman says, 'I hae ma doots,' though you do live in Love Lane."

Nina's face clouded, and she sighed.

"I often thought," Diana went on, "that it was folly of mother to bury us here. Father's failure and sudden death were no disgrace."

"No. But mother felt them terribly, Di; and then she was poor."

"Still, I think it was folly to give up everything."

"Don't blame her, Di. She did what she thought right."

"Oh, I dare say! But I often regret the old days, and think of our many admirers. Do you remember Percy Ashwell? He was wild about you, I know."

Nina crimsoned, and turned away.

"Nonsense. The past is dead and gone, Di. Think no more about it."

"That's not so easy. However, to return to the present. If I were you, I'd turn that useless lace into money. Think of the heaps of things you want."

"There's only one thing would induce me to part with it. And that is, if mother or you really required a little money. For myself—"

"Oh! You're an unselfish wee thing. But pray don't think of me. I"—icily—"would not deprive you of your one treasure—for worlds."

The postman's knock sounded loudly through the house.

"A letter! What joy!" Diana sprang across the room, and ran quickly downstairs.

"Dear godmother," Nina thought, locking her lace up in the drawer, "you shed many tears over that flounce—tears of joy and of sorrow. Whilst wearing it, you knew the happiest and most tragic moments of your life. On your wedding-day—perfect joy. On the night of your husband's sudden death, on

your return from a ball, unspeakable grief. Will it bring me happiness or sorrow? 'Tis hard to say, very hard indeed."

The door opened and Diana, now radiant and smiling, danced into the room, an open letter in her hand.

"This is glorious!" she cried, excitedly. "The Frasers are having a huge house-party, and a ball at their place in Perthshire. They have sent me a six weeks' invitation. Isn't it splendid?"

"I do wish you could go. And it will be hard to find an excuse."

"Excuse?" Diana turned pale. "I must—will go. It's the first chance of a little fun since father died, so don't croak. Why on earth should I not go?"

"It's an expensive journey, and you'd require several new dresses. So I'm afraid, dear, you'll be obliged to refuse."

"Mother will surely," with flaming cheeks, "make an effort, a sacrifice even, to give me this pleasure."

The door opened, and Mrs. Atherly looked in, saying:

"Girls! Come down to tea. But," glancing from one to the other in surprise, "what is wrong? Diana, you look——"

"Excited? So I am, partly with joy, partly with rage. Here is an invitation," handing her the note. "Just what I have longed for, and that little mass of sense and solemnity tells me I shall not be allowed to accept it."

Mrs. Atherly read the kind and pressing invitation, the colour coming and going in her sweet face.

"Mrs. Fraser is kind, and I'd be overjoyed to let you go to her if I could. But, alas! it is out of my power to do so. So, much as I regret it, darling, you'll have to refuse her invitation."

Diana gave her mother a wild, despairing look, then covering her face with her hands, burst into loud and passionate weeping.

For some moments nothing was heard but Diana's sobs. Mrs. Atherly sat on the side of one of the beds, distressed and agitated, whilst Nina stood gazing at her sister, with clasped hands, her eyes full of tears, her heart aching with sympathy.

"It must be done," she murmured at last, laying her hand on Diana's arm. She was pale, and her lips trembled as she said, "You shall go to the Frasers, Di. So cheer up. I'll find the money."

"You? Nina?" Diana sought her hand. "You mean——? You little brick! I see, you'll sell your treasure. But supposing it——"

"Don't suppose anything, please." Nina

turned away. "We must think only of your visit. And now let us go down to tea."

And she walked quietly out of the room.

II.

THE following afternoon, carrying her one treasure carefully done up in brown paper, Nina Atherly stepped into a third-class carriage at Pinner station, and was soon on her way to London.

Arrived at Baker Street, she walked briskly into Wigmore Street, and in some trepidation entered a small shop, where several pieces of fine old lace were displayed in the window.

"Would you—could you buy this?" she asked shyly, unfolding and spreading out the beautiful flounce upon the counter.

The shopwoman smiled, and looked at the lace admirably.

"I'd willingly buy it. It is a treasure—a dream. But it is worth a large sum, and I have few customers who could afford to purchase it. I dare not risk it."

Nina's heart sank and she flushed nervously.

"Perhaps someone might come in—who—I'd gladly leave it on chance——"

"There is one lady, I know, who has a fancy for old lace. She promised to look in soon. It is just possible that if she saw it, she would purchase it."

"Then I'll certainly leave it," eagerly. "I'm sure——"

"Don't count too much upon its sale. I only think it's possible she may buy it, remember."

"I know. Here is my address. Show her the lace, and say that I am willing to sell it for a moderate price. But I want—must have—the money soon."

"If she takes it, she'll pay at once. So don't be uneasy."

"Thank you. I trust she may buy it. Good afternoon." And, full of hope, Nina turned away. As she opened the shop door, a well-dressed woman stepped in, a silky-haired griffon under her arm. She did not notice the girl, and passed on, petting and caressing the pretty dog, which she quickly deposited upon the counter.

As the fashionable lady brushed past her, Nina grew scarlet, and drew a deep breath.

"Mrs. Ashwell, Percy's mother," she murmured. "Oh! how she reminds me of the old happy days. But I'm glad she did not recognise me." And she hurried out into the street.

Before the shop door stood a big barouche and pair, and upon the side path a fair young man, slim and straight, strolled up and down.

smoking a cigarette. When Nina came out of the lace-shop, he glanced in her direction, in a casual, indifferent fashion. Then, suddenly, his expression changed. A look of pleasure flashed across his blue eyes, and raising his hat, he approached her quickly.

"Miss Atherly, I am glad to see you," he cried, in a frank, straightforward way. "I began to fear we should never meet again."

"Mr. Ashwell," Nina smiled, and laid her little hand in his; "I had no idea—I—" blushing and confused, "thought you were at Oxford."

He laughed.

"A man doesn't spend his life at Oxford. I took my degree nearly two years ago. But you haven't forgotten your 'Commem.' there? By George, those were jolly days! Now, weren't they?"

"Very. The last of our happy times, Mr. Ashwell. Father died soon after that."

"But you're out of mourning? Everyone goes out again, after two years."

"We live quietly, never go anywhere. We are poor, and though our house is pretty, it is very small."

"Small houses are delightful. May I come and see it?"

Nina laughed a little constrainedly, and her colour deepened.

"We don't have many visitors. Mother—"

"Oh! she will be pleased to see me. Mrs. Atherly and I were always good friends. What's your address, please?"

"Green Cottage, Love Lane, Pinner. You'll easily find it, as the name is on the gate."

"I'm at finding places. What an age it seems since that last day upon the river! Shall we ever have such another, Miss Atherly?"

Nina laughed.

"Tis hard to tell. But I should say not."

"If I can manage it, we shall have many such. For now we have met again, we must be friends," he said in a low voice. "You won't say no to that?"

"Certainly not. But I must hurry now, Mr. Ashwell, or I shall miss my train."

"I shall go and see you off."

"No"—firmly—"I cannot allow that; Mrs. Ashwell is in the lace shop. She would wonder where you were."

"The footman would tell her, and she—Oh! you've no idea what she is when she gets into a shop. Do let me come."

"No, no. You must wait for Mrs. Ashwell. I'll tell mother and Diana of our meeting and your promised visit. Good-bye." And she tripped away, leaving him disconsolate and alone upon the pavement.

"Bother shopping," he growled, as she disappeared round the corner of Duke Street. "This mother of mine is incorrigible. I really must go in and insist on her coming home."

Surprised to see her son, Mrs. Ashwell whispered hurriedly to the shopwoman, "Don't say to whom this flounce belongs. For the present, I do not wish the matter talked about."

Then, turning, she greeted Percy smilingly.

"Impatient, dear boy? Well, no wonder. But see, isn't this lace exquisite?"

"Lovely. Have you bought it, mother?"

"Yes, indeed. Who could resist it? I mean to wear it when I go to Court next week. And I tell you what, Percy, when you marry, it shall trim your bride's wedding-dress."

He reddened to his hair, then laughed, and touched the lace softly with his fingers but said nothing.

"The bride of my choice, Percy," she remarked, very low, "is tall and stately. She will carry this beautiful lace with all the dignity of a queen."

He pushed the flounce away, with an impatient gesture.

"Come home, mother," he said. "Or, perhaps, if you are not ready, I'd better go off in a hansom."

"Poor fellow. You are tired waiting. But cheer up—I'll be with you directly."

III.

THE next day brought Percy Ashwell to Green Cottage, and very soon, a run to Pinner in his motor-car became an almost daily occurrence. He was so bright and gay, so simple and unaffected, that Mrs. Atherly was always glad to see him, and welcomed him before long as an old friend.

When he was in the house, the place rang with merriment and laughter, and when he departed they all looked forward gladly to his return. Then, the girls had frequent spins in his fine motor-car, and as summer came on, and the bright days grew longer, they made many expeditions into the country, coming home laden with wild roses and sweetbriar from the woods and hedges.

"Diana leaves us to-morrow," Nina remarked a little sadly, one glorious afternoon, when, allowing her sister to get ready the gipsy tea alone, she and Percy wandered away under the shady trees. "Her things are ready, and the ball is to be on Friday night."

"You'll miss her. I hope she may enjoy herself."

"I am sure she will," Nina sighed. "It

has been so pleasant lately. Our little expeditions and drives——"

"Must go on. I couldn't bear to give them up."

"Mother thinks we must."

"Nina! Oh! she does not mean that?"

The girl looked up, startled. It was the first time he had called her by her Christian name, and the sound was so sweet that she trembled and her colour rose.

"I'm sure she does. You see——"

"I don't see—Nina—oh, I love you. Surely you know? All these days I have been trying to say it. Will you be my wife?"

"Percy!" She hid her face, but he drew her hands away, and slipping his arm round her, kissed her tenderly.

"My darling. You do love—will marry me?"

"I do love you—but," starting back, "I cannot marry you, because someone told mother that Mrs. Ashwell would be angry, cut you off—if——"

"She might be vexed," ruefully; "but she must give in, if we are engaged, sweetheart."

"Till she does so, I cannot be engaged. Percy."

And you must not come till she consents fully."

He grew red, then pale.

"You don't love me."

"Percy. Oh, indeed——"

"Then don't be so cruel."

"I cannot help it. It is right to wait. Talk to your mother—win her consent, and then——"

"My darling," he caught her hand; "you have set me a hard task, a task that will take time. Meanwhile, we must meet. I will not—cannot—stay away."

"You must, dear. I beg you to be sensible. It will not, perhaps, be for long."

"I am not a child. My mother has no right to interfere."

Nina sighed.

"She is your mother. You are her only son. You must not give her pain, Percy."

"Then you would tell me to do her will, and marry Sybil Smith, the tall and stately heiress?"

Nina crimsoned to her hair, then grew white as marble.

"She will not insist on your doing that."

"She'll try to do so. She is always thinking of it. She has a beautiful flounce of lace ready to trim her wedding-dress. It is old Mechlin, as fine as a cobweb that she bought in Wigmore Street."

Nina gazed at him for a moment, with startled eyes.

"My——" she began, then stopped abruptly and turned away.

"Tea, good people," called Diana. "It's quite ready."

"I am glad," cried Nina, with a deep sigh. "Come, Percy. We must not keep it waiting."

As the young people came back, Diana looked at them in surprise, but thinking it wise to make no remark, busied herself with the tea-cups.

"A little rain within the lute," she thought, smiling. "Dear Nina, she sacrificed her one treasure for



"She bought a paper."

my sake. That unselfish act will, I feel sure, bring her good luck and happiness. The shadow will pass very soon."

But Nina and Percy did not recover their spirits, and although he stayed for dinner at Green Cottage, there was a frown upon his brow as he drove off in his motor-car that night.

"Don't be hard on Percy, dear," Diana whispered, kissing Nina affectionately. "She bade her good-bye before starting for Perthshire. 'He's a good fellow, and loves you well.'"

Nina blushed deeply.

"Hush, Di. I am not hard. But——"

"Then things will soon come right. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Enjoy yourself thoroughly; I'll take good care of mother."

An hour later, as Nina paced the platform at Baker Street, waiting for the train for Pinner, a big poster caught her eye:

"Fatal motor smash at Harrow. Chauffeur killed. Owner injured."

The girl's heart stood still. Percy had gone home in his motor along that very road, the night before. But, telling herself that it was foolish to think that he was the owner referred to, she bought a paper, and crept, white and depressed, into the train.

With trembling fingers she opened the sheet, and very soon her eyes fell upon the terrifying paragraph. She grew cold as stone; her worst fears were realised.

"As Mr. Percy Ashwell," she read, "was proceeding down the Harrow road last night, his motor-car collided with a pony-trap. The occupants of the car were both flung out. The chauffeur pitched on his head, and was killed. Mr. Ashwell was driven to his mother's house in Portman Square, where he now lies in a precarious condition."

The paper fluttered to the ground, and with a moan of anguish, Nina swooned away.

But presently a rush of cold air, as the doors of the car were flung open, brought her back to her senses, and when the train ran into Pinner station, she was just able to get out, and stagger blindly up the road to Green Cottage.

"Oh! my love! All is over," she cried despairingly. "And to think that we parted in anger——"

She stopped short, wondering, when half way up Love Lane. A barouche and pair stood before the cottage gate, and with a start and a cry, she recognised it. It was Mrs. Ashwell's splendid carriage. Not daring to question the servants as to the reasons that had brought it there, she passed on in silence, and ran into the house.

Hearing her steps in the hall, Mrs. Atherly threw open the drawing-room door, and, putting her arms round her, whispered in deep agitation:

"An awful accident. Oh, Nina! How can I tell you? His—car—Percy's, I mean——"

"I know all," the girl's lips were white and quivering; "I——"

"His mother is here. Console——"

Nina started forward, then drew back, a look of terror in her eyes.

"Miss Atherly—Nina," said a voice full of anguish. "My boy—he is conscious, and calls for you. 'Tis his once chance of life, the doctors say, to see you, hear you speak. I am here to fetch you. Will you come?"

"Come? Gladly, anywhere to him."

"God bless you, my child!" And in a moment Nina was in Mrs. Ashwell's arms, sobbing as though her heart would break.

Some ten weeks later, Percy Ashwell, still somewhat white and thin after his accident, sat in an armchair alone, in his mother's handsome library. Presently the door opened, and Nina, looking bright and radiant, came in, carrying a parcel.

"My darling!" Percy flushed, and held out his hand.

"Don't get excited," she cried joyously, "or they'll say I'm not to come."

"Then I should die, sweetheart. Have you seen my mother?"

"Yes. And—oh! Percy," blushing to her eyes; "she—she——"

"Begged you," with a chuckle of delight, "to marry me?"

"Hardly that. But she said she was pleased that I should be her daughter. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Only as it ought to be. And you said——"

"Percy! What could I say? But your dear mother knows. And, kissing me, she gave me," opening her parcel, "this."

"The lace flounce? I am glad."

"And I. It will trim my wedding-dress. Oh, Percy, I cannot tell you what joy this gives me!"

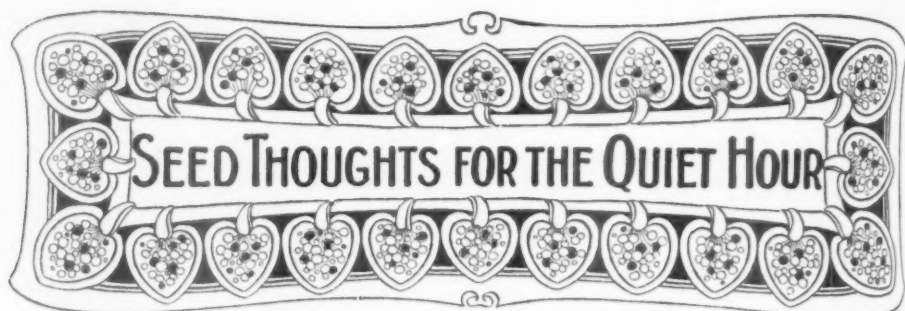
"My darling!"

"'Twas once," softly, "more to me than it is now. Till I met you again, and you gave me *so much*—it was my only treasure."

"My sweet love! Nina, this is a happy day for us both."

"A happy day, indeed," her eyes upon his face. "The happiest I have ever known."





The Life.

I CANNOT say if motherhood to-day
Had been so sweet, or childhood half so fair,
Save for the veiling light of heaven that lay
In Mary's heart, and on the Child held there.

Nor say if friendship—all its joys confessed—
Had touched with sacredness these hours of mine—
Save for the love of one who found a rest
In friendship's trust upon a Heart divine.

And since in one dark hour the Eastern stars
Looked down in awe on His great loneliness,
The night holds now no solitude that bars
His fellowship—nor depths He cannot bless.

So, every rose of life and every thorn,
Is consecrated by remembrance sweet—
Because once long ago Love did not scorn
To tread the wilderness with bleeding feet.

EDITH JENKINSON.



THE carpets of the adjusting rooms of the United States mint were taken up a little while ago and treated to a process for removing the gold dust. A bar of gold valued at nearly £2,000 was the result. The carpets were laid six years ago. In the adjusting rooms the coins are filed down to proper weight, and the finer gold dust sinks into the carpets. This is a good illustration of the way in which men disparage the valuable. Many people are trampling under foot every day the priceless gifts of God, despising the Giver. At the end of their lives they may discover that they have "gained the whole world," yet lost their own souls.



"A LITTLE while," said Christ, "and ye shall not see Me; and again a little while, and ye shall see Me; . . . your sorrow shall be turned into joy." The Resurrection was behind Him; one great grief had already been changed into immortal joy,

says a thoughtful writer. The Ascension was before him; another sorrow was to be transmuted into another joy. In the Divine alchemy this transformation of sorrow into joy is always taking place; this most blessed of miracles is always being wrought. The changing of water into wine was but a faint material symbol of this glorious transmutation of that which burdens and blights into that which lightens and fertilises. Between the sorrow and the joy there is always an interval. To the disciples those awful three days were like three centuries, so black and desolate were they. And yet it was only "a little while."



BETWEEN the going of Christ from the sight of men and His returning, he seemed to His later disciples a weary and endless waiting; and yet it is only "a little while." No sooner had He vanished from their sight than He returned in their enriched and ennobled lives; and every year since His disappearance on Ascension Day has witnessed His reappearance in the life of humanity. More and more, in higher ideals, nobler laws, juster order, wider vision, He comes into the world which He redeemed. He is always coming; unheralded and unseen He is found in every reform, philanthropy, unselfish work; in the larger idea of brotherhood which is taking possession of the thoughts of men and bearing its fruit in a more Christlike civilization. And when He comes again in the fulness of time, however long the interval, it will be seen, as men look back, to have been but "a little while."



GOD'S ways have to do with the making of character, and character is the fruit not only of struggle but of time. God's ways lie along the courses of truth, and truth cannot be seized with a swift hand; we must grow into it. The boy thinks his period of education interminable; but when it is accomplished, and he looks back upon it, it seems but "a little while." So is it with the discipline of sorrow. It seems to be without limit of

days, and yet, from the standpoint of a fulfilled life, it will be but "a little while." However long the winter, there comes a time when the earth is green; however dark the night, there comes an hour when the sky brightens. It is a long time in our hearts; it is a short time in our lives; it is a long time in our darkness; it is "a little while" in God's eternal day.

* *

ONE of the current temptations of the day is scorn. Almost unconsciously we express contempt in our speech and manner. We talk of someone as being "quite a nobody," and of another as being "impossible." Some good cause is dismissed with a sneer because "they are only little people"; some philanthropic effort is called "a twopenny-halfpenny affair." All of this is un-Christian. We have no right to sneer, just as we have no right to be proud. The Scriptures have many admonitions against scorn and the imaginations of the proud. Pride is, indeed, imaginary; for not one of us has really a claim to be proud. Advantages, wealth, position, ability—all have been the gift of God. Let us love one another, and cease to show scorn towards those who have been less fortunate than ourselves.

* *

"GOD resisteth the proud," and our fellow-men are hostile to all false pride. As we read of the downfall of others, let us humbly recognise that but for the grace of God we should have come to like disaster. Dr. R. W. Dale strikes this note in a letter to his brother, who had reached middle life; and Alexander Smith well says that when a man has lived for thirty years he feels as though he had come out of a great battle where comrade after comrade has fallen and he himself has borne a charmed life. "The mercies of middle age" need to be remembered.

* *

SOMEONE, discussing General Gordon's noble life, said that its mainspring was to be found in the fact that early in his manhood he "came to the end of self." The phrase is suggestive. Self-consciousness is selfishness. To imagine that we are all-important, that what we do and say deserves attention—that we are indispensable—all this is selfishness as well as folly. To "come to the end of oneself" is to realise the claims of other people and to strive to bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ. The sooner we cease to be self-centred, the sooner we become true lovers of our fellow-men and loyal followers of Him who "for our sakes became poor."

NEWMAN was once describing, in a sermon at Oxford, some of the incidents of the Lord's passion, when he paused. For a few minutes there was a breathless silence; then, in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St. Mary's, he said, "Now, I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God." It was as if an electric stroke had gone through the Church. "I suppose," says Froude, "it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries."

* *

CHRIST'S words always carry weight, and that is a characteristic of the Word of God, the Bible. In the year 1854, Murata, a noble of Japan, stationed in the harbour of Nagasaki, found a book, printed in an unknown tongue, floating on the water. He made inquiry, and found it was an English Bible. Quietly, but persistently, he sought to learn the contents. For years he studied it. In 1866 he sought the Rev. Guido Verbeck, the missionary, and asked for baptism. In the course of conversation with the missionary, he said: "I cannot tell you my feelings when, for the first time, I read the account of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I have never seen or heard or imagined such a person. I was filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion, and taken captive by the record of His nature and life."

* *

To-day.

*WITH every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.*

*The past has shrivelled and buried deep
All yesterdays. Then let them sleep;*

*Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.*

*Concern yourself with but to-day,
Woo it, and teach it to obey*

*Your will and wish. Since time began,
To-day has been the friend of man;*

*But in his blindness and his sorrow
He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.*

*You and to-day! a soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time.*

*With God Himself to bind the twain!
Go forth, I say, attain! attain!*

Christian Missions and China's National Life.

By Emeritus Professor **SIR ALEXANDER RUSSELL SIMPSON, M.D., D.Sc., LL.D.**, late Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of Edinburgh.

THE first direction in which it occurs to me to take note of the "Influence of Christian Missions on Chinese National Life and Social Progress" is the effect that must follow the introduction into Chinese literature of the Scriptures of the Old and the New Testaments. The missionaries have drawn their own inspiration from them, and have witnessed the vitalising influence they exercise on all the languages into which they have been translated. The tongue spoken by China's millions cannot fail to be modulated to higher notes than it has ever known by the Book that has quickened, and in our day still quickens, into literary life languages that had heretofore only sounded from savage lips in savage ears, and that has embalmed the dead language of tribes that have vanished from the earth. As to Germans and Anglo-Saxons, so to Chinese the Bible in their vernacular will shed its rays into every intellectual realm. It may well become the unifying centre round which the national thought and affection will gather, when Chinese minds in different districts are feeling after their affinities, if enlightened patriots get the shaping of their nation's destinies.

"The Man of the Book."

Of the two Covenant histories which the Scriptures record, the older still forms the bond of union among the members of the race from which it sprung, although for many generations that race has been broken into fragments and its families are dispersed all round the globe. And there is no book in the wide range of English literature around which people of the Anglo-Saxon race could gather from every continent and from all the islands of all the seas, as they would gather to-day around the English Bible. The Chinese gave to one of their early missionaries, William C. Burns, the descriptive name of "The Man of the Book." Let us pray that ere the new mission century has run its course, China may make men and angels glad by earning for herself the title of "The Nation of the Book." Would that there were some competition for the honour of such distinction!

II. Associated with this is the influence

that Christian missions exert in the impulse they have given and should continue only more urgently to give to educational progress. The free and constant intercourse that is being rapidly developed among all the peoples of the world is leading China, with bewildering swiftness, to seek to learn what those are thinking and saying and doing whom it has heretofore been contented to regard as outside barbarians. Coming to school with the ignorance of a child and the faculties of a man, it can get such effective education from a sympathetic missionary as is to be got from no other teacher.

The Duty of Chinese Statesmen.

The missionary has studied national character and capabilities for a century with the view of finding out how best to direct the Chinese intellect in ways that will lift it to the height of its loftiest ideals, and set it on view of attainments higher still. He has already succeeded in multitudes of cases in setting Chinese minds a-working in healthy directions, and in providing the beginnings of a literature that can entertain, edify, and still further educate these minds. If Chinese statesmen are wise, when they formulate their educational system they will take into clear account the results of the work that has come out of Mission schools, and will see to it that whatever else children are taught in their national schools they will be taught to fear God. The influence of the Godward set imparted to their educational system by Christian Missions must tell on the whole trend of Chinese education.

Exalting Righteousness.

III. The righteousness that exalts any nation may in fitful and fragmentary gleams be found shining among people who have not yet been irradiated with the full-orbed beams of the sun of righteousness. But it can only be developed in some adequate degree when a people have been brought into conscious relationship with the God whom the Christian missionary teaches them to know as a just God and a Saviour with whom is no respect of persons. The teacher comes to them fortified by the experience of many ages and peoples, and with illustrations from

history that make plain the doctrines he sets forth, till the people that become impressed with the consciousness of the existence of a Supreme Being who is righteous in all His ways—even when they do not definitely submit themselves to His righteousness—yet begin to do justly with their fellow-men. We must recognise the sense of justice between man and man diffusing itself through a community as among the happy influences of Christian Missions.

Unblushing Selfishness.

IV. Justice between man and man. That is much. But the Christian missionary brings with him something greater still. It was not justice that called him from his home to the mission field. Love constrained him. He has the great news that God is Light, the good news that God is Love. He finds here a people who not only have not learned to fear a righteous God, but who have lost the sense of altruism that should have regard in one man to the needs of another. The Mission members of the recent Conference knew, far better than any home-sent representatives could do, how far unblushing selfishness is the main motive of a Chinaman's activities. We can guess at it when we remember how deeply ingrained it is in human nature—how imperfectly restrained among communities long accounted Christian, how it still stains the robe of Christ's saintliest followers. But this is among the gracious influences that emanate from the Christian missionary and the lives that spring up around him, that in the circle still outside some sense arises that a man is set among his neighbours, not that he may be getting out of them what he can, but that he may sometimes do them a service. The altruistic sense may not be very strong or very intelligent, but it has at least led him to carry to the Mission hospital a patient whom he would formerly have left to die, or to let go into Christian keeping an infant that would once have been destroyed. In this connection a member of the profession may be allowed to remark that the beneficent influence of the medical missionary and his associates exceeds all calculation.

Life held as Naught.

V. So here I note another effect of Christian Missions, in the change brought about in the communities they influence in their awakening respect for man as man, leading them to cherish a due regard for human life.

Among the Chinese, as among all other people who have not come under the elevating influence of a divine revelation, the sense of the dignity and worth of the individual has been reduced to the vanishing point. Not only have men been careless of the lives of others, they have lost the proper appreciation of the value of their own. Hence the shameful indignities and cruelties they have practised on each other, and the recklessness with which they have often thrown their own lives away. Into the midst of this comes a messenger who reminds men of their divine origin and destiny, helps some of them to recognise that God Himself has appeared in human nature to show how fair a being man was meant to be and to redeem him from all his unworthiness, and so lifts the whole community into a sphere of thought in which each individual may waken to some hopeful views of himself and his fellows. So that it may be before he is as yet prepared to show kindness to others he may be learning to treat them with something like respect and to consider his own life as something valuable. The number of insurance offices that strike the eye of a stranger in the large cities of China may be an evidence of the business energy of rival companies and rival countries. I do not know how far they are patronised by natives. They could not all subsist on the foreigners, who might have insured their lives at home. But I opine that they came here, not before, but after the advent of the missionaries. The Cross has been a better forerunner for trade than any flaunting flag or mailed fist.

Need of Family Life in China.

VI. I fancy China greatly needed, and still widely needs, to have set before it the ideal family life. In this connection three psalms rise to my mind in interesting sequence. The 126th is the psalm of a nation. It begins, "When the Lord." It tells what happened to the nation when the Covenant God took in hand to work its deliverance—how laughter filled their mouth, and their neighbours said, "The Lord hath done great things for them." Tears were not wanting, but the end of it all was joy like the joy of the Harvest-home. The next begins, "Except the Lord." It is the psalm of the city. I think I may adopt Paul's boast and say, "I am a citizen of no mean city," when I say that Edinburgh has for the legend on its coat of arms the "*Nisi Dominus frustra*" of this 127th psalm. It reminds us

how vain is the work of the builder who is not a labourer together with God; how helpless men are to guard a city not guarded by its Lord; and how futile are the weary toiling and moiling of citizens who forget that God can give things to His beloved while they sleep. The 128th psalm pictures the family—the social unit around which a city is built, and out of which a nation grows. Look at it for a moment and say if it be not that of which China is in greatest need. The centre of the family is a God-fearing man with a God-given wife at his side and children planted around their table. The wife is like the vine whose produce, according to Jotham's parable, cheers God and man. The children in their turn will produce the oil of gladness that makes the face to shine. An unction is likely to rest on the head of the youths and maidens of that family that will raise them to places of power and influence in the churches, schools, colleges, councils, and commerce of their generation. The head of the house, blessed himself, will be of those who bring down blessing on their people. In such a home they never forget that God's great love-gift to the world was a little child, whose sinless life ended in a death for sinners. Each day they rise they gather together to sing His praise, and reverently read His word, and tell Him of their needs. Each first day of the week they gather with others to remember that He is risen. They take warning from the fate of the people to whom God at the first gave His sabbaths as a precious gift, and His testimony to be their guide; and when they see Jacob's sons casting away Jehovah's day and ceasing to give heed to His word till they were themselves cast away, they cleave with purpose of heart to their risen Lord, they love and honour His resurrection day, and find their life in listening to His voice.

Christian Homes and Chinese Grandeur.

From such a home light is shed all round, and love flows out in many gracious ministries. From homes like these the regeneration of China will come. Wakening up, as the nation is doing, to feel foreign nations hovering on her shores, like so many foul vultures

gathering round an expected carcase, it will be well if she can find that within her borders have already been developed here and there the centres from which her truest light and leading can be found. From homes like these, let me repeat, will China's grandeur spring. When the streets of her great cities shall be lined with their beauty, and her scattered villages sweetened with their fragrance, her people will bethink them that these most precious of her imports came not in the bales of any merchantmen, were forced on them by the guns of no armoured cruiser, and were left unnoted in the portfolios of all the foreign embassies. They will gratefully remember that Christian homes were brought to them as a gift from heaven by Christ's ambassadors.

The Wolf in the Child.

VII. What of the individual? If the missionary's lesson has been fully learned, Christian parents in China will remember that each child born into their home is a sinner-child. "There is a generation, O how lofty are their eyes, and their eyelids are lifted up," who claim for themselves a sinless birth. Science does not so read the lessons of heredity. These were known of old in Israel, and were of kin to the "generation that is pure in their own eyes and yet is not washed from their filthiness." All intelligent believing mothers know that each child they bear must be born again, if it is to live the life that is life indeed—must be born again, not of blood, nor of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. Forty years ago I stood by the cradle of a little boy, on the other side of which was a notable evangelist. As he looked on the innocent in its infant beauty, he said: "It looks very like a lamb, but the wolf is there." That the lamb might live and the wolf die, he laid it in the Good Shepherd's arms. When the parents of China's newborn children have learnt to dedicate their little ones to Jesus they will bless the day when Robert Morrison came to their shores in His name who said, "I am come that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly."





"The girls took them out, and went into ecstasies over the exquisite workmanship."

The Osgoby Teaspoons.

A Complete Story.

By BEATRICE ROSENTHAL.

"THEY must be worth a lot, Aunt Margaret!" cried Doris Bracehilt, taking the quaint little spoon out of her saucer and examining it admiringly. "Antique silver is all the rage nowadays."

"I believe they are of some value," replied Miss Osgoby. "I was told once, years ago, by someone who professed to understand such things, that it was very rare to find a set of thirteen Apostle spoons."

She rose from her seat in front of the tea-tray, and took up from an adjoining table an old-fashioned wooden box of far more solid construction than the modern plate-cases of leather and plush. The corners of the box were bound with silver, and in the centre of the lid was a diamond-shaped lozenge on which was engraved a crest, and beneath it the initials, "T. R. O."

"Thomas Ralph Osgoby, my great, and

your great-great-grandfather," she explained to her nieces, opening the box to show the rest of the spoons lying in their bed of frayed and faded rose-coloured silk. "Yes, they are all complete, and each one is different." The girls took them out, and went into ecstasies over the exquisite workmanship of the tiny figures at the end of the slender twisted handles.

"They ought to be in the Wallace Collection!" Doris exclaimed.

Miss Osgoby smiled a little sadly.

"Sometimes I feel I ought not to keep them when I think of all the want down here," she said, "but I could not bear to have them cried in a public auction-room. I took them out in honour of you two to-day," she added. "They don't see the light very often."

"No, I don't suppose you want to have much plate about here," said Sybil, the elder of the two girls, rather superciliously. "Papa

is always grumbling at the amount we have out at home, but I don't see why not when there are servants to clean it. What's the good of having things if people don't see them?"

"One values one's possessions for other things besides show," said her aunt.

"Oh, of course," Sybil rejoined carelessly.

"But I'm sure *you* like having pretty things about, Aunt Margaret," said Doris. "Why, how jolly this room is! You'd never expect to find anything like it after all those frightful streets we came through."

"Rather not!" said her sister, helping herself to egg sandwiches.

It was a pleasant room—one of those little oases in the wilderness of East-end "slumland." Its simple refinement was a strong contrast to the dingy street outside, seen through the snowy frills of the window curtains. The room was sweet with the scent of violets, and a big bowl of white and rust-coloured chrysanthemums stood in the centre of the table where Miss Osgoby and her nieces sat partaking of a meal which Mrs. Wicks, the landlady, called "high tea."

Sybil and Doris Bracehilt were the daughters of Margaret Osgoby's only sister, who had married a wealthy City merchant. The children were but little things when they had been left motherless. They had been sent to school at Brussels, and in the meantime Alderman Bracehilt had married again, a dressy, frivolous girl not much older than his own daughters, who looked down on the quiet, middle-aged spinster living in an unfashionable quarter of the town, and chose to regard her as "eccentric."

For years Miss Osgoby had only had occasional glimpses of her nieces when they were at home for their holidays. This was the first time she had seen them since they had left school for good. Sybil's voice had been carefully trained, Doris played the violin charmingly, and they had come that evening to help at an East-end entertainment.

"We knew you wouldn't want us to dress up, so we just came in the old rags we wear at home in the evening," Sybil lightly explained.

Though they did not merit this description, the frocks were considerably past their first freshness, and their aunt's own good taste could not approve this display of low necks, crumpled artificial flowers, and frayed ends of chiffon, before an audience largely composed of factory girls, only too fond of their own shabby finery. She listened in silence while they chatted about theatres, dances, whist drives, and bridge parties, contrasting this

thoughtless, butterfly existence with the sad realities of life with which she was so familiar.

"Perhaps what they see to-night may set them thinking," she said to herself.

They sat chatting round the fire, for it was a cold evening, until the striking of the clock on the mantelpiece reminded them that it was time to get ready, and the girls went up with their aunt to her room at the top of the house. It was a tiny apartment, a tight fit for three, and while her nieces put on their pretty fur-lined cloaks Miss Osgoby busied herself at the big cupboard which she kept stocked with warm clothing and various comforts for the sick and poor among whom she worked. Leaving their aunt to follow after she had tied up the bundle of soft linen she had selected for one of her sick cases, the two girls ran lightly down the stairs. Standing by the door of the sitting-room, as though she had just come out of it, was a stout woman in a shawl.

"Jes' wanted ter see the lydy fer a minnit," she said in a hoarse whisper, edging farther away from the door. "It's fer a 'orspittle ticket fer me little gel—we har so pore, an' she is so kind. No, I won't stop ter trouble 'er naow, I'll come in the mornin'—it don't matter a bit," and, with a bow and a cringe to the girls, the woman sidled along the wall to the door.

"Fancy having creatures like that coming in and out all day," said Sybil as they went into the room.

"Yes, mustn't it be awful?" agreed Doris, opening her violin case to see if the precious instrument was all right.

Their aunt appeared in a few minutes with a bulky parcel which, to the horror of Sybil and Doris, was wrapped up in a piece of newspaper.

Outside the hall, the usual slum crowd was gathered to watch the audience and the performers go in. A knot of rough-looking lads lounged round a lamp-post; some white-faced Jewish children peered inquisitively through the open doors; one specially ragged urchin was amusing himself by jumping up and down the muddy steps.

"Lemme come in, Miss Hoserby, Missis," he pleaded.

Ted Sharp, known to local repute as the "Buster," was one of the worst small boys of a neighbourhood where rough behaviour and lawless pranks were common enough. "A perfect young hooigan in the making," was the verdict of everyone who had tried in vain to manage him. But with all his naughtiness there was something winning about the

"Buster," and Miss Osgoby had a weak spot in her heart for him.

"You know you had to be turned out last time, Ted," she began reproachfully; then, yielding to the wistfulness of his bright eyes, "Well, if you really *will* promise to behave this time—I do so long to start a club and gymnasium for these lads," she continued, turning to her nieces. "But it's a question of money. It costs so much to get a room down here, and then there is the fitting up."

The Buster's entry into the hall was hailed with delight by some of his friends, who quickly made room for him on their bench. They had been quiet until then, but his coming soon set them off, and cuffings and strugglings ensued, until the people in front began to complain, and the Buster found himself on the point of being turned out. Thereupon he subsided, and listened attentively while Sybil and Doris sang and played. "Fine gels!" was his verdict, and he did them the honour of comparing them to the Sisters Something he had seen last Bank Holiday night at the Rangers' Music Hall. A man of the world was the Buster.

Sybil's singing and Doris's violin solos formed the chief features of the evening's entertainment; and the tumbled evening frocks, though they had not pleased Aunt Margaret, were magnificent to the unaccustomed eyes of the audience, and the rapturous applause the girls received was as much for their appearance as for their music. The programme was a long one, there were many encores, and it was nearly eleven o'clock when Miss Osgoby, having seen her nieces drive off in their cab, let herself in with her latch-key. She was turning up the gas in her sitting-room when Mrs. Wicks entered.

"What is it?" asked Miss Osgoby, surprised to see her landlady at that hour. "Is poor Mary Jarvis worse?"

"Not as I've 'eard," Mrs. Wicks replied, then anxiously, "I stepped up, Miss, to arsk if you put that case of spoons away before you went out."

Miss Osgoby turned quickly towards the table where she had left the box.

"It's gorn, Miss," said Mrs. Wicks, giving a sort of hollow emphasis to the words. "I was afeared so. I've bin in a regular fluster all the evening. I washed up the three of 'em what was used myself, Miss, and here they are"—putting them down on the table. "And I says to Fanny—it was just as you went out, Miss—'Run up, and put 'em away careful,' I says, 'for they're very pertickler,' and you could 'ave knocked me down with a feather

when she calls down the basement, 'The box ain't there.' I come up, and we 'unted all round, but there wasn't no sign on it, as you can see."

Miss Osgoby stood by the empty table, only half heeding the landlady's voluble flow. She was very tired, and the loss of the heirloom came upon her as a shock.

"You did not hear any one come, I suppose?" she said. "My nieces said something about finding a woman in the hall who wanted a hospital letter, but that was before we went out. Did you happen to see her?"

"No, Miss, not a sign of a soul all the evening we 'aven't 'eard nor seen after the young ladies come," said Mrs. Wicks. "And most of the time you was out the chain's bin on, the catch of the door bein' weak, as you know, Miss, and when I'm downstairs I can't 'ear if anybody come. Someone's slipped in and stole 'em, you may depend."

"We do seem to live among a shockin' lot of thieves," she went on. "I'm sure the tales you do 'ear about some of them in the buildings. They'll sneak each other's 'ot water washing days, and even the wet clothes out of the tub. And I've 'eard say that the Vicar 'isself couldn't keep a clock in 'is study till 'e started locking it up in a cupboard with a 'ole cut in the door fer the face. And pore Fanny's bin in a rare state, but you know the girl's honest, Miss"—she paused for breath again. "You'll send for the police first thing in the mornin'," she added.

"I don't know—anyhow there is nothing to be done to-night," Miss Osgoby said, taking up the three remaining spoons. "Good night, Mrs. Wicks. No, thank you," declining that worthy lady's offer of refreshment.

"I trust it was no one I was specially hopeful about," she said to herself, as she locked all that was left of the old family treasure in a drawer in her bedroom. It was not often that "melancholy marked her for his own," her life was too active and unselfish; but that night, utterly weary and depressed, she lay awake, a prey to worried thoughts, until long after the midnight shouts and screams in the courts and alleys round gave place to the rattle of the market carts that heralded another busy day.

II.

MEANWHILE the Buster, after the entertainment was over, had met a friend going into the Jewish fried fish supper-bar. The friend was in funds, and invited the Buster to share some chips and a "a'penny middle bit." After

which they took their way down Arkwright Lane, which led to the great barrack-like buildings where they both lived—the chum on the first floor of B Block, the Buster at the top. They parted at the bottom of the stone staircase.

No. 72, B Block, was not the sort of place anybody would care to call home. To Ted Sharp, the Buster, it was merely a place to be in when not at school or in the streets, somewhere for sleeping and eating—when there was anything to eat. He had no associations with the word "home." Both his parents had died before he was eight years old, and his mother's sister had taken him to prevent his being sent to the workhouse. She had died too, and her husband, James Garvey, had married again, and had allowed him to remain, because he was old enough to be useful. His schooltime was nearly over now, and he would be soon earning wages. Already he was "bringing something in" by "doin' erran's" and fetching workmen's beer in the dinner-hour. Between-times he minded his small baby cousin.

The Buster went up the five flights of dirty stairs and along the ill-lit landing. The door was ajar, and he entered the disordered kitchen. On the table were the stale remnants of a meal. A lamp smoked on the chimney-piece, and by the fire, which was nearly out, was a woman seated heavily in a chair. She was leaning forward with eyes closed, as though asleep; her bedraggled bonnet had slipped to the back of her head, and her shawl seemed to be thrown over some object which lay in her lap. Beside her a child of some two years old half lay, half squatted, among the litter on the floor. It was crying feebly, as though utterly exhausted, and the wail was constantly broken by a sharp cough. The woman's heavy breathing and the reek of alcohol told their own tale. It was a piteous scene, but one to which the Buster was well accustomed.

"'Ullo, Victorier," he said.

The child stopped crying and tottered towards him.

"Cold?" he said, picking her up and feeling the little bare feet. He was the roughest boy in the neighbourhood, but no nurse could have been gentler than he was to this poor mite.

"Why, yer like hice!" he exclaimed, and, kneeling on the floor with one arm round her, he gave a tug to the tattered brown shawl, pulling it off the woman's lap, and disclosing what it concealed—something the Buster had never seen before—a box of polished wood bound with silver at the corners.

"My!" he exclaimed with a sharp whistle.

The sound roused the woman.

"Wotcher doin' of?" she demanded in a thick voice. Then, looking down in her lap, she rose with a fierce oath and, picking up the box, lurched with it across the kitchen and into the room beyond. Returning in a moment, she made a rush at the lad, striking at him, and pouring forth a torrent of fearful abuse. The Buster, with the screaming child in his arms, defended himself as well as he could, and dodged the blows with the nimbleness of experience, when suddenly a man came reeling in.

"Wot's the rar?" he asked fiercely.

The woman in blind fury turned on him, and quick to seize his opportunity, the boy put the child, rolled in the shawl, down in the farthest corner, and slipped out of the open door.

A big factory clock was striking midnight as he went up the lane. Under the lamp-post at the corner a baked potato stall usually stood. It was gone now, of course, but as the Buster passed, he caught sight of something in the gutter and swooped upon it. It was a potato, still warm, and only partly bad. He chuckled to himself as he slipped up an archway, and snuggled down in the darkness to munch the sound part of the "tater" and then to go to sleep. It was not the first time he had "left 'em rowin'" and spent the night out there.

The next morning the Buster decided that it was not worth while going in. He knew that there was a poor chance of breakfast after the scene of the night before. Luckily it was soup day at school.

One o'clock was striking when the Buster ran up the stairs to No. 72. A neighbour met him on the landing. She had Victoria in her arms.

"'Ere's yer key," she said, and proceeded to tell him that the quarrel of the previous night had ended more seriously than usual. The drunken couple had, it seemed, followed Ted down to the street, where they had continued their dispute, until a constable had arrested Garvey for knocking his wife about. She had gone that morning to the court, whence she had not yet returned.

The Buster took the news casually. "E'd git six weeks, I s'pose," he remarked.

The woman nodded, and gave him the child. She and the other women of the block had been enjoying a gossip about the affair all the morning. It was a pleasant bit of excitement for them. They were all kind-hearted, though. One gave the Buster a good-sized hunk of bread and cheese, another a mug of

milk for the child, whose cough seemed to rend her poor little frame. He put her on the bed in the inner room, and, coming back to the kitchen, now strewn with broken crockery, began to make an attempt at tidying up. Suddenly he remembered the box he had seen the night before, and, running back to the bedroom, he hunted about until at length he discovered it under the bed. He picked it up and opened it.

"Ten all in a row and free of 'em gone," he counted, poking his grimy fingers in the vacant spaces. "Look 'ere at the little men on the 'andles," he said, sitting down on the bed and showing the spoons to Victoria. They played with them till the school bell began to ring, when he put the box away, and took the child back to Mrs. Jones at No. 73.

On his way back again after school he caught sight of a printed bill stuck up in the window of the baker's at the top of the lane. He read it through, gave a prolonged whistle, and went on thoughtfully. Mrs. Garvey had returned, and was sitting at the table, her face adorned with strips of plaster.

"The kid's in there asleep," she said, as he asked where Victoria was. "Let 'er alone, an' go an' fetch us a pint."

He took the jug and the money, came back in a few minutes with the beer, and sat down.

"Wotcher starin' at?" she burst forth presently. "I'll fetch yer one on the jore if yer don't stow it!"

The Buster moved discreetly.

"A notice hup in Brown's winder, I've seed," he remarked.

"Ave yer—wot abart?"

He moved again—nearer to the door this time.

"Suthink abart a box er silver spoons," he said.

There was an oath, and the crash of some missile flung against the door, but the Buster was safely outside, chuckling to himself as he swung down the iron balustrade.

A fortnight went by. The notice was still up in the baker's window and elsewhere, but nothing had come of it, and Miss Osgoby had given up hope of ever seeing her spoons again.

"It's just one of those things one must make the best of," she said, thankful at heart that the theft had not been brought home to any of her poor friends, though she could not help grieving over the loss.

It had been a bad time at No. 72. Mrs. Garvey seemed to have forgotten the reason of her husband's being locked up, and lamented him all day. Mrs. Jones and the other neigh-

bours did what they could for the children; but it was winter time, and no one was very well off in Arkwright Buildings. Mrs. Garvey made no effort to find any work for herself, but went on pawning, borrowing, and owing, until things had come to a sorry pass. The rent was three weeks overdue, and the shop refused to let them have anything more "on tick." The Buster stayed away from school a day or two to do odd jobs for the green-grocer and to sell papers in the City, but the inspector found it out, and threatened a summons, so there had to be an end of that. Poor little Victoria suffered the most. She cried less, and coughed more each day, and lay a weak, gasping little morsel of humanity in the Buster's arms.

"Thort yer was a goin' ter harsk Miss Hoserby fer an 'orspitle ticket fer the kid," he said one night.

The woman turned on him in one of her usual furies, but there was a look of fear in her eyes. He knew what it meant—why she had not been near Miss Osgoby, why she started guiltily whenever a knock came at the door. Twice indeed had that lady called at the door of No. 72, and, receiving no answer, had thought the occupants were out. The Buster knew this perfectly well. He knew too that the silver-bound box, though not under the bed, was still hidden about somewhere. Other things had been pledged, but not that yet, though he believed she had made an attempt, for he caught her stealing out one night with a suspicious-looking bundle under her arm. She came back with it, though. It was evidently too risky to try any of the "pop-shops" near about, with those notices still all over the place.

III.

"I DON'T want ter 'ave nuffink ter do wiv it," said the Buster bluntly.

"It'll be the work'us, then," the woman replied. "'E sez 'e'll put us out if the rent ain't paid by Thursday."

"Do it yerself, if yer want it done," answered the boy doggedly.

"See the lot of us starve, then," and Mrs. Garvey burst into a flood of maudlin tears.

The Buster looked across the wretched room, at Victoria moaning feebly on the bare bed. "Pore little kid," he muttered, "I wouldn't mind if it 'ad bin anyone else's—but 'er's——"

"There's a reward if they wos ter be took back," he said aloud.

"Yer'd be clapped in the lock-up," said the woman; "that's all the reward they'd give yer."

Sitting on the edge of the bed, with Victoria cuddled close to him, the Buster considered the matter. If they were turned out into the street and sent off to the workhouse, it would be rough on her. Poor little kid! She was hungry, so was he. It was not the question of the silver-bound box having been stolen that troubled the Buster. His ideas of right and wrong were mainly what he had picked up in the street. But he wished that the spoons had not belonged to that quiet little lady who was "orful kind." He looked at Victoria again, then jumped up.

"Well," he said, going into the kitchen, "wot is it yer want me ter do?"

Mrs. Garvey hurried him out, down the stairs, up the street, and along the busy thoroughfare that led Citywards. Through Eastcheap they went, past the great fish-market, and still on, stopping now and then in front of a shop that looked too grand to be a "pop-shop," in spite of the three golden balls. Suddenly Mrs. Garvey stopped again, before a window full of silver and old-looking china, bowls and vases. There was not a pawnbroker's sign outside this shop, but on the door the announcement, "Old gold and silver purchased and exchanged."

"See that," she whispered, thrusting the wrapped-up box she had been carrying into his arms. "'Ave a try in there. I'll wite at the corner for yer."

She hurried off, leaving him stranded in the doorway. He heartily disliked the job that had been forced upon him, but there seemed no help for it. He pushed open the door and went in. It was a dark afternoon, and the electric light was burning inside the shop, which, with its glass cupboards full of silver ware, was dazzlingly bright to the Buster's eyes. On one corner of the counter was spread a fleet of little silver ships; a tall gentleman was looking at them through a magnifying glass. Behind the counter stood an elderly man of severe aspect. He gazed with surprise at the ragged urchin.

"What do you want?" he asked, lifting the flap of the counter and coming forward.

Summoning up all his native assurance, the Buster opened the parcel and disclosed the silver-bound box.

"Wot'll yer give us fer this 'ere?" he enquired with a businesslike air.

The shopman opened the box; the gentleman looking at the ships turned too, dropping his glass with an exclamation. They took the

box to the far end of the counter and talked in low tones, the Buster waiting with a quickly-beating heart.

"Now, my lad," said the elderly man, coming up to him and speaking in a sharp voice. "How did you come by this?"

"They b'longed ter me farver," said the Buster, who was known to be able to "rise to the occasion" more quickly than any boy in the buildings. "'E sent me ter sell 'em cos 'e's bad orf."

"What is your father's name?" asked the man.

"John Smif," answered the boy, though not so readily this time.

"The initials on the box are T. R. O.," said the tall gentleman who had picked up his magnifying glass. At this the Buster made a dash for the door, but the elderly man was too quick, and caught him fast by the sleeve of his ragged coat.

"Robert!" he called out to someone in the interior of the shop. "Here, quick! Go and fetch a policeman."

"Wait a moment," said the tall gentleman, "let us give the boy a chance of telling the truth first." He had one of the spoons in his hand and was examining it through the magnifying glass.

"Very well, sir," said the elderly man, who seemed to treat the tall gentleman with a great deal of deference. "Wait a minute, Robert," and he led the way into a small room behind the shop, holding the trembling Buster by the shoulder.

"Now tell us the whole truth, or it will be the worse for you. Where did you steal these from?"

"Where are the other three spoons?" asked the tall gentleman.

"Oh, don't run me in," pleaded the boy. "I'll tell the truf, on me Bible oaf—strite I will. I knows the lydy wot they b'longs to—I'd 'ave give 'em back to 'er if I could. I never took 'em, I didn't."

"Who did, then?" asked the shopman sternly.

No threats, however, would make the Buster "split."

"Look here," suggested the tall gentleman, "will you allow me to take the matter into my hands? I will go with the lad to this Miss Osgoby, who, he says, is the owner—to prove whether his tale is true, and if it is, she perhaps may be able to account for the missing spoons. A set of thirteen, and the real rat-tail pattern. If only it were perfect!" he said to himself with a sigh.

* * * * *



"What do you want?" he asked."

"Just listen to this!" cried Doris Bracehilt, looking up from a letter at the breakfast table a few days later. "It's from Aunt Margaret. It seems that the night we went to play at that concert she had her set of old spoons out, and they were stolen. She advertised and all that, but didn't hear anything, and thought they were quite gone, and then it seems that the other day a boy tried to sell them in a curiosity shop—she says it was that identical little scamp we saw—you remember, Sybil. A gentleman who was in the shop at the time drove up to Aunt Margaret's in a motor with the boy, and asked her to identify the spoons, and he turned out to be a famous collector, a Mr. Guthrie. He told Aunt Margaret he was fearfully sorry that there were only ten—he'd have given anything for a complete set. And when she brought out the other three—we'd been using them for tea that night, you know—he got quite excited, and that very evening she had a letter from him offering her four hundred pounds for them."

"What!" Alderman Bracehilt exclaimed.

"Four hundred pounds," repeated Doris. "It seems a set of thirteen Apostle spoons is most awfully rare."

"Of course she's sold them," said her step-mother.

"And the boy's been sent to prison, I suppose?" said Sybil.

"I'll read you what she says," and Doris took up the letter. "Now isn't this like Aunt Margaret?" as she glanced down the page, and then read:—"Mr. Guthrie has been so kind in interesting himself in poor little Ted Sharp, and has been helping me to find a suitable school where I hope to have him educated. And we are going to open a club and gymnasium for boys very soon. This has been the dream which I have never been able to realise until now."

"She must be mad!" broke in Mrs. Bracehilt. "A reformatory is what those little thieves want, not clubs and gymnasiums. But Margaret always liked throwing away money in her own stupid fashion."

"Throwing away money!" echoed her husband, as he rose from the table. "Just look over this from Jones and Walker's. It was only the other day I sent a cheque. You girls will really have to be a bit more economical. Business is very bad just now."

Mrs. Bracehilt took up Jones and Walker's "account rendered," with an impatient frown.

"Bother bills!" said Sybil. "I only wish I had Aunt Margaret's luck!"

It was a Sunday afternoon, and Miss Osgoby had just returned from holding her weekly Bible class in the gymnasium, which had now been open five years, and during that time had worked a wonderful transformation among the rough boys of the district. It was a bright afternoon for mid-winter, but cold, and Miss Osgoby sat down in an armchair by the fire. The walls of her sitting-room had been washed a soft grey-blue tint, and there were new winter curtains of serge to match. Otherwise the room was the same.

"Come in," said Miss Osgoby, in answer to a tap at the door.

"A young gentleman to see you, Miss," said Mrs. Wicks's new little "help."

"A young gentleman," repeated Miss Osgoby. "Ask him his name."

The maid went back into the hall, and returned in a moment.

"Please 'm," she said with a grin, "I was to say it was the Buster."

He came into the room, such a well-grown, smartly-dressed youth, that he quite merited the complimentary description the little servant had given him. It was difficult to believe that this was once a ragged little street urchin. He told his benefactress how, through Mr. Guthrie's kindness, he had been offered a good post in Canada. All preparations were completed, and he was to sail in a couple of days.

"But I couldn't go without coming down to thank you for all you've done for me, Miss," he said. "I went to see Victoria yesterday afternoon. She's getting on first rate, and she's so happy in the home. It's a beautiful place, and she's truly thankful to you, Miss, for getting her in there."

He paused a minute, then held out a little flat parcel, wrapped neatly in brown paper.

"Will you accept of this, Miss, as a little parting gift?"

Miss Osgoby took the parcel and untied the wrappings, disclosing a small leather case. Inside it were a set of silver teaspoons.

"They're only six," he said apologetically. "and not like those others, of course, Miss; but"—with a look that recalled the old Buster of No. 72, B Block—"they've got little marks on the handles."



The Gospel in Darkest Africa.*

Missionary Jack-of-all-Trades.

THE missionary is a teacher, but he must also be a builder, for houses, cattle-pens, stores, and outhouses have to be constructed. He must also be a doctor of medicine and a dentist; he must dose the sick natives, who will trust him implicitly to cure them of even leprosy, and he must be able to draw the most solidly rooted molar that ever grew in the skull of a black man. More than this, he must be his own cobbler, and when his boots wear out he must be able to re-sole them with nothing but a few French nails and a piece of cowhide. He must also be his own lawyer, accountant, and bookkeeper, and when the currency takes the form of cowrie shells, as it does in Uganda (where three hundred tiny covies make a shilling), it is not easy to keep accounts right. He must marry and divorce, give judgments, and baptize. He must be gardener, cook, and dairymaid, grow his own food, and look after his live stock.

Miracle of Clear Water.

Sometimes a large number of the Warungi would come to our tents and ask to see our various belongings. I think what astonished them most was my Berkefeld filter; to see dirty water transformed into a beautiful clear liquid simply did for them, and was more than they could understand. The camera also was a great wonder in their eyes, and to look through the view finders and see their companions all sitting round was to them most remarkable. My field-glasses also were a source of great amusement, and they never tired of looking at them.

Warriors Fly from a Dog.

I was some long distance in front of our caravan, accompanied only by my boy and my faithful little dog Sally, when, as we came to the top of the hill, we suddenly saw a large body of the Burungi warriors, in full war-paint, racing towards us. I immediately thought that they intended to attack us, and as I stood still I called my little dog to my side and spoke a few words to her, something about, "going for them," when she started barking, and charged down upon the warriors, tail in the air. It was a grand sight, and worth going to Africa for, to see these warlike men run for their lives, with Sally at their heels.

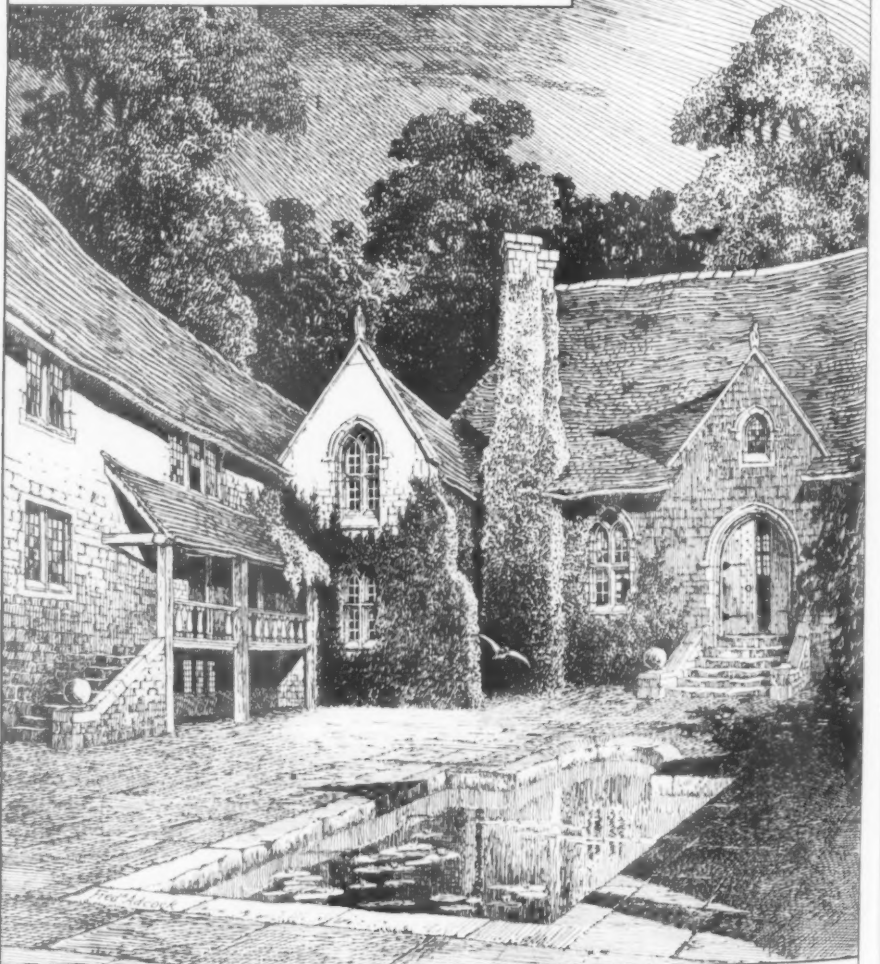
Rain a Terror to the Africans.

If there is one thing an African dislikes more than another it is rain, and our Wanyamwezi porters were no exception to the rule. As soon as ever a shower came on, down went the loads, and away went the porters into huts, under trees, *anywhere*, out of the rain. Of course, the loads didn't matter, they could be left on the roadside! and beautifully wet our things got. So much so, that by the time we got to Nasa many of our clothes were simply rotten and utterly spoilt. Day after day this would happen, and we began to wonder whether we should ever be able to get along. It is true that these poor fellows die like rats if they are exposed much to the rain, and they would sit crouching in the tiny huts of the natives or in bushes by the roadside, and, all wet as they were, they soon got ague and fever, and the best thing we could do was to urge them on.

* From "In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country: Travel and Discovery in Central Africa." By A. B. Lloyd. Published by T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

Hood.



The Haunted House.

Stories Illustrating Popular Hymns.

II.—A MAN INDEED!—"THY WAY, NOT MINE, O LORD."

By A. B. COOPER.

THE railway station at Blackham was a survival of the unregenerate days of the railway companies—the days that relegated third-class passengers to cattle trucks. The platform was so low that there might almost as well have been none at all. The buildings were mean and grimy in the extreme, their windows almost opaque from long neglect, and, if the truth must be told, the porters did not show that attention to business which characterises their Metropolitan *confrères*.

Sir James Standring alighted from the train and looked up and down the platform in vain for someone to attend to his luggage. With characteristic hatred of fuss he had not informed his constituents of the day, much less of the hour, of his arrival, and this train—an afternoon one from Manchester—was mainly patronised by boys who attended its famous collegiate school.

Sir James had his back to the train, and his nephew Guy was still collecting his scattered goods within, while Mary, the boy's sister, with her arms full of odds and ends, essayed to reach the platform. A book fell from under her arm on the one side, a golf cape slipped from her shoulders on the other, and she herself, half losing her balance, would probably have followed in their wake but for the intervention of a schoolboy who had also arrived by the train. He rushed forward and caught her just in the nick of time. So helplessly did she alight, nevertheless, that, ere she had the least chance of recovering herself, she swayed into his arms, and the blush, as the boy clutched her wrist and shoulder in his anxiety to save her from a fall, was mutual. Yet she thanked him prettily, and he raised his cap.

"Pon my word, Mary," said her brother, clearing at a bound the distance betwixt the floor of the compartment and the level of the platform with all his impedimenta, "you're a pretty lively party to bring away from home, tumbling into the arms of the first boy you meet—and in your own uncle's constituency, too."

Mary gave him a look of infinite scorn.

"The boy, whoever he was," she retorted, with a dignity which served to cover a trace of vexation, "was much more attentive to me than my own brother, who might easily have

gathered up his golf sticks after he had helped his sister out of the train."

"Easy on, sis! If I'd offered, you'd have said you didn't need your brother's help to get out of a train—you always do."

"Getting out of a train and climbing down a precipice are two very different things. By the way," she added, easily forgetting her annoyance, "where did that swarm of boys come from? They all had the same badge on their caps, I noticed."

"Including your cavalier—yes. Oh, I suppose they are kids from the same grammar school," answered her brother with easy unconcern. "I guess you'll see a few of the tribe to-morrow night, when his excellency the Member for Blackham doles out the prizes. I shouldn't wonder if they present you with a bouquet, Mary. You can practise your bow this evening. I'll take on the rôle of the little kid in white, who comes tripping up the platform steps, tumbles over the mayor's and corporation's feet, and finally deposits herself and her bouquet in the lap of the fair recipient."

But Mary would not stay to listen to any more of his nonsense, and ran after her uncle.

The meeting in the large hall of the Mechanics' Institute was no less enthusiastic because it was non-political. Every student had his (or her) following of mother, father, sisters, cousins, and aunts, all eager to see their own particular *protégé* (and prodigy) march up and receive a prize from the hands of "Our Member."

The platform was occupied by aldermen, councillors, cotton magnates, doctors, lawyers, and the professional fraternity generally, with their wives and daughters attired in the latest Blackham-Parisian modes. There was great clapping of hands when Sir James Standring appeared with the mayoress on his arm. He was followed by the mayor himself, leading in a beautiful girl in a daisy-trimmed hat, which, with the face under it, became at once the cynosure of every eye.

Presently a tall, spare man of middle age, with kindly eye and strong, prominent chin, stepped to the front of the platform.

"I did not come here to-night, Mr. Mayor," he said, "to make a speech, but I am glad,

nevertheless, of this opportunity of saying that I am proud of the young men and maidens of this town. The dull, smoky, grimy towns that cluster round the metropolis of cotton are not attractive to the eye, and even strike the stranger as impossible places in which to live and be happy. There could be no greater mistake. There is a strenuousness, a determination to excel which make these towns a splendid school for the rearing of men and women. But there is also a friendliness and warmth of heart which is better still. And the energy and home-loving qualities of the parents are reproduced in their children, and to-night we have here boys and girls who already give promise of a successful and honourable manhood and womanhood. But while many have done well, one has done splendidly. I refer, as I suppose you will guess, to our young friend, John Denham. He will be the recipient of a large number of prizes to-night, and he has a record behind him and, I pray God, a career before him, which is likely to be a credit to his dear parents and to this town, and may yet make him an ornament of the land we all love."

In the midst of the applause the girl in the daisy hat, following the gratified gaze of the people who sat immediately in front of the platform, became suddenly and intensely interested. She had been only half listening to the remarks of the good clergyman, including his panegyric upon someone unknown, but just as he sat down her indifference vanished as if by magic. She became vividly aware of two people in the middle of the third row from the front, to whom the faces in the audience to right and left instinctively turned. Of these two one was a boy, who was hanging his head and blushing vividly; the other was a man of middle age, but with that prematurely old and wrinkled look which always tells of early hardships and privations. He did not hang his head—he rather lifted it; but there was a strained, tight look about his mouth, and a suspicious brightness in the grey eyes which told of suppressed emotion. He raised a furtive finger to his cheek even as Mary looked.

As the applause subsided the boy raised his head. There was no doubt about it now. He was the boy who had saved her from a fall at the railway station. His eyes met her fixed look, and again the blush was mutual. The girl threw up her chin and glanced hither and thither, for she had been caught in an inadvertent stare, and her pride asserted itself; but the boy dropped his eyes again in renewed confusion.

A surprise awaited the audience. Sir James made a happy little speech, and then announced that he relegated his duty as prize distributor to his niece. She did her part with all the self-possession, dignity, and girlish grace to which she had all her life been trained. By contrast, even the bonny girls of Blackham lacked her daintiness and grace, while the big, over-grown youths who came forward, clad in their "Sunday best," looked awkward indeed, and painfully conscious of their feet.

As the secretary read out the name of John Denham, the eyes looked up from under the eaves of the daisy hat. They knew where to look for the boy who answered to that name. He rose from his father's side and came forward with a gravity and maturity of demeanour which sat a little oddly on a youth of sixteen. The secretary was still reading the list of subjects for which he had gained prizes when John arrived at the table, and a bright smile flitted across his face as Mary essayed to lift the pile of volumes which stood to his name. He stepped forward and helped her to present them to himself, and they both saw the humour of it, and smiled at each other over the top of the books which reached to the boy's chin.

"Thank you," she said sweetly, and bowed to the boy like a queen. John Denham went back to his place with his heart thumping against his books, and thinking more of that little smile and bow than of all the prizes he had ever won, many though they had been.

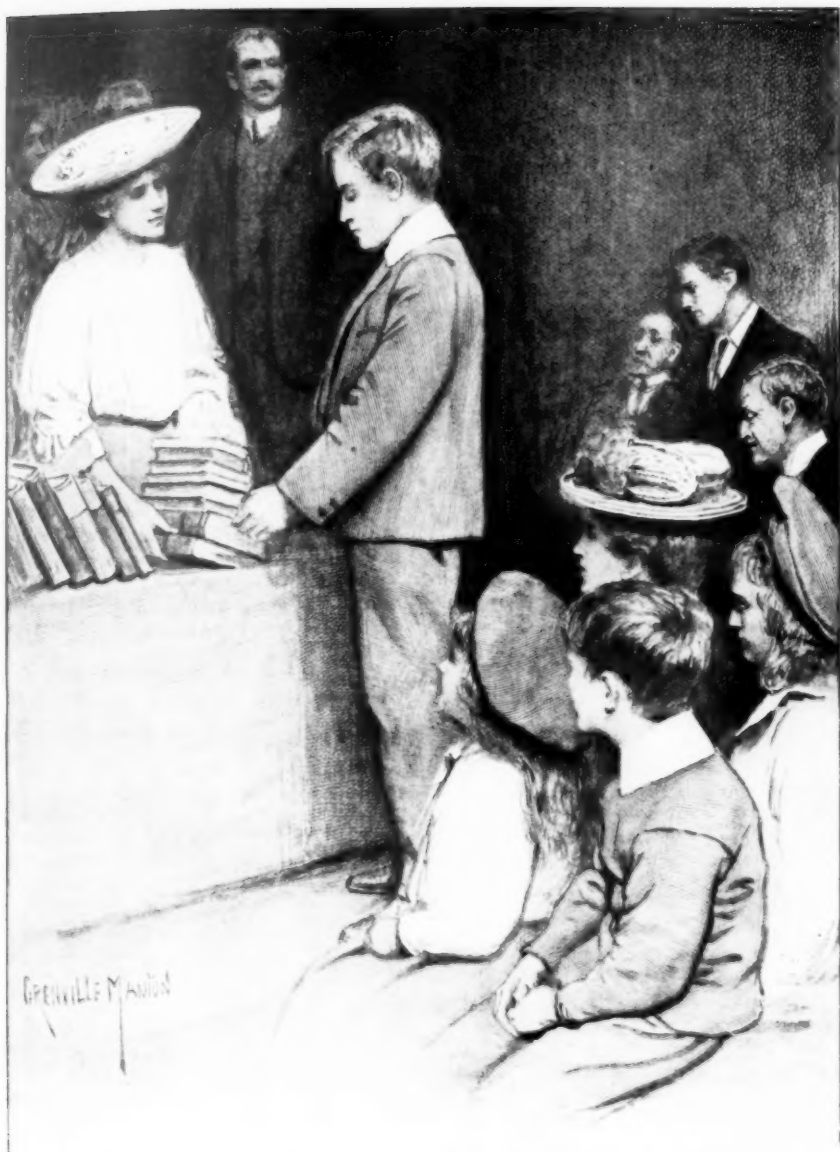
II.

"JOHN'LL be home soon," said Mrs. Denham to the cat, purring comfortably on the rug in front of the highly-polished fire-range. Then she went to the window and drew aside the spotless curtains to get a clear view of the road.

"It looks like rain; it's proper April weather," Mrs. Denham said to the cat again, as she turned from the window. "I do hope John'll get in afore it starts."

Then she busied herself with preparations for tea, spreading a snow-white cloth on the round table and setting thereon brightly-flowered cups and shining jugs. When she had done all this and cut some tempting bread and butter, she stooped down with a certain eagerness, and, opening a tiny cupboard in the dresser and plunging her hand deep into it, she brought forth a jar of home-made preserves.

"John's that fond o' black currants," she said to the cat, which had aroused from its slumbers and was clawing the rug. She



"A bright smile flitted across his face as Mary essayed to lift the pile of volumes which stood to his name."

carefully filled a small glass dish from the stone jar and set it in the place of honour, in the centre of the table. "He deserves a bit of a treat, if ever a lad did," she murmured.

At that moment the rain which had been threatening came pattering against the window-panes. It was the sort of shower which sends everybody scampering for shelter in the hope that it will prove as short as it is sharp, but which wets through in ten minutes if shelter is not to be had.

Mrs. Denham went again to the window and looked down the road.

"I hope he hasna' started fro' th' station," she muttered. Then she started violently, for there was a sound very like a pistol-shot at her very door.

"Bless me!" she said. "What's that?" And turning to look, she saw a girl standing beside her bicycle in the road, and a boy in the act of dismounting from his.

What the extraordinary sound was she did not know, but she did know that a boy and girl were rapidly getting wet through, and the mother's heart within her, which had just sent out a tender thought for John, had ample room for these also. Moreover, it was evident that there was something wrong, for they made no attempt to remount and ride on. Indeed, the boy, having propped his own against Mrs. Denham's fence, bent over the girl's machine.

"Summat's burst," said Mrs. Denham. "That 'ud be what th' noise was. Poor lambs, they musn't stop out there. They'll be wet to th' skin i' no time."

She cast a hasty look round the room. She was aware that the two bicycle riders were not of her own class. Opening the front door, which led immediately into the room without the intervention of a passage, she called:

"Will yo' not come in a minnut out o' th' wet, my dears?"

The girl immediately stepped across the side path and stood at the gate. Her hair, which hung down her back in a brown mass, was already looking draggle-tailed, and the woollen tam-o'-shanter which surmounted it was glistening with rain-drops like a diamond bespangled crown.

"It's very kind of you to ask us," said the girl, "but we are so wet and——" She glanced over her shoulder towards the bicycles.

"You're welcome if yo' don't mind comin' in," said Mrs. Denham, stepping to the gate the better to urge her request. "Bring yo're bicycles in, too. You're welcome."

"You're getting wet yourself," said the girl, pushing open the gate and half-insisting upon Mrs. Denham returning to the shelter of the

cottage. "Come in, and leave the bikes," she called to her companion. "It's raining harder than ever."

"Bring the bicycles, too," said Mrs. Denham, "and we'll give 'em a wipe down."

So the boy hoisted up the girl's machine to his shoulder and carried it indoors, and Mrs. Denham piloted him to the back kitchen, where he deposited it very gingerly on the white-stoned floor.

"Bring the other, sir," said Mrs. Denham, as they returned to the front kitchen.

"No, thank you," said the boy, taking a look at it from the front door. "I'll leave it where it is against the fence. It's only an old crock, and a drop of rain won't hurt it. Do it good, perhaps—wash it."

This boy's easy manner pleased Mrs. Denham, and she gave him a motherly smile. She found herself wishing that her John could add to his manifold perfections this air of absolute self-possession.

Mrs. Denham closed the door, for the rain was coming in, and then invited her guests to the fire where the heat soon made them steam.

"I hope yo're not so far from home," she said, anxiously. "My lad John'll be in soon, and if you'll accept of a cup o' tea it'll help to keep the cold out. Why—here he is," she added the next minute. "He's borrowed an umberella fro' somewhere or other, I see, so he'll ha' ta'en no harm."

In a moment the knob of the door creaked, there was a flap-flapping of an umbrella briskly opened and shut to rid it of its superfluous wetness, behind the slight wooden partition, and a vigorous application of boots to door-mat. Then, like an arrow from a bow—the umbrella held at arm's length—a youth bounded in a minimum of strides across the room and into the back kitchen. He could be heard disposing of the umbrella on the "slop stone," where it could drain without spoiling his mother's spotless "flags," and a moment later he reappeared, much less precipitately, and with his cap still on.

"Whose bicycle——?" he commenced, almost before he got a view of the hearth, but the question was answered ere it was asked. The two strangers had courteously risen from their seats in front of the fire, and were facing him as he entered. He instantly removed his cap and stood still in an attitude of intense surprise.

"This young lady and gentleman——" began his mother, but, seeing the brown-haired girl step forward with extended hand, she came to a full stop, evidently at a loss, for the signs of a previous acquaintance were plain enough.

"We've met your son twice before—at least, I have," said the girl, giving John a tiny

white hand. "I—I think we're doomed to meet. We have to thank your mother for her hospitality."

John Denham was surprised, and showed it. It was one thing to act on the spur of the moment, as he had done at the railway station, or even to nerve himself for the ordeal of going up to a public platform to receive a prize from her hands, but to meet this girl and her brother on his own hearth-stone was quite another. But the boy on the rug, with ready tact, came to the rescue.

He, too, stepped forward and shook hands.

"I've seen you before," he said, "though you may not remember me. I hope you didn't require a van to carry your prizes home the other night. I say, though, you had more all at once than ever I got all my life. How do you manage it?"

"I had the pleasure of presenting your son with such a splendid pile of books the other night," said Mary, smiling at Mrs. Denham.

"Ay, John told me all about it," said Mrs. Denham, already in pretty full possession of the facts. "He said you did it like a queen."

This was too much for John. His mother's enthusiasm had betrayed him. He blushed and turned away to hang up his cap behind the partition. Mary cast a whimsical glance after him and stooped down to stroke the cat.

"If you don't mind accepting a cup o' tea wi' John an' me," said Mrs. Denham, unconscious of her *faux pas*, "you are right welcome. It's rainin' just as dree as ever, so you cannot go out yet, an' I should be sorry for you to go without a cup o' tea."

The two visitors gladly complied, and John set four rush-seated chairs round the table, his mother meanwhile doubling the supply of crockery, and they all sat down.

"Say grace, John," said his mother quietly, and they all bowed their heads, while he said, in a clear, unembarrassed voice: "Be pleased, O Lord, to grant Thy blessing with this food, and make us thankful for all Thy mercies, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

It was quite a merry little tea-party. Mary was very vivacious, and her brother more than kept pace with her. John thought she looked prettier than ever now that she had removed her tam-o'-shanter. Her brown hair, though it did not run to curls, was naturally wavy. It hung unfettered down her back, but in some way which John could not comprehend she had gathered up a wisp from each side, and had made a little crown of it above her fair straight brow. He wanted to look at her much

oftener than he dared, but her direct eyes met his so openly that he found himself unable to stand her gaze more than a moment at a time.

She roundly declared, when Mrs. Denham apologised for the simple fare, that she had never had such a delightful cup of tea in her life before, that the bread and butter was perfection, and that she quite understood John's *penchant* for black-currant jam. In fact, she said more than once—to Mrs. Denham's great delight—that the best thing that had happened that day was the rain, which drove them to such hospitable shelter.

"Well, the rain's stopped now," said her brother, as a glint of sunshine came through the cottage window. "See, it's quite brightening up, and as we both have to walk home, we had better make a start."

"Got to walk home!" exclaimed Mrs. Denham.

"I've punctured my tyre," said Mary. "You know those iron things the people here wear on their shoes?"

"Clog-irons," said John.

"Well, there was one with a nail in it lying on the road. Of course I went over it, and pop went my tyre."

"Have you a repairing outfit with you?" asked John. "I wouldn't like you to walk so far."

"Yes," said Guy; "I believe I have an outfit in my bag, but I don't know how much good it is, for I'm no hand at a puncture myself, so it hasn't been much used."

But the next minute the three were in the little back kitchen, which was as scrupulously clean and tidy as the front place. The bicycle was turned upside down with its handle on the door mat, and John, with his coat off, was "fettling" the bicycle. He proved to be an expert. The outer case came off like magic when he put his long, supple fingers to it. Mary's brother pumped, while John passed the inner tube along his face to find where the puncture was.

"I've got it," he said, as he put his thumb on the spot. "We'll have it patched in no time."

All his embarrassment had fled. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes were bright. He was doing things now. The moment people began to lean on John Denham he felt his responsibility and rose to the occasion. His shyness fled. He became conscious of capacity, and at that moment inequalities vanished, and he felt himself another man's equal.

John Denham was master. Mary and her brother were his helpers.

III.

JOHN DENHAM could never forget something which occurred one night long ago. He had sat late over his books by the kitchen fire, and, slipping off his boots, had crept upstairs quietly for fear of disturbing the parents who had retired early. But they were not asleep; they were talking in the darkness.

"I jwur thinkin' if owt wur to happen to me," his father was saying, "it 'ud be hard on thee, lass, wi' John havin' nowt in his fingers."

"Isaac, lad," came the mother's voice out of the darkness, "dost think aar John would ha' been at top o' th' list if God hadna' put him theer?"

"I reckon not," said Isaac, humbly.

"Then dost think as I'm goin' to stand in his providential way, for fear o' things as may never happen? Nay, nay, lad. While thou has thy health and strength, Isaac, I'll lean on God and thee, and when thy strength fails, I'll lean on God alone. His strength never fails."

"Bless thee, lass," came Isaac's deep voice.

"Aar John's different fro' other lads," went on his mother. "He mun have his chance. He'll make good use on it, never fear."

"I dunnot fear for him or mysel', lass," said Isaac, with a suspicious hoarseness in his voice, "not for mysel', but for thee. It may be years afore he's earnin' owt. But I've a bit put by, an' it 'ud keep yo' goin' for a bit if owt wur to happen to me."

"Dunnot talk a-that-way," said his wife; "dunnot, lad. I cannot abide thinkin' of owt happenin' to thee. And nowt can happen to thee unless He wills it—an' what He wills is best—best, Isaac. Dost believe that, lad?"

"Ay, ay, thank God, I believe it."

And John Denham, spellbound on the topmost stair, caught his breath at that deep tone of conviction, and for the first time realising that he was listening to a sacred conference between two wedded hearts, he stole with infinite care into his little bed-room, said his prayers, and slipped into bed.

But four and a half years had passed since then, and, next to that conversation overheard in the darkness, the most abiding impression left upon the sensitive film of John's memory was of a brown-haired girl, who had come like a being from another sphere, and had sat at the little shiny-topped table in the front kitchen two years ago. It appeared to him now like one of those dream episodes that seem so real while they last, and so impossible in the light of day. But he knew it had really happened and was no figment of his imagination, because she had sent him by post, a few days

later, a little pocket edition of "In Memoriam," inscribed "In memory of a lucky puncture, M.P."

He would carry it with him when he was making for his beloved hills, and would climb up to the moors—for the loveliest haunts of nature are, after all, within walking distance of forge and factory—and, lying face downward among the heather, he would read slowly, slowly, letting the lines sink into his being, until "Tennyson's enchanted reverie" held him in thrall.

There was one passage in the poem which always held a fascination for him. He would read again and again of the man "whose life in low estate began":—

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

"Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the Golden Keys."

Yes, to clutch the "Golden Keys." What were they—the "Golden Keys"? Would he ever clutch them? But a moment later his eyebrows came down and his large, capable-looking mouth set firmly. His thoughts were far away in the valley beyond the little cottage.

It was on such a day that his mother was standing at the little white curtained window with a wistful look in her eyes, and holding a sealed letter in her hand. It was addressed to "John Denham, Esq.," and it bore on its seal the monogram John wore on the front of his blue school-cap. She knew that the envelope contained John's fate, but she would not open it. It was addressed to John, and he alone should reveal its secret.

But John was oblivious of this. It was quite dark as he walked along the sloping road, near the top of which his home stood. He turned the handle of the door and stepped in without a thought that his parents were waiting for his coming with a strained anxiety which was almost pain. But he knew the moment he passed the little partition. They both leapt to their feet.

"It's come, John; it's come," cried his mother, and he saw that she trembled exceedingly.

"God keep us," she whispered as John tore open the letter. One glance was enough. John, too, was trembling now. He could not speak, and his mother feared the worst.

"What—what is it, John? Ne'er heed, lad, if it's bad news. Thou's done thy best," she cried, taking a step towards him. Isaac stood like a statue, but his lips quivered.

"I've got it!" gasped John, and the next minute his little mother, now a head shorter than her son, was in his arms and her grey head was against John's coat, and she was weeping—weeping the gladdest tears she had ever wept.

Isaac let the mother have her cry, but when she lifted her head and wiped the tears away with her white apron he said: "Let us have a word from the Old Book," and they sat round the hearth and Isaac read:

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path. Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord."

Then father and mother and son knelt down together in the little front kitchen, and the only sounds that broke the stillness were the heavy ticking of the clock, and the earnest voice of Isaac Denham, praying for his son.

"O Father in Heaven," he said, with that eloquence of speech which some men only attain in prayer, "Thou hast brought wondrous things to pass, and our hearts are thankful to-night. But we ask Thee to keep us humble in Thy sight. Help us to take as our pattern the meek and lowly Jesus, Who showed us that the way of the Cross is the way to the crown. We thank Thee for our joy. We commend to Thee our son. Let him never put success before duty, or fame before love. Teach him that failure may be the best success, and that he who loses his life for Thy sake shall gain it."

Thus did Isaac Denham pray. Then they arose, and John put his arm round his mother's neck and kissed her. His heart was too full for words.

* * * * *

But ere John Denham could accept the Balliol Scholarship which he had won at the Grammar School, the shadow of death entered the house, and Isaac Denham "went home."

"John, my lad," said his mother on the night of the funeral, "John, I'm a burden to thee. Yo're made for great things, and I'm draggin' yo' back. God help me, I know it."

"Mother—mother!" cried John. "You've striven all your life for me. Cannot I strive for thee now?" He dropped into the dialect in his tenderness.

"Bless thee, lad. Thou looks like thy father now. But thou mun go to thy college, lad."

"Nay, nay, mother. What! Leave thee alone? I'd be nowt but a wastrel if I did. Good-night, mother. I'll never leave thee."

But when John got to his little room he flung

himself on his knees beside his bed, and a great agony came over his spirit.

"Help me! Help me! Help me!" he breathed over and over again, and then, in the darkness, the words of a favourite hymn of his father's seemed to frame themselves as in a luminous disc:—

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me;

"Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest,"

It was God's answer to his prayer, and with a strange peace in his heart he lay down and slept.

IV.

IT was the universal opinion in Blackham that there had never been a stronger candidate for the constituency than John Denham. The retiring member, Sir James Standring, had been in the town some weeks, speaking for him as if he had been fighting his own battle, and a strong friendship had sprung up between the two men, although thirty years divided them.

Guy was down, too, and did yeoman service, but the best helper of all—worth a thousand votes in her own person, John had told her, and in so saying had brought a vivid blush to her cheeks—was Mary herself. On the election day she drove with her father and John round the town, and her queenly beauty, her bright, sympathetic smile, and her absolute unconsciousness of self, won all hearts.

She had visited Mrs. Denham—who no longer lived in the cottage, but in a pretty villa on the outskirts of the town—many times during the past three weeks, and had heard from her own lips the story of John's great renunciation. As she listened the tears rushed to her sweet eyes, and she thought within herself, "This is a man indeed!"

And when the result of the poll was declared and John was triumphantly returned to Parliament, it was Mary who had the honour of congratulating him first, and she got even a louder cheer than John himself when she appeared on the balcony of the town-hall, with her uncle and brother on the one side and the new Member on the other. How the people cheered and roared, and how glad she felt that the man who had given up his splendid prospects for the sake of his little grey mother had come to his own at last.

"Guy," she said the next day, when they were making preparations to depart for home, "Mr. Denham is looking pale and ill after this big fight. You—might—ask uncle to invite him down to Ravenscourt for a few days."

"Happy thought, sis!" said her brother, and he went straight away to act upon the suggestion.

And thus it came to pass that John Denham was received as an honoured guest at Sir James Standring's beautiful country seat. He bore himself with simple dignity, for the old shyness had passed. He was now a man among men. He had faced great meetings and swayed them with his eloquence; he had been a leader and an organiser; he had written a notable book on "Some Problems of Sociology"; the daily papers had been full of his name and his doings, and he felt the God-given power within him. Yet with Mary he still was a little shy, and, strangely enough, the shyness was not all on his side.

But Guy was a faithful ally. He was a very far-seeing young man, and he had read Mary's secret some weeks ago. At first he rather wondered at her preference, but as he learned to know John better he ceased to wonder, and then greatly approved. So he would contrive to leave them alone in secluded places, for he concluded rightly that it was the only way to get things to happen, seeing that John Denham would hesitate, he knew, to "look so high." But nothing seemed to come of it, and he began to despair.

Yet it all happened without his interference, after all. One day Mary strolled to the rose arbour at the bottom of the garden, and there found, lying on the seat, a little well-worn copy of "In Memoriam." She picked it up with a curious flutter at her heart, for she knew before she turned to the flyleaf that it was the copy she had sent to John Denham years before. She turned the leaves over and read

eagerly the passages he had marked. She read the lines about clutching "the golden keys" which were doubly scored, and her eyes took on a soft expression as she thought of all that John had relinquished, and of what he had accomplished in spite of all. Then she started at the sight of her own name, written in a somewhat boyish hand, very faintly, beside a stanza which was scored with three lines:—

"Oh, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
While I rose up against my doom,
And yearned to burst the folded gloom,
To bare the eternal Heavens again?"

She raised the page to her lips and pressed a kiss upon it. Then she gave an exclamation of dismay, for, looking up, she saw John himself standing there, his face glorified with the light of a great, wondering love.

"Mary, Mary," he said, "can it be? It seemed beyond all hope and possibility, but——"

Mary did not speak or move. She hung her head, and presently a tear dropped on the open page. Then John softly stepped behind her, and looked over her shoulder.

"Yes," he said, and his voice quivered with emotion, "you have been with me all the time—from that day to this. I've just loved you, and kept you in my heart."

Mary looked back at him with the love light shining through her tears. Then she turned the pages backward and laid her finger on another stanza, and John read:—

"Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
I cannot understand; I love!"

And he put his arms about her, and she let herself settle in them with her brown coiled hair against his shoulder.





A CHANCE FOR A PAIR OF GLOVES.

What Science Says of the Flood.*

Lost Animals of the Earth.

IT is not altogether an improbable theory that at the time of the Deluge man had been largely exterminated by natural forces, so that he was then limited to a comparatively small area in Central Asia. In such extermination he would only have shared the fate of a large number of animals that failed to survive the world-wide physical changes which accompanied the Glacial epoch; for it is well known that on both continents at the close of the Tertiary period there occurred a remarkable extinction of animals, which is doubtless connected with the advance of the continental ice-sheet. Among these we may mention two species of the cat family (as large as lions), four species of the dog family (some of them larger than wolves), two species of bears, a walrus (found in Virginia), two species of the sea-cow (found in Florida and South Carolina), six species of the horse, the existing South American tapir a species of the South American llama, a camel, two species of bison, two species of elephants and two of mastodons, a species of megatherium, three of megalonyx and one of mylodon—huge terrestrial sloths as large as the rhinoceros, or even as large as elephants, which ranged over the Southern States to Pennsylvania, and the mylodon as far as the Great Lakes and Oregon.

The Early Home of Mankind.

Tradition has long pointed to Central Asia as the original home of mankind, and evidence accumulates going to show that the conditions of life were once more favourable in that region than they are at the present time. Large tracts of land in Central Asia are now arid and barren which once supported a dense population, while many of the races of mankind certainly migrated from that region. The spread of the Indo-European or Aryan language is one of the most striking evidences that Central Asia was the original home of mankind. These languages include the classic, and nearly all the modern languages of Europe, and that of Persia, together with the Sanscrit, the sacred language of India.

How the Flood was Caused.

In cheap derision of the Biblical Deluge we often hear it said that there is not water enough in existence to cover the tops of the highest mountains. This flippant remark overlooks the fact that the Biblical account, as already remarked, represents the Flood as caused not so much by the rising of the water as by the sinking of the land. It says that all the fountains of the great deep were broken up. Now, if all the land in the world should sink below the level of the sea it would raise the water-level only a few hundred feet, whereas the tide regularly rises seventy feet in the Bay of Fundy. The abstraction of the water from the ocean during the Glacial epoch, to be locked up in ice over the northern hemisphere, and its subsequent return on the melting of the ice at the close of the epoch, produced changes in the ocean level half as great as Noah's Flood would have done, on the most literal interpretation of the account.

Danger of a Deluge Passed Away.

The geologist need not be disturbed by such a consummation of events as is described in the Biblical story of the Flood, but he will be surprised at the sobriety of the account, at the prominence given to "the breaking-up of the fountains of the great deep," and at the assurance that the earth is no more to be destroyed by a flood; for these characteristics of the Biblical story are not the natural products of the human imagination, but show that the narrator was restrained, either by personal knowledge of the facts, or by the guidance of divine inspiration. The glacial geologist, especially, may well be impressed by the announcement that the danger of a universal deluge had passed away, since he also now discerns a reason for the present stability of the earth's crust in the passing away of the temporary disturbing conditions connected with the Glacial epoch. Indeed, geologists agree that the present stability of the earth's crust is exceptional.

* From "Scientific Confirmations of Old Testament History." By G. Frederick Wright, D.D., LL.D., F.G.S.A. Published by Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

The Ring and its Story.

By RHODE KNIGHT.

THE story of the finger-ring is one of singular charm and fascination. Rich in incident, it is in its way as picturesque, romantic, and remarkable as the stirring tales recounted by Othello for Desdemona's delectation, and, with all respect to the chivalrous but imaginative Moor, infinitely more reliable. That poetry and legend lend colour and vivacity to the narrative may be admitted; but history, plain and unvarnished, predominates. It is not history of the ordinary type. As the narrative unfolds, striking scenes, quaint customs, stately ceremonies are described, in all of which the ring plays a conspicuous, if not the leading, part. In addition to this, the narrative has much to say of the follies and vanities of men, their beliefs and superstitions, their sentiments, hopes, and aspirations; for, in truth, there is hardly a point in the wide circle of human life, from centre to circumference, that the ring has not touched and, for the most part, beautified.



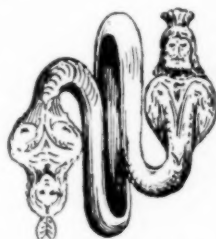
ETRUSCAN GOLD RING WITH SCARABÆUS.

To relate the story at length would require a tolerably big volume—intolerably big, perhaps, to some folk; let us, therefore, act the reviewer, and, after noting a few of the most entertaining passages, leave the reader to consult the book itself as fancy dictates.

The story opens in patriarchal times, for among the rings found in ancient Egyptian tombs are many which erudite archaeologists ascribe to a period slightly anterior to the Deluge. This, however, is debatable ground—the deceptive morass of conjecture, rather than the solid earth of fact. But we feel the latter beneath our feet when viewing the massive gold Egyptian signet-rings, with revolving cylindrical bezels of indigo-coloured porcelain, or the deep-blue porcelain rings bearing a bust of Isis or of one of the Pharaohs in full relief. The

former represent the primitive seals in use when the Israelites were bondmen and before the Pyramids were built; the latter were the common adornments of the prototypes of the modern fellaheen when Solomon was in his glory. In neither case is the workmanship meritorious, the "prentice hand" being plainly visible; skill in design and execution was acquired later, and among the Etruscans attained a degree of excellence never since equalled. Such of their work as remains is a silent yet eloquent testimony to their marvellous skill, but the secret that enabled them to manipulate gold "fine drawn as a hair" is one of the lost arts of the ancients.

In the Etruscan as in the Egyptian rings the device of the scarabæus, or sacred beetle, figures prominently, for to both these remarkable races this curious insect was an object of profound veneration, and as sacred and symbolic in their eyes as the cross is to the Christian.



EGYPTO-ROMAN GOLD RING.

In the days of early Rome, when a Spartan-like simplicity of life was the rule, rings were but little worn, and then rather as a mark of distinction than of personal adornment. Under Tiberius the wearing of a gold ring, restricted by law to the patrician class, became a sign of rank, the emblem of a form of knighthood, much in the same way as, in later times, the ear-ring became among the Incas of Peru. Under that imperial fiddler, Nero, once prosperity had flung open the floodgates of luxury and extravagance, the torrent of fashion carried the wearing of rings to ridiculous extremes. Every finger was loaded, each joint bearing its jewelled garter. A certain dandy, one Charinus by name, is said to have habitually worn sixty at a time, and so proud was he of his jewellery that he did not take it off when he went to bed! More



RING SAID TO HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO JOSEPH BY PHARAOH.

than one old gossipy chronicler relates that Queen Elizabeth's beautiful hands—of which she was inordinately vain—were usually weighed down with costly rings; but for number this ancient fop must surely be awarded the palm.

Possibly it was Charinus—the Beau Nash of his day—who set the fashion of keeping light rings for summer and heavy rings for winter, just as we moderns regulate our wardrobe. Absurd as the fashion seems, it nevertheless tempered



ROMAN LEGIONARY RING.

folly with reason; for, in the furnace-like heat of an Italian summer, to exchange two or three-score heavy rings for as many light ones must have been even more grateful and comforting to these degenerate Romans than it is for an Englishman to discard his silk hat for a panama.

While many of the old Roman rings are curiously familiar, others are equally quaint. The double rings, for example, represent a fashion now as dead and forgotten as the cunning goldsmith who devised it. So, too, do the rings with three and even four connected hoops, which girdled the fingers as with a jewelled knuckleduster. Toe-rings were also once the mode among the leaders



ANCIENT ROMAN BETROTHAL RING.

of society in ancient Rome—a fashion, by the way, revived in Paris during the Directory, when famous beauties promenaded in the parks wearing classic sandals on their dainty feet the better to display their begemmed toes.

How the old Romans forestalled the proverb, "Keep your keys and be

at ease," is quaintly illustrated by the bronze or iron key-rings, utility and not ornament being the first consideration. It was the custom then for valuables to be stored in a chest or casket, the key of which, being affixed to a ring in the manner shown, was carried on the finger as a matter of precaution and security. A variant of this custom, by the way, obtained in Britain in the olden time, when there was a curious fancy of wearing keys in the ears. As honest Dogberry remarks: "They say Conrade wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it."

In connection with these key-rings a curious custom may be noted. When the bride arrived at her husband's home, she

was first lifted over the threshold in accordance with a superstitious rite, and then presented with the keys of the house as a token of her new-fledged authority as well as of her husband's confidence; and it is thought by many that the key-ring was used in this quaint but significant ceremony. Possibly so; for the bestowal or entrusting of a ring, more particularly a signet, was from time immemorial a sign of confidence and of deputed authority. Familiar incidents in the history of Pharaoh and Joseph, and of Ahasuerus and Mordecai, remind us of the emblematic character of the ceremony of investiture, and mediæval as well as ancient history is replete with similar picturesque illustrations.

This chapter on the symbolism of rings is most interesting reading. Varied, delicate, and beautiful as a

bouquet of choice blossoms, symbolism gave a form and fragrance to sentiment—especially religious sentiment—that had otherwise been missing. By means of emblematic devices—now rendered rather obscure by lapse of time—it found deep and significant expression in the rings of the early Christians, whose solitary signet—a striking contrast to the extravagant ostentation of the pagans—usually bore some symbol of the faith once delivered to the saints. Numerous rings of this semi-sacred character have been discovered in the Catacombs and elsewhere, the devices generally depicted being the monogram of Christ; a ship, the emblem of the Church; a dove, the emblem of peace; an anchor, of hope; a palm, the symbol of martyrdom; and a hunted hare, signifying persecution. A stag or hart was intended to suggest the Psalmist's pious aspirations, while a peacock and a phoenix—for mythological symbols were sometimes appropriated by the early Christians—were adopted as emblematic of the Resurrection.

From a very early age the Church utilised the ring as a symbol of authority, more particularly as the insignia of ecclesiastical dignity. Even precious stones were severally invested with a special significance; and as far back as the fourth century a gold ring set with a sapphire—whose clearness



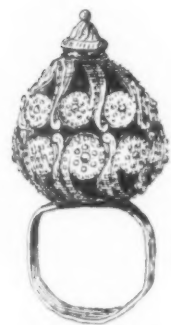
ANCIENT ROMAN BRONZE KEY-RING.

CRUCIFORM OR RELIGIOUS RING.
14 C. GOLD.

was emblematic of hope—was the appointed symbol of episcopal rank. In the Middle Ages the official rings worn by bishops and ecclesiastics generally were sometimes of remarkable size, but this is accounted for by the fact that it was customary to wear them on the thumb and over a glove; and, further, that until Innocent III. prescribed a certain uniformity and simplicity, individual taste often expressed itself in elaborate designs of huge dimensions and semi-barbaric splendour.

Those Brobdingnagian productions, the Papal rings, so-called—one of which is here illustrated—are not, however, examples of this riotous taste, but of the lax morality of the age to which they belong. In accordance with the custom of the times, it was usual to bury the rings—often of immense value—with their deceased owner; but as the tombs were frequently broken open and rifled of these treasures, the genuine rings were retained by the deceased's relatives and friends, who—so it is conjectured—substituted others of

base metal, set with bits of coloured glass and such worthless trash, in order to cheat the cupidity of the sacrilegious marauders. Almost without exception these huge Papal rings are of this worthless character; and as no human hand could possibly have worn them with the least degree of comfort, the conjecture just mentioned offers the only plausible explanation of their use.



RING OF SAMORY, GREAT MOHAMMEDAN CHIEF OF THE WESTERN SOUDAN.

Prior to the Reformation, religious sentiment was commonly displayed in such strange and curious finger ornaments as the crucifix, decade, death's-head, reliquary, and iconographic rings. The first two were used for devotional purposes; the third served as a rather gruesome reminder of the transitory nature of life; while the last two were significant of that superstitious belief in the efficacy of inanimate objects which was



PAPAL RING.

so characteristic of the age. That a representation of St. Christopher bearing the infant Jesus in his arms across a river would, if engraved on the bezel of a ring, preserve the wearer from death by drowning, may be cited as an example of the amazing credulity of the mediæval mind. But, before casting a stone of contempt at this ignorant superstition, it is well to remember that a belief in mascots and lucky charms is not altogether unknown even in this age of enlightenment.

When the popular imagination was saturated with an invincible faith, not only in the existence of evil fairies, demons, witches, and hobgoblins, but in the efficacy of charms and relics, quacks and charlatans reaped a rich harvest of gain. Among other impostures, they manufactured and sold rings to which every imaginable virtue was ascribed, much in the same way as Lucifer, in "The Golden Legend," be-lauds the Water of Life:

"It assuages every pain,
Cures all diseases, and gives again
To age the swift delights of youth."

In the days of bluff King Hal, Jones, the Oxford conjurer, told his dupe, Sir William Neville, that among other marvels he could make rings of gold which would ensure the favour of great men to those who wore them. And Jones did a roaring trade among such simpletons.

The toadstone was prized beyond measure as a specific against the machinations of evil-minded sprites, and, as we learn from Joanna Baillie's correspondence with Sir Walter Scott, continued to be so till far on in the eighteenth century. It is the fossilised palatal tooth of a species of ray, but for many centuries it was popularly believed to be the legendary jewel which the toad carries in its head—a superstition that suggested to Shakespeare the now familiar lines:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."



IVORY AND EBONY DEATH'S-HEAD RING.

The amount of rubbish that may be found in this dust-heap of credulity is amazing. A wolf's tooth, a piece of elk-horn, a fragment of an ostrich bone, a bit of an ass's hoof, a nail from a dis-interred coffin—all these and other equally puerile objects were not only regarded with superstitious awe, but sought for as men seek for diamonds, and

prized as precious and infallible preventives of evil. The custom of wearing such charms was sometimes fraught with considerable personal inconvenience. Joan of Arc, it will be remembered, was charged by her captors with wearing charmed rings to ensure victory over her enemies, whose hands were most probably adorned with similar amulets.



JEWISH BETROTHAL RING.

A chapter of universal interest is that relating to the wedding-ring, the question of whose origin has, strange to say, given rise to innumerable controversial "storms in a teacup." No one is able to fix the time and



VENETIAN JEWISH WEDDING RING.

place of its birth with any degree of certainty. Like Topsy, the wedding-ring seems just to have "grewed." For the rest, we have to be content with such scraps of information as have been picked up in odd corners. Among the Romans, prior to the Christian era, the giving of a ring by the bridegroom-elect to the bride-elect as a pledge formed an essential part of the betrothal ceremony; and if the promise of marriage was deemed worthy of such a token, what more natural than that the fulfilment of that promise should, in course of time, come to be indicated by a similar emblem? The one custom grew out of the



JEWISH AMULET RING FROM JERUSALEM.

other as naturally as the peach succeeds the blossom, and as sunrise follows dawn.

The wedding-ring has assumed various designs at different periods; but the universal tendency is now towards the adoption of the unpretentious gold circlet, the symbolism of which old Herrick has expressed so happily:

"And as this round
Is nowhere found
To flaw, or else to sever,
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever!"

In the Gimmel ring, popularly attributed to Martin Luther, whose wedding-ring was

of this pattern, symbolism strikes a deeper note than Herrick's graceful sentiment. With such deft ingenuity were these rings constructed that when the twin hoops were closed they appeared as one, thus typifying



VENETIAN JEWISH BETROTHAL RING.

the unity of man and wife. A similar idea was symbolised in the Paradise rings, a name derived from the representations they bore of scenes in the Garden of Eden. By the Creation, the Temptation, the Fall, and the Expulsion, not only was the unity of the wedded pair typified, but also their joint participation in the consequences of each other's guilt. It is in such ways as these that rings throw suggestive sidelights on the sentiments as well as the customs of bygone times.

Most curious of all modern wedding-rings

is that used by the primitive fisherfolk of Claddagh, in Galway. Its use dates back to very distant times, just as the design itself seems to have been suggested by the



GIMMEL RING.

Fede rings of the ancient Romans. The Claddagh ring, as it is called, is of all the wife's possessions the most precious; it is religiously preserved, passing from

generation to generation as a priceless heirloom.

We must skip the chapter devoted to "poesy" rings—so reminiscent of that airy

ment nor symbolism will be found, except, perhaps, in the ring commonly worn by the peasants of Alsace and Lorraine after that disastrous war which cost Louis Napoleon



POISON RING, SHOWING
RECEPTACLE.



A TURKISH RING,
HEAVILY JEWELLED.



ITALIAN ORNAMENTAL
RING.



GOLD SIAMESE RING SET
WITH RUBIES.

delicate sentiment, in the expression of which the Romeos and Lovelaces of bygone days acquired such dexterous facility. We must skip, also, that devoted to memorial rings, those costly and once fashionable souvenirs, with their skulls and tombstones and urns—souvenirs which must have been as depressing as the mummy at the feast. We pass these chapters, not because they are uninteresting, but because the rings best described as freaks of fancy seem to offer more entertainment. Here neither senti-

ment nor symbolism will be found, except, perhaps, in the ring commonly worn by the peasants of Alsace and Lorraine after that disastrous war which cost Louis Napoleon



WATCH RING, LATE
18TH CENTURY.

ment nor symbolism will be found, except, perhaps, in the ring commonly worn by the peasants of Alsace and Lorraine after that disastrous war which cost Louis Napoleon



THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA.

THERE'S a voice that speaks to my heart
at night,
When tired nature sleeps
It speaks again when the morning light
O'er the hill-top gently creeps.
It speaks again in the driving blast
Of the gale, with its biting chills.
'Tis the voice of my long-remembered past,
In the Connemara hills.

Oh, Hills of Connemara!
Oh, Connemara Hills!
Sweet are thy shades of purpling gloom,
Thy waterfalls and rills.
My heartstrings draw me back to thee.
There's longing in my eyes
To see where Nature's voice is heard,
God's pulpit in the skies.

To stand once more on thy storm-swept
heights,
And watch the changing skies,
Would be the keenest of all delights
To gladden an exile's eyes.
I've seen the sunshine dispel the haze
Of the clouds that enwrap thy form,
And know if I would on the rainbow gaze
I first must endure the storm.

The show'rs that fall in thy verdant aisles
Are tears from Nature's eyes;
But quickly these tears give place to smiles
And the radiance of sunny skies.
In the desert the rain doth never fall—
God's precious rain so dear.
And those are the saddest eyes of all
That never have shed a tear.

RICHARD ELLIOTT.



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"OUR FATHER."

The Children's Pages.

Conducted by "MR. ANON."

I WANT every reader of these pages to send me a contribution to the Fund we are raising to give a Radiography Apparatus to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. Send your gifts to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. The smallest contribution will be welcome.

MR. ANON.

SUNDAY TALKS.

Honey and the Honeycomb.

BY THE REV. A. AVERELL RAMSEY.

CANAAN is a country famed for honey. More than a dozen times it is mentioned in the Bible as "a land flowing with milk and honey." This description is literally true. Travellers who visit Palestine are astonished at the vast swarms of wild bees seen there. The bees seem to hive anywhere, everywhere. They fill, with their honey, holes in the rocks, form honeycombs in the trunks of old hollow trees, and sometimes hang them on branches. Then the weight of honey in the combs causes some thin film of wax to break, and clear nectar drips down on the fields, on the roads, on the heads of passers-by.

While chasing the Philistines, King Saul's soldiers had been forbidden to eat any food until their enemies were routed. Tired and hungry, they came into a forest, and lo! there was honey upon the ground. "The honey dropped"; it looked tempting and delicious, yet "no man put his hand to his mouth," all were obedient to their royal master. But Jonathan, the king's son, who had not heard his father's command, "put forth the end of the rod that was in his hand," dipped it in the honey, "tasted a little," and was so gladdened and refreshed he wished that all his weary comrades "had eaten freely." The wild honey would have saved them from being faint. It was excellent food, strengthening and sustaining, as well as enjoyable.

In the desert, John the Baptist's meat was "locusts and wild honey." And, by the sea of Galilee, after His resurrection, when Jesus met His disciples, they gave Him for breakfast "a piece of broiled fish and a honeycomb."

In Switzerland, there is honey on every breakfast table. Away up in regions of perpetual snow, there are delightful valleys of

flowers, where the bees have a busy time during the short summer and lay in immense stores. To some visitors this is a surprise. They don't expect to find flowers, bees, and honey in the neighbourhood of ice-fields. One tourist, who arrived after nightfall at a hotel surrounded by snowdrifts, seemed greatly astonished next morning at a dish of delicious honey laid before him for breakfast. Turning to the waitress he exclaimed: "Ah! I didn't know that you kept a bee here." He must have been a simpleton or a merry-andrew. Bees thrive in almost every climate, and honey is a delicacy universally known and prized.

If we were dwelling in Bible lands where "brooks"—"flowing streams of honey," abound, we should readily understand why the prophets and psalmists so frequently refer to it. David mentions, with delight, its sweetness and abundance, which afford him a happy illustration of his spiritual food. What honey was in his mouth, the Word of God is in his heart. He feasts on it. No sweet morsel was more pleasant to his palate than are the divine precepts and promises to his soul. He cannot say too much in their praise. He sings, in a rapture of gladness, "O how love I Thy law! It is my meditation all the day." "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" "More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb" (Psalm xix. 10, *R.V. margin*).

Have we a love like this for God's Holy Word? Do we feast on it with as much relish as if it were a sweetmeat? Do we fill our minds and hearts with its precious truths?

Many more reasons have we than the psalmist had for prizing it. It tells us, much more than it told him, of God's wonderful love and of the great things He has done to save us. Our Scriptures form a considerably larger

volume than David's. There are sixty-six books in our Bible; there were only about six in his. He had no Gospels, no Epistles, no New Testament, none of the writings of Isaiah and other prophets. Probably he had only the first five books of the Old Testament and the book of Job. In these there are difficult names, dry figures, "things hard to be understood." But they record the history of God's ancient people, the Jews. They contain the ten commandments of the holy law. They reveal the way of life and salvation, in types and figures of the One True Sacrifice. And of this little Bible David says: "O how I love it! It is more precious than thousands of gold and silver. Sweeter than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb."

You and I have a Bible ten times larger and richer. It tells of "GOD WITH US"; of Jesus—His birth, childhood, obedience, sufferings, cross, resurrection, ascension to glory. It assures us that He is our Redeemer; and that, having died for us, He is able and willing to forgive our sins, cleanse our hearts, and save to the uttermost.

Surely, the sacred Book that brings such good news is a "precious treasure." Should it not be our delight to "search the Scriptures"—to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them"? Let us daily pray that the word of Christ may dwell in us richly; so shall we be as happy, in feasting on this gospel honey, as was the old prophet who, in partaking of a much less sumptuous feast, gratefully exclaims, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart."

There is honey that is not wholesome. Years ago, in Philadelphia, many persons died from eating poisonous honey. In Asia Minor a beautiful rhododendron grows, and bees are very fond of the flowers; but, its nectar is poison. When Xenophon's soldiers were in that district those who ate of the honey became intoxicated; many fell helpless on the ground, some went mad and died.

There are popular story-books that give pleasure and yet are poisonous. Like the little book which St. John took out of the angel's hand and ate, they are in the mouth "sweet as honey," but, when eaten, hurtful and "bitter." You may eat too much "wild honey"; but Bible honey never cloy, and can never harm. "Thy word is pure, therefore Thy servant loveth it." Some young people, like the gay butterfly lightly dancing from flower to flower, skim the whole garden of fiction without storing any valuable food. When the day of pleasure is over and "the

summer is ended," their souls famish with hunger.

Sacred honey must be toiled for, and the treasure stored. "Thy word have I hid in my heart." We must be, not butterflies, but bees—diligent students. Dr. Moffat tells of a girl in Africa who, having noticed that Bible readers were usually happy people, put her New Testament under her pillow as a charm, expecting that the spirit of the book would enter into her while she slept. Not so shall we "suck honey out of the rock." Ours must be a wakeful, prayerful, earnest search.

"Turn the Bible o'er and o'er,
Read its pages more and more;
All that mind can e'er receive,
Or the loving heart believe,
In this volume can be found;
Turn the Bible round and round.
O, my soul, thou hungry bird,
Taste the honey of the Word!"



DAN AND DUCKY.

A COMPLETE STORY BY K. E. VERNHAM

THE city traffic was suspended for a moment or two; a motor-car snorted impatiently; a 'bus-driver, holding up his horses, made facetious remarks to the chauffeur, while the driver of a waggon exhorted the policeman not to hurry, as they all had plenty of time.

An old lady inside the 'bus asked her neighbour if they were waiting for royalty, and looked out in pleased expectancy.

"No, mum," said the neighbour; "that's what the whole busy street is held up for."

A small boy in ragged garments, with a shock head, and staggering under the weight of a baby, was crossing the road, piloted by the friendly policeman, who, with a kindly "All right, sonny," let the traffic resume its course.

"Bobbies won't let us get run over, will they, Ducky?" Dan said breathlessly, as he put his charge on her feet.

"Ducky hung'y," responded the little one.

"Well, I ain't got no grub for ye, so it ain't no use," Dan said, crossly, because he was sorry.

Ducky whimpered a little, and pointed a small grimy hand entreatingly at the window of an eating house.

"Sort of hurts, it do," Dan said, turning from the window. "Look there, Ducky, ain't that a pretty cart? I s'pose there's some blokes as always has as much as they wants to eat. My! it don't seem as if I'd ever leave off—pickles and jam and pudden!"

He and Ducky had been wandering about all day. The step-sister, who had grudgingly

given them a home since their mother's death, had told them to make themselves scarce, as she wanted to be busy. She had given them each a penny wherewith to provision themselves for the day; but as Ducky's had bought unwholesome looking sweets, and Dan's two ill-favoured cakes, the provision had not lasted long.

People wondered why Mrs. Mank—usually, and for very good reasons, called "Topsy Till,"—had continued to keep the children after her husband's death. But she had promised her mother she would, and in spite of her drinking habits she had so far proved faithful to that promise. She earned good money at laundry work, and could well afford to fulfil her trust, but her one room was most miserable, and the children dirty and neglected. Dan did his best for the little one, Ducky, as she was always called, and managed for the most part to evade school.

"I hope Till'll have some grub," Dan said, as he made his way up the untidy stairs to their home. No one was about, and Tilly Mank was not in their room.

Dan looked about, and, rather to his surprise, found a whole loaf, and something which he called jam in a saucer. Sticking to the saucer was a paper, with writing on it. With some difficulty Dan managed to read the message.

"I'm off," it said; "rent is paid two weeks, then you and Ducky must do for yourselves. I ain't coming back no more. You can have the things."

There was no signature, and none was needed. It had to be thought about, but as Ducky was crying for food Dan gave her a good slice of bread and jam, and with another in his hand he considered the situation, eating thoughtfully the while.

He was not particularly surprised or hurt that Tilly should have left them, and it showed more consideration than might have been expected that she had paid a fortnight's rent. He got up and looked about the room. There was a small heap of coal, some cracked and chipped crockery, and a few other things. All—and it was very little—that was worth carrying away Tilly Mank had taken with her.

"Dunno how we shall do," Dan said to himself, for Ducky had fallen asleep. "I ain't going to no 'ouse, I ain't. They would take Ducky away. Wish we was dead and buried."

The landlady of the house had not been surprised at receiving Topsy Till's rent so much forward. Mrs. Mank paid when she had the money, thus feeling free to do as she liked with the rest. And now, though she had her

suspensions that her lodger was not coming back, she did not trouble. It would be time to turn the children out when no rent was forthcoming.

Dan had the usual shrewdness of London children, and there were ways by which he could earn a few coppers, only the presence of Ducky was a hindrance. Of course she must go where he did; he could not leave her alone.

The days passed, and somehow they were not entirely without food, but it was very little. Ducky ceased to cry for it, and only whimpered a little, and lay still.

Tiredness and want of food were making Dan despondent. He was really quite friendless, and, without knowing it, was yearning for care and kindness. Often he would cross the busy street just because he should get a kindly word or greeting from the big policeman who was stationed there.

"Here, sonny, you must not cross more than you can help," the policeman said to him one day, when for the second time he had held up the traffic for the children. "Are you obliged to come?"

"No," said Dan unexpectedly. "I wanted to see you."

"Bless me!" Constable Stacey responded, much surprised. "But I can't hold meetings out here."

"No," Dan answered, "but you laugh to me. I won't come no more to-day, guv'nor."

"Here, wait a bit," said the policeman, hastily diving into his pockets and extracting a few pennies. "You go and get the little 'un a glass of milk; she looks to want it; and get some cakes for yourself."

He turned off, and Dan went on his way, his heart swelling with gratitude.

"I'd like to do something for him, I would," he thought. "I'd like to catch burglars what was going to hurt him, and kill them dead. I'd like to do something for him."

And as the policeman made his way home he was thinking much the same of the boy. Mr. Stacey had his own little home, of which he was very proud. It was in the heart of the city, high up in a warehouse, and consisted of several small, strangely shaped rooms.

Mary Stacey was the apple of her father's eye. They had been all in all to each other since the sad time, twelve years ago, when Mrs. Stacey had died, and the little one had sat on her father's knee, comforting him. Mary had grown up a very pretty girl, modest and retiring, old-fashioned some people called her, for she had the home virtues which are considered rather out of date.

It would not be long before Mr. Stacey had his pension, and the two had dreams of a little cottage in the country, where Mary could keep fowls, and where her father need not be away from her.

"What are you thinking of, Dad?" Mary asked, the night after her father had given the pennies to Dan. "Has anyone been very wicked?"

"No, dear; but there are plenty of miserable folk. I was thinking of two poor little kiddies I saw to-day."

"Tell me about them." Mary never felt too old to sit on her father's knee, and she twined her arms round his neck.

So he told her of Dan and Ducky, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Daddy, find out where they live; perhaps I may go and see them."

"I don't know, my dear," the constable said doubtfully.

Yet he looked out for the children, but they did not come again. Mary inquired a good many times, then ceased to ask, though she did not forget. She and her father had plenty to think of just now, for an old uncle had died, and left the policeman a small weekly sum. With that, and the pension to which he would be entitled, they hoped soon to realise their wishes for a country life.

As Constable Stacey ordered the traffic in the busy London street he thought of the quiet little cottage, and the happy life he and Mary would have together. She had to be left so much alone now, though she never complained, and she often contrived her errands so that she could have a word with her father.

"Please, sir, I want to cross," said a demure voice at his elbow one day, and he turned to see the laughing eyes of his Mary.

"You monkey! You'll have to wait a bit," he said with quiet amusement.

"Dad," she said, "I do believe there's that little boy you told me about on the other side."

"He hasn't been here," said the policeman. "maybe he'll come, and I'll find out something about him. Now then."

There were others beside Mary crossing, but it was Mary who was watched by Dan's tired eyes. Dan was very near to giving up, and now he had set Ducky against a wall because he felt he could not hold her. He had been making up his mind to talk to the policeman, and had watched from the other side of the road till he should be less busy, or should go off duty.

A heavily laden cart was passing, and Dan's quick eyes saw that the rope that held the loads together had slackened, and a big bundle

was slipping down, slowly but surely. As he looked it fell, and in a moment the street was a scene of confusion.

A horse attached to a light cart had been struck by the falling package. It could not have been much hurt, but it was very much frightened, and pranced and struggled. The people who had been crossing the road rushed in different directions, while Mr. Stacey did his best to help them, and to get the traffic under control again. One woman fell close to the wheels of an omnibus, and her screams added to the confusion.

It was all happening in less time than it takes to write about it, and Dan, as he looked on excitedly, saw that Mary Stacey was left alone in the road. The struggling horse was close to her; she slipped, and was down among the trampling hoofs.

Dan sprang forward; his small, thin body passed between carts and horses, avoiding hurts. He dragged at the girl, thrusting back a shaft that was pressing her back. Then he caught the bridle of a restive horse, trying to turn its head aside. Someone shouted, and the horse easily tossed him off, and he fell. It seemed to him that all the hoofs and wheels were on him at once, while something particularly heavy fell on his right hand and arm, holding it to the ground. After the first shock of agony he did not mind very much. In some marvellous way a space round him was cleared, and Constable Stacey was bending over him.

"Ain't hurt, is she?" Dan inquired eagerly.

"No, my boy; only frightened."

The policeman, with the help of some men, lifted the heavy weight from the boy; but though he had seen some sights he sickened as he looked at the crushed hand. He had not learned first aid for nothing, and taking a piece of thin board from a cart near, he passed it under the arm and hand, and so lifted it.

"Guess I'll have to have it cut right off."

Dan said. "Am I going to the 'orspital?"

"Yes, we will hurt you as little as possible," the policeman said.

Dan's head fell back on the shoulder near him and his eyes closed. Yet he was not unconscious, for as he heard a murmur of "Dead, poor little chap!" he roused.

"No, I ain't neither," he said. Then, with his uninjured hand he caught at the policeman's sleeve. "Say, mister, I can't go. Ducky ain't got no one else."

Mr. Stacey looked round. Someone had lifted Ducky away from the people who crowded round; she caught sight of Dan, and raised a shrill cry. The policeman saw his daughter standing by, her face white, her limbs shaking.

and he judged that to have someone else to care for would be the best help for her.

"Take the little girl home till I come," he said hastily; then, as Mary took the little one in her arms, he bent over Dan again. "It's all right, sonny. We will take care of the little one; don't you trouble."

Then the darkness that Dan had been holding back by force of strong will swallowed him, and he was carried away.

When at last Policeman Stacey could go home he found Mary busy with some pieces of print. She greeted him brightly, and showed him Ducky asleep on two chairs, arrayed in a night gown that might have served for a long frock.

"All right, my girl?" the policeman asked anxiously.

"Yes, daddy dear, quite. She is such a little darling, with such funny ways, and such pretty hair now she is washed. I am making her an overall, and some other things. I've burnt hers; they were dreadful. Father, how is he?"

"Bad, my dear. They have had to take off his arm above the elbow. He's so weak from want of food that they are afraid for him."

Mary cried, and her father sat down and took her on his knee, comforting her as he had done when his little Polly came to him with a broken doll. He petted and soothed her, and presently she lay still with her head on his shoulder.

"Father, he did it for me," she said in an awed voice. "May I go and see him? And you will let his little Ducky stay here?"

"Yes, dear, for the present, if you will take care of her. I find that since they were turned out of their room they have been living and sleeping anywhere. They are alone in the world."

"They shan't be any more," Mary said, getting up to look at Ducky.

Dan did not take much notice of anyone. Lying there in his hospital bed, not suffering much, it yet seemed that he might be slowly sinking out of life. They did all they could for him, but he had little power of recovery. A long course of neglect and insufficient food had done its work, and Dan, a little derelict of the London streets, lay in harbour indeed, but whether he would be able to put forth again on life's troubled waters was very doubtful.

Mary had dressed Ducky in fresh print frocks, and the little child, with her short curly hair, and dark eyes, now that she was clean and

well-fed, was rather pretty. Mary had grown very fond of her, and her father loved to watch her mothering the little one.

"Father, you will let them both come into the country with us?" Mary said one day.

"I don't know, my dear. We might get them into orphan schools, or something."

"Oh, no," said Mary vehemently. "Let us keep them."

"It's this way, Polly love," Mr. Stacey said, slowly. "There's a deal to think about. If I take them I shan't be able to get you so many things, and you will have to work harder. There's many things you might have to put up with. You see, you would not be the only one I should have to think about."

She flung her arms round his neck. "But you would love me just the same, Daddy, and I won't be jealous."

Perhaps he thought he loved her the more for her unselfishness. He had left the force now, and was settling about a little cottage in Kent.

"Won't Dan be pleased!" Mary said, as they went to the hospital.

Dan was lying very flat on his bed, and there was an air about him that seemed to say he could not lie down low enough. He smiled faintly at his visitors, and gave a little "chuck-chuck" as Ducky patted his cheek.

"Dan, you'll soon be well, won't you?" Mary said wistfully.

"I dunno," said Dan.

"Oh, Dan, you must. We've a lovely plan for you. We're going to take you into the country, and you'll get quite strong, and Ducky will run about. Oh, Dan, you must like it," Mary broke off entreatingly, for the boy was looking at her solemnly, yet with a look that only seemed to take her in as it passed beyond her.

"Aye," he said, with a little sigh, "it'll be fine for Ducky."

"And for you, too. Oh, Dan, it will!"

"May be," said the boy slowly; "but I'm too tired to care much. I'd like Ducky to grow up like you. You'll learn her prayers and that."

"You had better rest, my boy," said Mr. Stacey, seeing Mary could not answer.

"Aye, I'm going to. You allays spoke kind to me, and helped me across. I'll go to sleep a bit now."

The ex-policeman stooped and kissed the boy's forehead, and, treading softly, he went away down the long ward, with Mary and the little one.

The Beliefs of Unbelief.

By DR. W. H. FITCHETT.

THE PUZZLE OF THE BIBLE.

"The Bible is a book which man could not have written if he would, and would not have written if he could."—HENRY ROGERS.

"If an inhabitant of another planet were to visit our sphere and should ask to see the most significant, victorious, and precious object now known to man, I, for one, should unhesitatingly show him the Bible."—JOSEPH COOK.

THE Bible, as seen by Christian faith, is not a book of speculations and guesses, a book which represents the groping of the human mind after God. It is a revelation: the discovery God has made of Himself to man. It is the statute-book of the human race. There is a revelation of God in nature, and in secular history. But language is the fundamental distinction betwixt man and the beasts. It is the Rubicon, to quote Max Müller, on the hither side of which men alone are found. "Man is man," says Humboldt, "only through speech." And it was fitting that God, Who has bestowed on us this great faculty of language, should make the highest disclosure of Himself through that channel.

A Planless Cluster of Pamphlets.

But if we consider the literary form through which these high offices are fulfilled, the Bible can only be described as a paradox, the disappointment of all human expectation. To look at it, it is a book of scraps; a planless cluster of pamphlets, representing the literature of the most unliterary of nations. Here are sixty-six booklets of the most diverse character, some of them of unknown, some of doubtful, authorship, scattered thinly over sixteen centuries. They are made up of biographies, hymns, episodes of tribal history; laws of a social system which no longer exists; genealogies of men in whom nobody is interested; letters to Churches dead for centuries; tales of old, far-off, forgotten things, and battles long ago. One book is an Eastern love story; another is an episode in Persian history which has not the name of God in it; yet another is the letter carried by an escaped slave who was being sent back to his master; yet another is a collection of proverbs of the "Poor Richard" order.

Sixty-six pamphlets, written without concert, by a scattered line of unknown men, and preserved, we hardly know how, packed

with mysteries, full of what seem insignificant or irrelevant details. And yet this Book is the greatest literary possession of the race, the enduring revelation of God to man. It constitutes the title deeds of Christian institutions. It is the lesson book of Christian faith, the final code of human conduct. "We have no other Christian religion," says Dr. Pope, "than that which is one with its documents and records. The character of Christianity is the character of the Bible."

If asked to describe in advance what the Bible of the human race should be, certainly no one would have guessed this particular form. "Might we not easily have had," it is natural to ask, "a book with fewer mysteries and digressions, a book that left nothing untold, that could be demonstrated like a proposition in Euclid, and which no Higher Critics could dissolve into a mist of wavering dates?" A revelation given to all, given simultaneously, and given adequately: this is what seems to be needed.

Let us imagine a committee of philosophers—or of poets, or lawyers, or historians, or newspaper editors—employed to draw up in advance a plan for a Bible. It is highly probable, of course, that such a committee would never have agreed amongst themselves; but it is certain that if they had, they would have given us a Bible quite unlike that it has pleased God to bestow.

What a Human Bible Would Be.

The lawyers would have given us a code; the theologians a catechism; the philosophers a volume of metaphysics. A committee of newspaper editors would have provided for us an "up-to-date" book, all "cross-heads" and sensations and picturesque descriptions. The poets would have given us an epic embroidered with sonnets. The scientists would have made science itself unnecessary by preparing us a compendium of all knowledge, the natural history of things in general, a book which would have left the planet without a secret, and the human intellect with nothing to interest it.

All of them would have insisted on a library instead of a simple book. For consider the scale on which uninspired human literature is planned. Hodder's "Life of

the Earl of Shaftesbury"—to take the first book on the shelf—contains some 360,000 words. Mr. Morley writes the "Life of Gladstone" on a still ampler scale, in three stupendous volumes. But for the life of Christ we have four thin pamphlets no bigger than tracts. Matthew tells the amazing story in 23,000 words, Mark in 15,000 words!

When we remember how many volumes Kinglake takes to describe a third-rate war which settled nothing; and what space Macaulay requires to tell the tale of only six years of British history, what a stupendous book—or library of books—a committee of uninspired editors would require to tell the whole story of the planet, and of the religious history of the human race! The Bible that the human mind would have invented is something to meditate over.

And yet this amazing book, that affronts all expectation, that seems, in literary form, to be utterly unfitted for the great offices of a Bible, has influenced the imagination of the world, and the history of the race, not only more than any other book that can be named, but more than all other books put together. It has determined—or is visibly determining—the morality of the race. Nations live by it, or die by quarrelling with it. This tiny collection of Hebrew books not only lies on every pulpit lid in Christendom; it is the shaping force in human affairs everywhere.

Serving World-wide Humanity.

Theodore Parker was by no means an orthodox Christian, but he had a touch of true spiritual genius, and of the insight which spiritual genius gives; and his testimony to the Bible is a classic. The sun, he says, never sets on its gleaming page. It goes to the castle of the king and the cottage of the peasant. It colours the talk of the street, it is woven into the web of universal literature. It talks to us in our solitude, consoles our grief, rebukes our baseness, gives new ideals to our conscience. The aching head finds a softer pillow when the Bible lies underneath. This book blesses us when we are born, gives names to half Christendom, adds a sanctity to the marriage tie, writes an inscription of hope on the graves of the dead. "Our best of uttered prayer," says Theodore Parker, "are in its storied speech wherewith our fathers and the patriarchs prayed. Men who believe nothing else that is spiritual believe the Bible all through."

Generation after generation arises, each

with its separate ideals and needs, each with its own language. The literature of yesterday is not the literature of to-day. Famous books go out of fashion, and are read only by scholars and antiquaries. But this immortal book is the contemporary of all ages. It talks in the speech, and with the accents of each generation in turn. The silver cord of the Bible is not loosed nor its golden bowl broken as centuries slip by, like beads on the thread of time. The Bible, says Theodore Parker, is the master of the soul, wiser than reason, truer than conscience, greater and more trustworthy than the religious instinct itself.

Creating Other Literature.

The scale on which it is perpetually multiplied is only one proof of the stupendous force of the Bible. One English society alone has translated it into 400 languages, and prints 6,000,000 copies of it annually. This tiny volume, moreover—the work of nameless men, and, taken humanly, the annals of a perished race—has somehow created a vaster literature about itself than any other book that can be named. No other book has called into existence—for attack, for defence, for illustration, for proof, and for disproof—so many volumes. The sixty-six pamphlets which make it up are, in mass, about one-three-hundredth part of extant Greek and Roman literature; works which, taken intellectually, are the classics of all time. Yet the Bible has given birth to a vaster literature than all the Greek and Roman classics put together, and yet is not itself submerged. It rises high above the literature devoted to its exposition like the oak above the leaves of last year's spring. "The little ark of Jewish literature," says Henry Rogers, "floats upon the surges of time, while the wrecked archives of huge Oriental empires are turned into mere flotsam and jetsam."

Surviving its Critics.

How often this book has been torn to rags, refuted, destroyed. But the anvil outlasts all the hammers that smite it. The men who attack the Bible, the volumes written to disprove it, are forgotten, while the immortal Book lives on. The Bible, too, survives its friends as well as its enemies. The Psalms have outlived Tate and Brady, Sternhold and Hopkins. The histories of the Bible are cut into fragments by the dissecting knives of scholars, and yet, somehow, they keep the unity that belongs to life. Some

strange gift of indestructible life is hidden in this volume. History is strewn with the wrecks of a hundred perished literatures; but time has no destroying office for the Biblical records. Great nations are only remembered, indeed, as embalmed in them. "Some nations and empires," says Henry Rogers, "are not forgotten, only because the Bible has occasion to mention them." Some element not born of human genius, but which outshines genius, lies in its pages. Other books have their day and they die. Their language grows obsolete. The world's thought runs in new channels, and they are left mere stranded wrecks on Time's shore. But this book belongs to all the centuries, and outlives them all.

Indestructible Unity.

"A planless book," a "book of scraps," men call it. And yet it has the indestructible unity which life alone gives. If tried only as a poem is tried, and by purely literary tests, the Bible is a great epic, with the unity of plan that belongs to an epic. It has a lost Paradise at the beginning, a Paradise regained at the end, with a divine redeeming process running through thousands of years, linking both visions together. One sublime idea shines behind the many books of the Bible. It is the recovery of a fallen race; the rebuilding of the kingdom of God in human life. And the instrument of this great process is Jesus Christ. The Bible is nothing but a frame of historical events in which Christ is set. All the early books of the Bible prepare for Him, whisper of Him, point to Him; all the later books look back to Him. Under all its forms the Bible is thus the servant of one idea.

And the unity which is thus revealed, it must be repeated, is the product of human elements which seem in utter discord with each other. Here is a number of unknown writers, belonging to different races, born under different skies, parted by centuries from each other, with no common plans, and most of them visibly without any notion that what they write is to be part of the Bible of the human race. These are the elements not of unity, but of discord.

Imagine sixty-six composers scattered over the world, each man setting up some solitary word, without any knowledge of what the other sixty-five were to produce. And lo! the sixty-six words when put together fall into what may be called lyrical relations with each other. They make not merely an intelligent sentence, but a poem,

with linked sweetness of rhythm, and chiming harmonies; a poem of which the sense is not only clear, but rises to one sublime climax. Could anything less than a miracle produce the rhythm of a perfect sonnet from a number of words set up independently? There *must* be a single controlling Mind behind the words to explain the poem.

Or, to vary the figure, the Bible is a portrait. The face of Christ looks out, tender, pure, divine, if with varying clearness, from every page. Is it credible that sixty-six chance daubs, of chance colours, made without agreement betwixt themselves by a number of chance men, could produce a Face that arrests the attention, and stirs the love of the world?

The Bible, tried by ordinary tests, is thus the great puzzle of all literature. What is the explanation of the puzzle? To give the answer of Christian faith in Christian terms, the secret of the Bible lies in the fact that it is not the product of human genius, it does not reflect the mind or record the discoveries of man. It reflects the mind of God. It is a channel through which runs a stream of spiritual force. It is not a discovery, but a revelation. It is, to use terms of theology, a divinely inspired book.

Not Verbal, but Plenary Inspiration.

About the inspiration of the Bible there are many theories and many perplexities. The notion of a mechanical inspiration, a force which blotted out the individuality of the writers, and used them as unconscious pens—mere pipes through which the divine stream flowed—is not necessary to Christian faith, and is not, as a matter of fact, held by any large section of the Christian Church.

A verbal inspiration, co-extensive with the Bible, is unnecessary for the ends of the Bible, and is inconsistent with the facts of the Bible. Such an inspiration would be useless to us to-day; for if it were given to the original documents of Scripture it is cancelled by the fact that these have long since perished. It is discredited by the fact that there is in the Bible visibly no great care taken to ensure an exact verbal uniformity in different reports of the same event. When the four evangelists give some memorable saying of Christ, each one records it with some slight variation of details and phraseology. There are variations in the reports of some of the most solemn words uttered by Christ, such, for example, as the words employed at the Last Supper. The records, it is true, are absolutely uniform

in spirit and meaning: the variations only prove the independence of the writers.

A verbal inspiration governing every word of the Bible is discredited, again, by the fact that, while there are some 263 direct quotations from the Old Testament in the New Testament, scarcely any one of these is verbally accurate. "It has not pleased God," says Dr. Pope, "to bind up His eternal truth absolutely and inseparably for good and evil in documents which perish in the using."

Tranquil Certainty.

What the general faith of the Christian Church holds is the plenary inspiration of Scripture; an inspiration which, when necessary, is verbal, but which always is sufficient to ensure the full and accurate conveyance of the truth to be revealed.

This divine element in the Bible explains that strange and separate note of tranquil certainty which runs through it. It does not argue, it announces. It is not concerned to *prove* the foundation truths of religion, the existence and holiness of God, the eternal authority of righteousness, the moral nature of man, the fact of sin, and of a redemption from sin, the final judgment that awaits all human deeds. It assumes these truths; it proclaims them. They are not matters for debate, they are not to be justified by anxious syllogisms. They are certainties, certainties that find their attestation in the soul itself. The Bible, in a word, offers us not a philosophy or an argument, but a Message. Its accent is not that of a human teacher catching the broken vision of truths far off and dimly seen, and striving to utter and prove them. The note is always one of authority; its accent that of a divine revelation, not of a human discovery.

The force in the Bible we call inspiration explains, again, the indestructible power of the book; a power of which the writers themselves were unconscious, and which certainly cannot be accounted for by any genius in them. No one can pretend that a handful of untaught Jews—herdsmen, fishermen, peasants—outscale in intellectual literary

power all the great names not only of Greek and Latin literature, but of the literature of all races and of all ages. Who will compare, as far as natural genius is concerned, David with Homer, or John with Plato, or Peter with Marcus Aurelius? There was only one scholar and man of genius—Paul—in the group of New Testament writers.

To take the personal and intellectual elements in the writers and try to explain the Bible by them is like taking the dead wire, the metal switch, the loop of calcined fibres, which are the machinery of an electric lamp, and offering *them* as an explanation of the electric light itself. These things are but the channel of the subtle, invisible force running back into mystery, that we call electricity. When anybody can explain the electric light without an electric current, then we may explain the Bible without a divine inspiration. Visibly there is something more in the book than there was in the men who wrote it, and this mysterious and magnificent *plus* is the divine energy we call inspiration.

"In the Present Tense."

And this has to be said about the Bible—this is too commonly the forgotten thing about it; its inspiration is not something lying far back in distant centuries when the books were first written. It is a fact in the present tense! It is a force affecting the readers of to-day as well as the writers of yesterday. For the man who reads it with believing eyes the Bible is still flooded from cover to cover with inspiration. It thrills in every syllable with more than elemental forces; forces which penetrate to the very heart of the reader and stir all its deeper emotions as the moon stirs the sea-tides. SOMETHING is in the book which breaks out—now in one place, now in another—with pulses of spiritual energy, gleams of unearthly light. It is as though first one cluster of words and then another become suddenly and strangely luminous. For the devout soul the Bible is always a book of divinest magic.



Granny Whitman's Heart.

A Complete Story.

By THEO. DOUGLAS.

IT was Sunday evening. Mrs. Whitman had earned her Sabbath rest by a hard-working week; the house was trim behind her, spotless and dustless, there was not a weed in all the garden; and as she sat on the bench by the hollyhocks in her neat dark dress and snowy apron, the satisfaction which follows industry may well have been hers.

But somehow her conscience was uneasy; a conscience which had hitherto disturbed her little, approving what her will dictated—and Mrs. Whitman's will was a strong one. Yet now had come, as it seemed by chance, that stirring of the spirit which visits us all at times. Some words heard in the Church Service were repeating themselves in her memory, and the old woman was dis comforted. "Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!"

"I've always been one to do right," she said within herself, the inward voice replying to the inward monitor. "I've been honest as the day. I haven't taken so much as a crumb that wasn't justly my own. Nobody can throw anything up against me, unless it is that I have been a bit hard. Whatever their words may mean to other folks, they have no call to mean anything to me."

A bit hard! Yes, she had been a hard woman, and she knew it. Hard in her youth to the dead and gone husband she had almost forgotten; hard in time present, in her age, to the girl servant who helped in the dairy work, exacting the utmost service, and giving the least possible in return; hard, too, in the strongest affection of her life, which was for her two daughters.

"It was because of Bessie," she said, justifying herself. "I'd have forgiven Maggie, but for that. But when her wickedness broke Bessie's heart and I saw her die, hadn't I the right to be angry? The Lord says, them that trespass against ourselves. But suppose the trespass is against another? We aren't bound to forgive that, that ever I heard of, in the Bible or out of it."

A hard woman! It was the only sin she owned to, but by that acknowledgment she stood condemned. The house was a lonely one with no love in it, and she was solitary in her age. And what was the word sent to her long ago about Maggie, telling of early widow-

hood and struggle and ill-health—Maggie sickly, who had been always strong at home! It was a friend who sent the tidings, not Maggie, who had much of her mother's pride. And what had been Mrs. Whitman's reply? Maggie had made her bed, and must lie on it.

In that solitary Sunday hour, the first misgiving touched her. What was to grow from that beginning? The opportunity of repentance comes of God's grace; would it be set before her now? Would the proud spirit be renewed, the heart cleansed and softened, before she entered that Valley of the Shadow which leads up to the Gate of Life?

Round about Mrs. Whitman's small farm holding the purple wastes of the moor spread to the north and east. Here sheep wandered and grazed, and the wild bees hummed; above the larks rose, singing and hovering. The birds were still now in the advance of evening, the sunset glow was fading, though still it touched with scarlet a wreath of cloud hung overhead. Along the white road came two wayfarers, a woman and a child; the woman footsore and weary, hardly equal to her burden, the child carried on her shoulder and sleeping there, secure of mother-love in the midst of a changing world. They were not of the tramp class yet, whatever might be in store for them in the future or for one of the two. Both were decently clad, and the child's dress was clean, and even pretty and tasteful; it was a plump arm which clung about the mother's neck, though the woman was haggard with hunger. Over the brow into sight of the home scene spread below she carried the sleeping child, presently lifting her over the stile into a spinney of wood on the hill-side, from which, as she knew of old, one could look down unseen on the farm and farm-garden. And there sat the mistress in her Sunday gown and her Sunday leisure, just as if the changing years had been blotted out, and the past was only of yesterday.

"Wake up, Dar. Wake up, my sweet. See the house down there, and the pretty garden, where Dar is going to live. And that old lady sitting there is Granny; you must call her Granny. Wait while mother ties your pinafore. And now one kiss for mother; one kiss! You must go down the road and into the garden and tell Granny that Dar has come to stay."

She arranged the pretty dress, the pretty hair.

clasping the child as if loth to let her go. And then she set Dar on her feet in the road.

"Mother come, too," said the little one, clinging to her hand.

"No, Dar will be brave, and go alone. Mother is going a long journey, and cannot take her little girl. Dar must promise to be good till mother comes again."

So the childish feet set off on their first

venture alone in life, a venture on which hung important issues, not for herself alone. The mother watched her round the turn; once her empty arms went out in longing for what they had sent forth, the call was on her lips, but for Dar's sake she choked it back. When the little one was out of sight, she crept over the stile again to her spy-place in the wood.

Presently a small hand pushed the garden gate, which gave way to let Dar in. It swung to behind the child, and at the sound of it Mrs. Whitman turned, and saw her visitor between the rows of hollyhocks, coming up the path, grave with the purpose of her errand. The stirred heart began suddenly to beat. It might have been Bessie come alive again; Bessie in her pretty childhood, before she grew up to rivalry and heartbreak over a traitorous lover

who forsook her for her sister. The old woman could not move or speak in those first moments of surprise. Dar came close and stood at her knee, clear innocence written on that fair brow and in those serious eyes.

"Granny," she said. "Dar has come to stay with you."

Here was Mrs. Whitman's opportunity, fresh made out of heaven. Those who knew her would have been surprised to see the tenderness with which she drew the child within her arm.

"My bonny dear, where do you come from, and why do you call me Granny?"

The first question was beyond Dar's capacity, or perhaps it was blotted out by the second.

"Mother said you were Granny," answered the little maid, as if that authority were final.

Mother!—who could mother be but Maggie—Maggie the erring, the unforgiven, who was a widow and in want? But this child did not look



"Mrs. Whitman turned, and saw her visitor between the rows of hollyhocks, coming up the path."

as if want had touched her. And was that misgiving of conscience to be pressed home at once into action; was Maggie at the door?

"Where is your mother?" she said alertly, and the pressure of her arm about the child relaxed with the asking. But Dar looked vaguely up into the sky; this distance she had come alone seemed far to her baby feet, and the mother's last words dwelt in her memory.

"Mother has gone away, a long journey,

and Dar must be a good girl till she comes back."

And then in Granny's silence the strangeness smote the baby-soul; Dar's face puckered into sorrow, though she did not cry.

"I want mother," she said, with a dry sob. "I want my supper. I want to go to bed."

Mrs. Whitman caught readily at the practical need she could supply.

"Come along in, my pretty lamb. As you have strayed here, you shall have supper, and I'll find you a bed for the night. Your friends will come inquiring for you, not a doubt of it. And just now the girl is out, and I've nobody to send—"

So the two went hand in hand within doors to the farmhouse kitchen; and Dar was lifted into the elbow-chair, and bidden wait there like a good girl while supper was making ready. Milk was plentiful in the dairy, and Mrs. Whitman, having raked the fire together, boiled it before pouring it on the bread. Dar watched it all with serious eyes, and ate as she was bidden; she had fallen into a new world, and the town garret, the close court, were already remote and dim. Mrs. Whitman asked her name, and, pausing between spoonfuls, Dar answered only with the odd little monosyllable by which she called herself at first.

"But you must have another name besides that," said the old woman, objecting. "Doesn't your mother call you anything else?"

The child considered.

"Yes. When she kisses me she says 'Darling.' And the small breast heaved with a sob, and two bright tears dropped into the bread and milk.

The question of the name was set at rest not many minutes later, when the little one was undressed into an old wrapper many sizes too large for her, and laid for the night in Mrs. Whitman's bed. A paper fastened in the bosom of her frock, proved to be the birth-certificate of a girl-child named Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Tracy, and of Margaret, formerly Whitman, his wife. It was dated rather more than four years back. So there could be no doubt any longer. This was truly Maggie's child thrown on her hands; there could be no expectation of indefinite friends coming to fetch Dar away. If any one came, it would be Maggie herself, and she must make up her mind how to receive her.

Granny Whitman sat long that night with the paper spread on the table, considering what she should do.

"I've no grudge against the child," she said. "Not against the child!" but that very declaration implied that in another quarter

grudge was cherished still. Towards the little one who was so nearly Bessie's likeness, her heart was moved and open; but in Dar's very being the old wrong was revived.

"It's Bessie's child she should have been, not Maggie's. If only she were Bessie's child, I could love her well indeed. Bessie would have been rare and pleased with her, even as it is," she added, remembering how Bessie had been "poor spirited" before the end came, ready to forgive her sister, and begging that Maggie might be sent for home.

It was some recollection of this that at last prompted Mrs. Whitman; she undid the door and went out into the darkness under the stars. The garden breathed sweet about her with moistened earth, for a shower had come over with the drawing in of night. She had an uneasy fancy that Maggie might be lingering in the porch, or peeping round the curtain of the window; she even went down the flagged path to the gate, rain falling on her head and shoulders.

"Maggie!" she called half fearfully, leaning out into the road; "Maggie, are you there?"

But there was no one in hearing to answer. Maggie was far away, tramping with tired feet and a heavy heart, her head bent down against the rain, and the thin shawl about her shoulders soaked with wet.

The next day had advanced to afternoon, when a man came to the kitchen door.

"May I come in, Mrs. Whitman?" he said, seeing her within. "I thought you might like a rabbit-pie. I was out early with my gun, and these are young ones."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Blake; and will you walk in and sit down? I was thinking of you but now, for I'm in a bit of perplexity. No, you won't be hindering me; the ironing can wait. Take a chair, will you?"

The new comer, a tall man early grey, stooped his head under the lintel, as one used to low doorways and inconvenient heights. He had a pleasant voice, and sunshine in his face when he smiled, though eyes and mouth were commonly grave, and even stern. He put down his bunch of rabbits, and took the seat as bidden; and then, before Mrs. Whitman could speak further, there was a cry of "Granny." Dar ran in from the outer kitchen, her curls flying, her eyes bright with eagerness.

"Look, look; a kitty! The old cat let me bring it; she did not mind. Granny, may Dar keep it to show mother?"

The situation was demonstrated without need of words. Mrs. Whitman looked up at him with her hand on the little one's shoulder.

"You see who this is?" she said.

"I am glad," Blake answered. "Yes, there is a great likeness. Did her mother bring her? Is Maggie here?"

"She's the living image of my Bessie. Just the same curls. It quite knocked me down when she came yesterday—walking in——"

"It is to Maggie that I see the likeness, though the child is fairer-haired." And then Blake repeated his question: "Where is Maggie? Is she here?"

Mrs. Whitman's voice lost its tender tone, and was harsh again as she answered.

"No, Maggie isn't here. And how the child came I don't know. She just walked in as I was sitting in the garden; she might have dropped from the sky. I went out—latish—to see if Maggie was hanging round, but nobody was there."

"Then you had no letter? Not a word?"

"Nothing but this inside the child's frock, stitched lest she should lose it."

Mrs. Whitman took the certificate from the dresser drawer, and laid it open before Blake. There was a look on his quiet face as he considered it, which brought another wrong to mind; neither anger nor hardness, but the survival of suffering past and gone. It was the look that Mrs. Whitman answered.

"Ay, she behaved bad to you, as well as bad to Bessie. She hasn't the shadow of a right to think she can turn over her child to me, to be a burden on my age. But the little one is too like Bessie for me to send to the Union. If it hadn't been for that, she should ha' gone!"

Poor four-year-old Dar, who stood, the kitten in her arms, with face raised wonderingly before those two, discomforted by the harsher tones, little as she understood the words.

"There shall be no question of the Union," said Blake decidedly. "If you don't take her, I will; and for her mother's sake, who was to have been my wife. But why did Maggie give her up? She must have been hard pressed, to part with the child so. We must find out who brought her here. When did you hear from Maggie last? You have heard of her since the marriage?"

Mrs. Whitman's conscience stirred again now the avowal was forced from her at the bar of this man's judgment.

"It was a matter of two years ago, may be more, and not from herself. Those Wilkinsons wrote to say Tracy was dead—I knew that much from the paper sent me at the time, and that Maggie was left with one child. And that she was sickly, and found it hard to get along."

"And you——?"

"I told them Maggie had made her bed, and she was bound to lie on it. I thought if really she wanted, she might ha' come to me herself, if she had the face, after playing false to you and Bessie. But she never came, nor wrote; and now she's off somewhere, it seems. The child says she has gone a journey. She can't have had very bad times, for the child has been tidily kept, and well-fed, as you can see, though she was hungry for bread and milk last night."

Blake stretched out his hand to the child.

"Come here, my little maid, and let us see the kitten. So you are keeping it to show mother? Is it long since mother went away?"

"You won't get much out of her," said Mrs. Whitman, shaking her head. "I don't believe as how she knows."

How do children compute time? It is by a different rule from ours. Dar came close, with her prize hugged against the bosom of her frock, but her answer was not to the point.

"Dar must be a good girl to Granny, and then mother will come back."

Blake tried another tack.

"And who brought you here to Granny? It was only yesterday. Dar hasn't forgotten, surely! Who was it?"

"Why, *mother*," the child answered, laughing as if it was a game to know. "The town was dirty, so dirty; and mother brought Dar away, to see green fields. Mother carried Dar, for Dar was tired. But down the hill I went by myself, and right into the garden," with pride in the achievement, and a change to the first person.

The catechism went on. Dar could tell but little, yet that little was indicative. Mother was always busy; she used to sew. But she coughed, and her side hurt her; and she used to cry very often, even when Dar was good. It took much patient questioning to elicit these details; at last Blake put her down from his knee, and rose.

"One thing at least is certain; Maggie is ill and in need, and she was close to us here last night. It would be a sore pinch of distress that made her give up this little one. I am going to seek her out, that we may know what the need is, and how far she will suffer us to help."

"You always took her part. And yet she treated you bad enough——"

He held up his hand to stop the words.

"That is over and past; not to be named against her by you, or even by me. Where did those Wilkinsons live, who wrote to you when Tracy died? And, look here, Mrs. Whitman. She may turn from me unless I take your

message. I must tell her her mother forgives her, her mother bids her come home."

The man was stern in his demand; the occasion pressed, it was plain the words must be spoken. And whether lip-words only, or out of a changed heart, would lie between her and God. There was a long pause of reluctance, and then Blake's will seemed to conquer.

"I suppose you must say it," yielding sullenly. "And if you do say it, I'll make it good."

So Blake went forth on his errand of mercy, and day after day passed over at the farm without tidings of him or of Maggie. If Mrs. Whitman felt the suspense, she did not complain; but she was gentle to the child, and less sharp than usual to the small handmaiden, who was used to be driven through the round of her day's duties with a scourge of bitter words. Another Sunday came and went, and it was noon on the Tuesday when a cart stopped at the gate. Blake came striding up to the door, but he came alone, and his face was very grave. Mrs. Whitman met him within.

"You haven't found her?" she said. Was the quiver in her voice of disappointment or relief?

"I have found her, but she is ill—too ill to come to you. You must go with me at once, and bring the child; she is wearying for Dar. It is a pitiful story—want and struggle and heartbreak, but, thank God, not sin. She brought Dar to you because she could not see her starve. All that night she tramped in the rain, and for another day and night, lying behind hedges. No wonder the fever took her. She is in the workhouse infirmary. The doctor there says she may recover, but she is very low—worn out with all she has gone through. There is no time to lose, and I have the cart here waiting in the lane."

This was the end of the struggle; the last bitterness melted before Maggie's danger, and the extremity of Maggie's need. At the side of that poor bed the mother could say with truth: "My dear, you must live; I want you. I have forgiven, and by-gones shall be by-gones between you and me."

Sunday School Pages.

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

FEBRUARY 2nd. JESUS THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

John ii., iii. 1-21.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Christ's patience with an audience of one. (2) The anxious seeker after Truth. (3) The world's Hope—"God so loved the world," etc.

THE speaker who despises a small audience ought to take a lesson from Jesus Christ. It was never beneath his dignity to address Himself to an audience of one, for He knew that through that one an infinite number of souls might be reached.

Small numbers or an apparent lack of response may very easily daunt the earnestness or the enthusiasm of those who are engaged in Christian service. They should remember, however, that the fruit of their labour may be abundant, though they cannot see it. There was once an author who wrote book after book on lofty themes, but they did not seem to appeal to the popular taste. In disgust, he threw down his pen one day and decided to travel. He felt that his life had been wasted. He had been wandering from country to country for two years, when one day he came to a distant village in India, where he met an Englishman who was endeavouring to teach the

natives something useful. This man said to him one night, "It's strange, but your name is the same as that of a writer whose books have been a tremendous help to me in this work. I have often wished that I might meet him." Then he brought forth in that distant land two of the volumes which the discouraged traveller had written. We cannot tell where all the seed we try to sow for the right will fall and sprout, but if we sow it we do our part.

An Enemy's Tribute.

In Jesus Christ is the world's only hope. He is the only Saviour from sin. In the course of a recent sermon in London, the Rev. Samuel Chadwick told of an incident that had happened in connection with a mission service he had conducted one night at Leeds in the absence of the regular preacher. "There were in the meeting," he said, "a number of the most notorious Socialists, Atheists, and Agnostics in the city, whose attention and enmity the missionary had somehow attracted to himself. I was known to some of them, and when I ascended to the pulpit they sent a note up requesting that, instead of preaching a sermon, I should give them my reasons for believing in Jesus Christ. As simply and as plainly as I

could, I stated the reasons of my belief; then I added, 'I know what some of you are thinking: If discussion were allowed, what a chance you would have of picking me to pieces. Well, if you will come with me into the room behind the chapel, I will allow you to cross-examine me as much as you like.' Some twelve of them accepted the invitation, and we stayed there till two o'clock in the morning. As they were leaving, I said to their leader, 'You have asked me a great many questions. Will you allow me to ask you one? You propound a philosophy for a cult. You presuppose a certain standard of humanity. There are hundreds of men in this city who have lost their manhood. What do you propose to do with them?' He hesitated for a moment; then, with a cynical smile, he said, 'Oh, I'll make you a present of that lot.' 'But why me?' I asked. 'Because,' he replied, 'I'm free to confess that if there is any hope for such people, it is to be found in the Christ you preach.'

FEBRUARY 9th. JESUS AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

John iv. 1-42.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Christ's object in going through Samaria. (2) The Living Water. (3) How the Revival began and spread.

"I REMEMBER very distinctly," writes Mr. S. D. Gordon, author of "Quiet Talks on Power," "in my boyhood home in Philadelphia, there used to lie a heavy plank on the earth in the yard back of the house—a heavy, broad plank that ran from the kitchen steps to the alley gate. And we boys were fond of going out in the spring time, when the warmth had come into the earth, and lifting up the plank—it took a couple of us to do it—and looking underneath. Ough! how they crawled! Gray, black, slimy things, creeping, crawling. How they fled from the light. And we would drop the plank with a quick breath, startled—and then go back and look again. This woman (of Samaria) had the plank in her life lifted. That was all, at the start."

The Power of Testimony.

This woman, after her conversation with Christ, had a face-to-face talk with her neighbours. A minister's wife told in a meeting she was leading that when she was first married and went with her husband to serve a church, she became greatly interested in the people. She began to do personal work. One night her husband read this verse, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." At once she thought of her father, who had been one of the kindest of fathers, but was not a Christian. She felt condemned that she had never spoken a word to him of what the Lord had done for her. She wrote him a letter in which she told about her acceptance of Christ, and urged her father to accept

the Saviour also. The letter had its effect. The personal invitation from his loved daughter could not be put lightly aside, and the father joined the Christian Church.

When the members of Christ's Church on earth realise the power of personal testimony, the world will soon be won. During some fighting in Ashanti a British officer told the soldiers one morning of a dangerous enterprise that had to be undertaken that day, and called for volunteers. He made it plain that every man who undertook the task might lose his life. The men were drawn up in a straight line, and thinking that they might be influenced by his look, he asked the volunteers to advance a pace, and then turned his back. When he turned round again, the line stood as straight as before. His eye flashed fire. "What, not a single man to volunteer!" Then a soldier standing at the end of the line next to him saluted and said modestly, "If you please, sir, every man has advanced one pace." That is the sort of enthusiasm that is wanted in the ranks of the Christian Church to-day.

FEBRUARY 16th. JESUS HEALS THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

John iv. 43-54.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The nobleman's petition. (2) The Saviour's test. (3) Faith rewarded.

CHRIST was ever ready to listen to those who needed His help, and no tale of sorrow was ever poured into His ears in vain. A pretty story is told of the kindness of the Empress Frederick of Germany. A patient in the hospital at Potsdam was lying at the point of death, and his wife had been hurriedly summoned. With her baby in her arms she was walking up and down the waiting-room close to the ward in which her husband lay. The Empress happened to be paying one of her frequent visits to the hospital, and, seeing the poor woman in her bitter sorrow, she approached to ask some sympathetic questions. On learning of her trouble, the Empress took the infant from its mother's arms, and while the wife sat for a whole hour by the side of her husband, took care of the child, walking up and down the room with it, and soothing it with motherly tenderness.

Faith Justified.

The nobleman had faith in Christ, and he got his reward. One wet, foggy, muddy day a little girl was standing on one side of a London street watching for an opportunity to cross over. She was afraid to venture alone, and for some time she eagerly looked into the faces of the passers-by. At last she approached an aged man, rather tall and spare, but of kindly aspect, and whispered timidly, "Please, sir, will you help me over?" The old man saw the little girl safely across the street, and when he afterwards told the story he said, "That little girl's trust is the greatest compliment I

ever had in my life." That man was the good Lord Shaftesbury, honoured by all classes, and he thought it the greatest compliment ever paid him to be singled out by a little unknown girl as one in whom she could put her faith and trust.

FEBRUARY 23rd. JESUS AT THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

John v. 1-18.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The impotent man's sad plight. (2) Christ's command and the response. (3) The rage of the angry, jealous multitude.

THE condition of the impotent man was indeed a sad one, and whenever the Saviour saw him His great heart of love went out towards him in tender compassion and pity. A great stalwart negro stood upon the auction block in Charlestown, South Carolina. An Englishman passing by saw him being offered for sale, bid him down to himself, paid gold for his ransom, and put a purse of gold into his hand, along with the document showing that he was a free man. "Now, go up north," said he, "buy a little place, and settle down to earn a livelihood as a free man." "Is this really true?" asked the negro. "Do you mean

that these papers of freedom are mine, and that this money is for me to buy a home and start a new life?" He was assured that all this was the Englishman's intention. "Then," said he, "I'll never leave you as long as I live. I will be your slave for the rest of my life." Isn't this how we ought to feel towards the Saviour Who has done so much for us, and Who died that we might live?

The World's Rage.

There are always people to be found who condemn a good deed and get into a rage over it. That is what happened in the lesson. A repulsive-looking old woman who, after a life of unbelief, had been converted, became the subject of persecution at the hands of her godless neighbours. In every way they sought to anger or otherwise disturb the spirit of patience and loving-kindness that now possessed her. Finally an old persecutor, having exhausted all her resources in the attempt, venomously exclaimed, "I think you're the ugliest old woman that ever I saw." To that the old woman, her face beaming with a light that made her beautiful, replied in tears, "Wasn't it wonderful that He could have loved an ugly old woman like me?"



The League of Loving Hearts.

I AM pleased to report that several new members have joined our League of Loving Hearts. The method by which anyone can become a member is very simple. All that is necessary is to fill in the coupon which will be found among our advertisement pages at the end of this month's QUIVER, and send it, with one shilling, either in stamps or postal order, to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. The money received is divided among the ten philanthropic societies mentioned below. Applications for membership have come from all parts of the world, and I am very anxious to make the League

of Loving Hearts a strong movement for helping these excellent societies.

Many people find it impossible to respond to the varied calls upon their purse, and the League of Loving Hearts has been devised as a means for assisting several philanthropies in the simplest possible way. Please mention the League of Loving Hearts to your friends and get them to join as well, and do not delay a single day in sending your own application with one shilling or more to the Editor. I am glad to say that some of our members have been generous enough to send as much as a guinea for division among the societies.

SOCIETIES WHICH MEMBERS WILL HELP:

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
 RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
 CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.
 SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
 MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
 NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
 LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.
 ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.
 CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,
 Savoy Street, W.C.
 BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.

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TO
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Q.—Feb., 1908.]

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

[Face End Matter.



TO THE RESCUE.



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Vinolia Cream, 1/1½; Lypsyl, 6d.

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"The Quiver" Funds.

The following is a list of contributions received up to and including December 31st, 1907. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Bradford, 5s. 6d., 3s., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 3s., 5s.; L. R. (Newcastle), 5s., 5s.; X. Y. (Bristol), 5s.; X. Y. Z., £5; Londonderry, 2s. 6d.; A Friend (Glasgow), 1s.; Omneswood (Utica, U.S.A.), £1; "Inasmuch," 2s. 6d.; "Nell" (Midlothian), £1; R. H. S. (Newhope), 5s. and five pairs of stockings and one pair of socks.—Total: £9 11s. 6d.

Sent direct to *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Bromley, Kent, £5; S. D. (Highgate), 5s.; Alpha, £1; M. W. F., 10s. 6d. (Billinghay), £1; M. E. B. (Chester), 10s. and some useful garments; A. W. (Cambridge), 5s.; Mrs. Dickson, 2s. 6d.; Yram, 10s. 6d.; Charlie, Jessie, and Frances, 6s. 6d.; A. T. Warrender, 2s. 6d.

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund*: Mrs. L. (Norwood), 5s.; R. S. (Crouch End), 5s.; "In Loving Remembrance," 5s.; M. Sutton, 4s.—Total: 19s.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund*: "Inasmuch," 2s. 6d.

For *Sir William Teetov's Cripples' Fund*: "Inasmuch," 2s. 6d.

For *The Ragged School Union*: X. Y. Z., 2s.; A Friend (Glasgow), 1s.—Total: 3s.

For *The Distress Fund of Field Lane Refugees and Ragged School*: Kate Rae Fraser (Slough), 10s.

For *The Deep Sea Fishery Mission*: Mrs. C. Burton (Kirbymoorside), 5s.

For *Quarrier's Orphan Homes of Scotland*: Mrs. C. Burton (Kirbymoorside), 5s.

Miss Quarrier acknowledges with heartiest thanks receipt of £1 on behalf of the Orphan Homes of Scotland from J. L.

For *The Church Army Winter Relief Fund*: A Friend (Nevin), 2s. 6d.

For *The Mission for Women*: A Friend (Glasgow), 1s.

For *The League of Loving Hearts*: E. S. (Bolton), 10s.; Mrs. Gillmer (Rathgar), 2s. 6d.

Sent direct to *the Watercress and Flower Girls' Christian Mission*: Elspeth, 5s.

Sent direct to *the St. Giles' Christian Mission*: A. T. Warrender, 2s. 6d.

Sent direct to *the Salvation Army Home, Glasgow*: Received with grateful thanks £1 from J. L.

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Amounts previously acknowledged	23	0	6
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" " " Mother	0	1	0
" " " Father	0	1	0
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The League of Loving Hearts.

To the Editor, "*The Quiver*."

Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

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